

THE GENERAL WHO GOT AWAY WITH MURDER

(SOLDIER, ADULTERER, CON MAN, KILLER)



stag

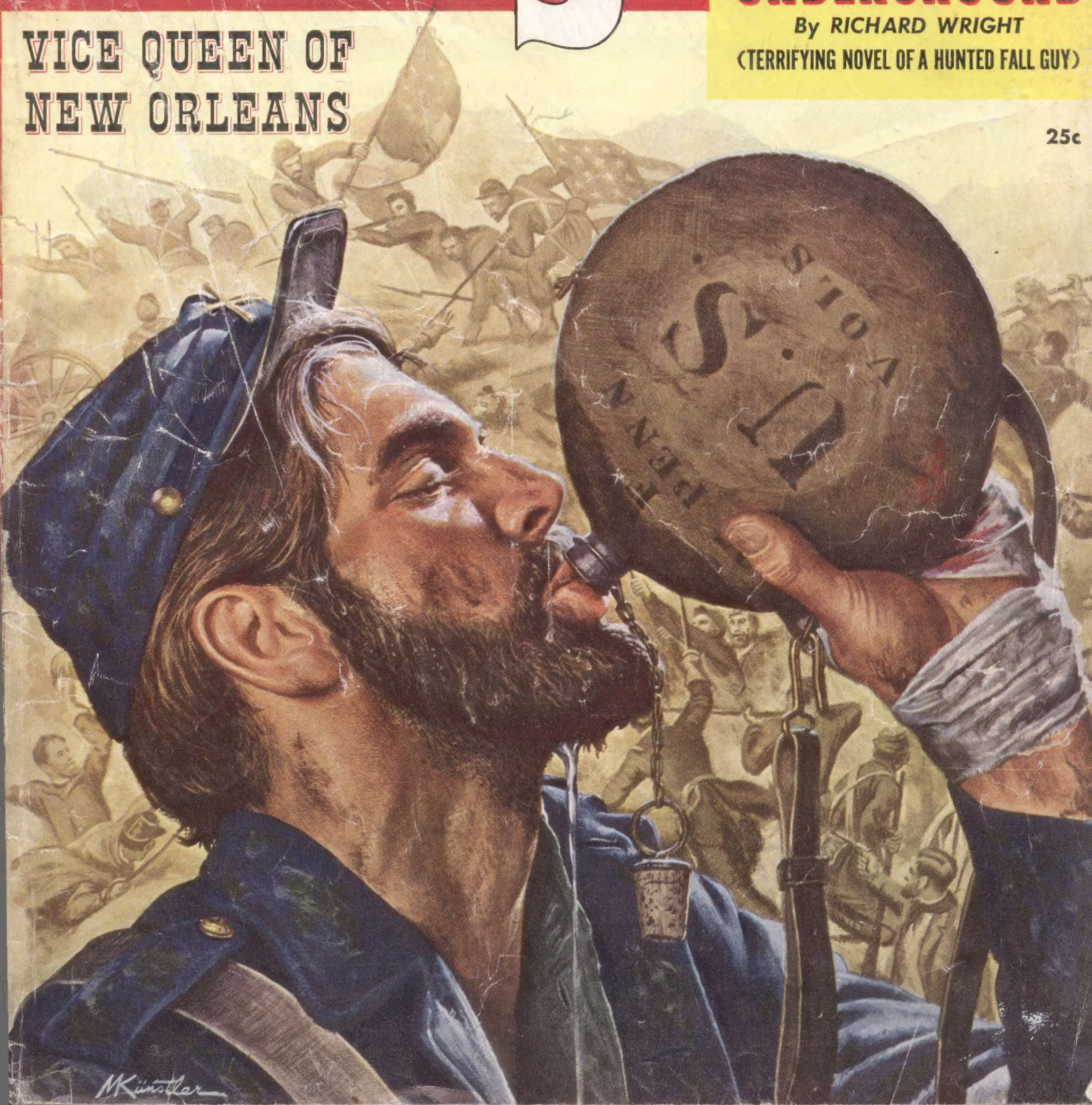
OCT.

VICE QUEEN OF
NEW ORLEANS

SPECIAL BOOK BONUS
**THE MAN
WHO LIVED
UNDERGROUND**

By RICHARD WRIGHT
(TERRIFYING NOVEL OF A HUNTED FUGITIVE)

25c



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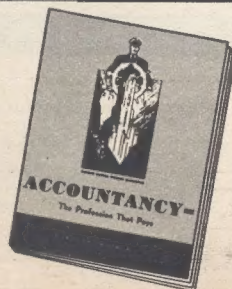
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stag

October, 1956

Vol. 7, No. 10

TRUE ADVENTURE

- U-BOAT ON OUR TAIL**.....Captain Ebin McReady 14
The tanker was alone, and the sub had her dead in her sights.
- THE SECRET MISSION OF MARCUS WHITMAN**.Emile C. Schurmacher 16
A desperate coast-to-coast trek to save Oregon.
- WE SMUGGLED IN 10 A-BOMBS**.....Gene Hackley 18
... enough to cripple half California.
- WHITE SLAVE OF MELVILLE ISLAND**.....Horace Philipps 38
He lived through a Stone Age nightmare.
- AMERICA'S 48-HOUR WAR**.....B. W. von Block 40
The campaign nobody remembers.

EXPOSÉ

- QUEEN OF NEW ORLEANS' VICE**.....Richard Carter 11
Her bordello was built by the city's most prominent men.
- THE GENERAL WHO GOT AWAY WITH MURDER**.William T. Hartnage 32
Soldier, adulterer, con man, killer.
- WHO IS THE MASTER SPY?**.....Allen Roberts 36
He rules a network of 4,000 agents.

OFF-TRAIL

- FIVE DAYS WITH JUDY FOSTER**.....A STAG Picture Feature 24

FICTION

- SHOWDOWN IN HARRY'S POOLROOM**.....Herbert D. Kastle 22
From the day Big Steve showed, the joint began to sour.

BOOK BONUS

- THE MAN WHO LIVED UNDERGROUND**.....Richard Wright 28
Terrifying novel of a hunted fall guy.

DEPARTMENTS

- ON THE STAG LINE**..... 6
- STAG'S MEDICAL MEMO**.....Roger Stirling 8
- STAG CONFIDENTIAL**..... 30
- STAG AT THE WHEEL**..... 52
- OUT OF THE STAG BAG**..... 82

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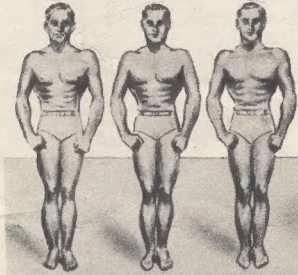
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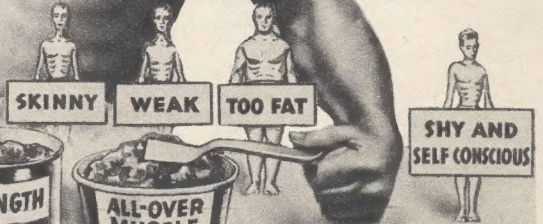
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(Please print or write plainly)

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City.....State.....



The medical missionary was reading quietly by the light of an oil lamp in the warm kitchen of his snowbound house. Under the cover of a late November night, a pack of Cayuse Indians crept up to the building. At a prearranged signal—a simulated wolf's howl—they crashed through the never-locked door. Dr. Whitman and his wife Narcissa were butchered in a matter of seconds, then the band of kill-crazy Indians went after the rest of the white settlers at Waiilat-pui, Oregon.

The uprising, led by a half-breed named Joe Lewis, was finally quelled, but it had cost the life of one of the best friends the Indians ever had. For Marcus Whitman had spent the last 11 years of his life taking care of them whenever they ran into trouble.

In fact, Whitman was one of the best friends the United States had ever had. Sixteen months before he was massacred, he took a fantastic trek that resulted in Oregon becoming part of this country. You can read the recreated 4,400-mile, coast-to-coast adventure in "The Secret Mission of Marcus Whitman," on page 16.

* * *

In a glass case in the Armed Forces Medical Museum at Arlington, you can see the severed leg of a Civil War general. It is also the amputated limb of one of the greatest hell-raisers of all time. The leg was lost at Gettysburg, and, some 40 years later, the rest of General Daniel Edgar Sickles was carried up Fifth Avenue in

one of New York's most solemn processions.

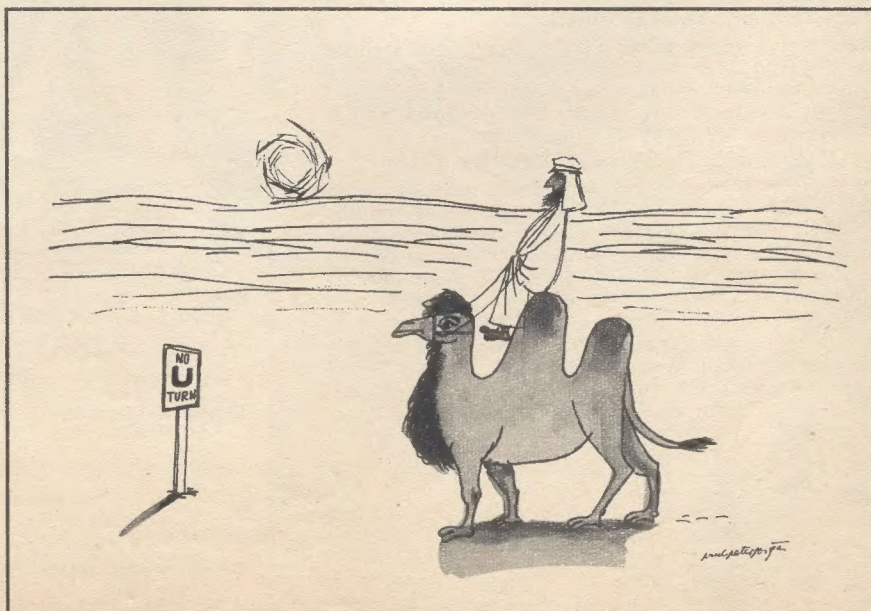
Sickles rocketed across the country's headlines in a prudish era when the white meat of chicken was referred to as the "chest," and piano legs were modestly draped in pantallettes. Yet this fabulous character kept dozens of mistresses—openly; beat Jay Gould on his home court, Wall Street; ran through countless fortunes; swindled his way over two continents; and even killed his wife's lover. For the full story of this incredible con man, read "The General Who Got Away With Murder," on page 32.

* * *

If Dan Sickles seems like a phony to beat all phonies, you haven't seen anything until you get next month's issue of STAG. You'll find it hard to believe the story of Ivar Kreuger, "The World's Greatest Swindler." The way this boy operated, when he finally cashed in his chips, he set off an epidemic of people jumping out of windows.

* * *

And, to get around to the women who set this country of ours spinning, wait till you meet Belle Boyd—"Dixie's Passionate Spy." She's coming up in the same package next month with Kreuger. She's a little number who turned a terrific assortment of curves into a near-disaster for the Union Army that was battling for its life in the 1860s. A couple of more Confederate girls like Belle, and the South would have rewritten the history of the Civil War. ♦♦♦





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TAKEN YEARS TO
LEARN TO PLAY
*LIKE THAT!***



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A NOTE. YET I STARTED
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Got His Start**

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Medical Memo

by Roger Stirling

ST-ST-STUTTER—Why does a man stutter? It's not because there's something wrong with his speech organs but rather a personality defect, contends a prominent psychiatrist. The three functions of speech are to express emotions, adjust to other people and convey ideas. Stuttering appears when there's an underlying emotional difficulty, blocking a man's ability to adjust to others, or an anxiety arising from meeting tough situations. Usually, the stutterer can talk to himself, to animals and often to close friends but not under circumstances where fear and anxiety are aroused. Except in a few cases, there's no positive proof that stuttering is due to nervous or physical deformities nor to the fact that a left-handed child was forced to write with his right hand. Treatment among adults takes in the man's whole personality, not only the speech organs. He must build up his confidence, be trained to understand himself and adjust to other people without tension.

Q-FEVER CURE—The often serious and occasionally fatal pneumonia-like malady called Q-fever is contracted by inhaling dust contaminated by diseased cattle, sheep, goats, dogs, fowl and pigeons. Outbreaks have been reported in the U. S. Army, in Texas, California and other states. Recently, Army medics searching for a cure got



170 young men, all Seventh Day Adventists, to volunteer to be exposed to the disease for experimental purposes. Successful results showed that terramycin, when taken during the 17-day

incubation period, will prevent Q-fever.

HAVE A CHAW—With all the dire warnings we've had about cigarette smoking, what about chewing to-



bacco? So little is known about its physiological effects that three Cincinnati scientists recently made a study of 25 habitual chewers. What the doctors found was that skin-temperature changes were about the same as those observed with cigarette smoking. In all the men tested, chewing tobacco did cause a rise in blood pressure and pulse rate. Thus far, apparently, no one knows if chewing tobacco will eventually bring on lung cancer.

WAR ON LEPROSY—There are some 20,000,000 victims of leprosy in the world today, and the number of known cases is increasing. That's supposed to be good news, because it means that lepers are coming forward to be treated, instead of feeling like pariahs. Recovery from the dread ailment has become increasingly common in recent years, chiefly due to the widespread use of sulfone drugs. Thousands of arrested and noncontagious cases are returning to a normal life. Actually, contends a French authority, lepers are less contagious and less dangerous than men suffering from tuberculosis.

HEART STOPPAGE—The greatest single cause of death during surgery is sudden unexplained heart stoppage or "cardiac arrest." While its occurrence has increased in recent years, chiefly because more people are better prepared to undergo an operation, the chances of survival from this heart stoppage have gone way up. That's because surgeons now diagnose and treat the condition immediately, according to Harvard doctors who've made a study of cardiac arrest cases. Today, quick treatment consists of opening the chest wall, massaging the heart by hand, giving artificial respiration with oxygen and using the latest drugs. The doctors also found that men in poor physical condition have a far greater chance of experiencing heart stoppage on the operating table. Most patients nowadays have a 50-50 chance of survival.

IN BRIEF—Year after year, more men are becoming addicted to laxatives simply because they don't take the time to form normal bowel habits, warns a leading gastroenterologist. . . . Now they're telling us that soap isn't as clean and pure as we think. At a Baltimore hospital, doctors' tests of the hospital's own soap revealed 3,500,000 organisms per cubic centimeter.



. . . Young men attempt suicide because of marital, financial or family troubles more often than older men. Older people try suicide mainly because of actual brain disease or mental disturbance, St. Louis doctors found after extensive research. ♦♦♦

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<input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship
<input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision
<input type="checkbox"/> Leadership and Organization
<input type="checkbox"/> Personnel-Labor Relations
MECHANICAL AND SHOP
<input type="checkbox"/> Gas—Electric Welding
<input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment
<input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy
<input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Instrumentation
<input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision
<input type="checkbox"/> Internal Combustion Engines
<input type="checkbox"/> Machine Design—Drafting
<input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Inspection
<input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice
<input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Quality Control
<input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints
<input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration
<input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker
<input type="checkbox"/> Tool Design
<input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaking
RADIO, TELEVISION
<input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Electronics
<input type="checkbox"/> Practical Radio TV Eng'g
<input type="checkbox"/> Radio and TV Servicing
<input type="checkbox"/> Radio Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Television Technician
RAILROAD
<input type="checkbox"/> Air Brake Equipment
<input type="checkbox"/> Car Inspector
<input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engineer & Fireman
<input type="checkbox"/> Section Foreman
STEAM AND DIESEL POWER
<input type="checkbox"/> Combustion Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Diesel—Elec.
<input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Eng's
<input type="checkbox"/> Electric Light and Power
<input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Fireman
<input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Steam Engineering
TEXTILE
<input type="checkbox"/> Carding and Spinning
<input type="checkbox"/> Cotton, Rayon, Woolen Mfg.
<input type="checkbox"/> Finishing and Dyeing
<input type="checkbox"/> Loom Fix'g
<input type="checkbox"/> Textile Des'ing
<input type="checkbox"/> Textile Eng'g
<input type="checkbox"/> Throwing
<input type="checkbox"/> Warping and Weaving
MISCELLANEOUS
<input type="checkbox"/> Domestic Refrigeration
<input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Ocean Navigation
<input type="checkbox"/> Professional Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Short Story Writing
<input type="checkbox"/> Telephony |
|--|---|---|--|---|

Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to P.M. _____

Occupation _____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.



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APPROVED MEMBER NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

QUEEN of NEW ORLEANS' VICE

by RICHARD CARTER



The maid opened the mahogany door of 40 Basin Street to the young man in immaculate evening clothes.

"I'm Reynald Winter," he announced somewhat thickly.

The servant had been expecting him and admitted him promptly. But, when she saw how unsteady he was, she ushered him into a small, seldom-used sitting room.

In a minute or two he was joined by the beautiful Kate Townsend. The young madam's figure was more ravishing than he had dreamed and her face was a heart-shaped vision of innocence.

Reynald lolled in his chair and devoured the girl with his eyes.

"You are not wanted here, sir," she said.

His jaw dropped.

"You are not wanted here," she said evenly, "because you are not a gentleman. You fail to rise when a lady enters the room. Furthermore, you are intoxicated. You were

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

It was the most elegant
bordello in the United States—
paid for and erected by
the most prominent
citizens in town.



Half a dozen gibbering tarts rushed at Kate and tore off her clothes.

QUEEN OF NEW ORLEANS' VICE continued

mistaken to come here. You would be wise to leave the premises now."

The youngster scrambled to his feet. "I came all the way from Chicago just to see you," he said. Her perfume was dizzying. "Come on and be nice," he said. He reached out and touched her. She smashed him in the mouth and he fell over backwards and lay in a heap on the floor.

Kate Townsend called her maid: "Illyria! Fetch Susie to help you conduct this scum out of here at once!" She then glided back to her own apartment, where a cold bottle of champagne and a warm plantation owner were awaiting her attention.

She called herself Kate Townsend, but that was not her real name. She was known as a madam, but she was a super-madam and, for more




She was slugged bloody and then tossed half-conscious into an alley.

than 10 years, the resort over which she presided was a super-brothel, the most luxurious and elegant in the history of our country.

Kate Townsend had a 40-inch bosom, a delicate waist, the face of a tempted virgin, the bearing of an empress and the instincts of a sewer rat. She carried a knockout wallop in her right fist and did not hesitate to use it on any man who dared utter an obscene syllable in her presence—unless he happened to be paying \$50 an hour for the privilege of familiarity. At that price, her companionship and make-believe passion were considered a bargain by men of wealth and influence throughout the United States and Europe. Merchants, traders, bankers, politicians, diplomats and royalty made excuses to come to New Orleans "on business" so they could seek her favors.

(Continued on page 62)



U-BOAT on our Tail

We ducked down, rowing from a kneeling position, but still the sub wouldn't let up. She kept pouring rounds into the tanker.

The lifeboat was still being lowered into the water when the sub surfaced, all guns blasting.

by CAPT. EBIN McREADY

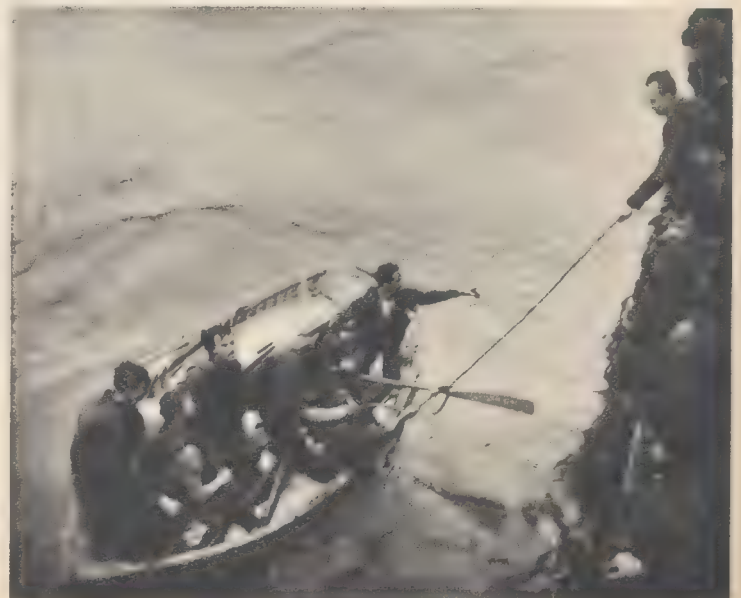


The U-boat spread its pattern of fire, closing from the starboard quarter. One incendiary shell cut through the feed line to the galley range, killing the cook. Oil from the deck tank fed the flames, and the adjacent compartment, under the four-inch gun, became an inferno. I telegraphed, "Stop!" on the engine order.

"No. 2 boat's hit!" A. B. Buzzara yelled from the wingtip. "The radio shack's on fire—"

First Officer Billy Schleutter raced to the bridge and I told him to send distress signals. If Sparks was dead, Schleutter was to try to set the auto alarm. Shrapnel killed him as he ran. The same burst took Buzzara's life and wounded me. The concussion slammed me across the bridge against the port bulkhead. Helmsman Gavin Luorney crawled through the debris and helped me to my feet—one foot; my right was a hot sieve of shrapnel.

"General alarm!" I told him. I pulled myself onto the wingtip. It was no use now; I knew it. Luorney reported that three shells had struck the stern; steerage was gone; I ordered "Abandon ship," crawling with Luorney to the boat deck. Over the tanker's stern, the moon was red—blood red like a bloated tick, (*Continued on page 50*)



I was unconscious most of the time we floated south. Another man fired the flares that brought the Mail liner to our rescue.

the secret mission of Marcus Whitman



There must have been a touch of madness about the buckskin-suited doctor. For no one in his right mind would have tried to do what he did—not even to save Oregon.

by EMILE C. SCHURMACHER



The three tired-eyed riders in buckskin were south of the Uinta Mountains, heading for Taos on that winter day in 1842 when they came to a halt on the icy shore of the Green River.

The Mexican guide, Henriques, took a good long look across, a shorter one up river and down. Turning in his saddle he shrugged his shoulders.

"It is not possible to go on, *señores*," he said gloomily. "As you can see, the river is a raging torrent with much thin ice extending from either shore. *Madre de Dios*, but it is signing one's death warrant to attempt to cross."

His two companions, Dr. Marcus Whitman and General Amos Lovejoy, stared at the river grimly. They had spent weeks in the saddle facing and conquering many dangers as they blazed their own trail from Fort Walla Walla in the Oregon Country. They still had thousands of miles to travel on their urgent, desperate mission. All the way east to Washington, D. C., to plead with President Tyler to save the Oregon Country for the United States. And now 600 yards of ice and water were barring their way.

Dismounting from his horse, Whitman cut a willow sapling about 10 feet in length and methodically went about trimming it to a slender pole.

"What's that for?" Lovejoy asked at length.

"I cannot turn back," Whitman answered with quiet determination. "Far too much is at stake. If I make it, you can follow or not as you wish."

Remounting, he spurred his horse forward, holding the willow pole lance-like under an arm. The animal walked gingerly down the bank, coming to a balky stop. Whitman vainly tried to coax him on.

"It is of no use, *patrón*," Henriques called out in warning. "Better to come back!"

Ignoring the warning, Whitman suddenly applied his spurs hard. His startled horse reared beneath (*Continued on page 66*)

Smashing the ice ahead with a stripped sapling, Dr. Whitman whipped his horse across the frozen river.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM RYAN

WE SMUGGLED IN

In four days from the time we crossed the Mexican border, we unloaded enough destruction to wipe California off the map.

by GENE HACKLEY



How safe are you from an A-bomb? Do you think the blood-chilling wail of an air raid siren will give you ample warning? Are you counting on the aircraft spotter in the church steeple to tip you off? Are you depending on supersonic jet interceptors to protect you?

Well, don't look right now, pal, but there may be a baby A-bomb tucked away in that Gladstone bag next to yours on the railroad station luggage rack. Or maybe hidden in the broom closet at the plant where you work. Perhaps even in the church where you worship.

It's just that easy to conceal an A-bomb which can be detonated by remote control at an enemy agent's convenience. Fantastic? Don't kid yourself. The FBI, the military services and Civil Defense agencies are fully aware of the danger from these suitcase A-bombs and they're on the lookout for them all the time, but spotting them is a tough and sometimes impossible job.

You can take it from me that I know what I'm talking about. I smuggled 10 of these tiny A-bombs into the U.S. from Mexico, and cached them in some of the most vulnerable spots in California.

If I were an enemy agent and you lived in California, it would be too late to worry about these terrifying devices. If you weren't already dead, chances are you'd be horribly burned or fleeing for your life.

But if everything went according to plan, escape into the deserts or mountains wouldn't be easy. The Golden Gate Bridge and the Oakland-Bay Bridge would be tangled webs of twisted steel. And the intricate Los Angeles Freeway system—the main escape route out of California's largest city—would be hopelessly blocked.

Two huge dams that supply water and power to most of California would be destroyed. Most of the nation's aircraft manufacturing plants would be heaps of smoldering rubble. Los Angeles and San Francisco would be in flames, thousands would lie dead in the streets and the living would be stalked by disease, hunger, thirst and terror.

The West Coast would be wide open for a follow-up body blow from rocket-launching subs or intercontinental bombers.

However, I'm not an enemy agent. I'm a newspaper photographer for the *Los Angeles Mirror-News*, but I know what pushovers we are for sabotage and I have the pictures to prove it.

In four days, reporter Sid Hughes and I drove 2,000 miles and cached 10 mock A-bombs where they would do an enemy the most good. Each bomb packed a theoretical wallop of 20,000 pounds of TNT. Each bomb had a destructive radius of two miles.

The dummy bombs that we smuggled into the U.S. weren't something we dreamed up in a saloon. They were carefully machined to FBI specifications and looked deadly enough to be the real McCoy.

According to the FBI, a miniature A-bomb can be housed in a steel tube two and a half feet long. The fissionable material can either be processed uranium or plutonium or both and the tube can be coated with lead to prevent detection by Geiger counters.

We were told that all the bombs could be detonated at the same time by short wave radio.

Two hundred thousands pounds of TNT exploding all at once would raise quite a bit of hell, especially when it's been carefully stashed around power plants, dams, harbors, and transportation arteries.

A suitcase A-bomb can weigh considerably less than 100 pounds and it can be neatly tucked away in a golf bag, a trunk, a suitcase, or in a curtain-rod carton.

We didn't have these "bombs" made and then plant them throughout the state just to scare people. It was the purpose of the editors of the *Mirror-News* to point out the vulnerability of the nation to such bombs.

Every bomb was placed in a vital spot to highlight the need for tighter security measures and to stimulate lagging Civil Defense preparations. And they did the job.

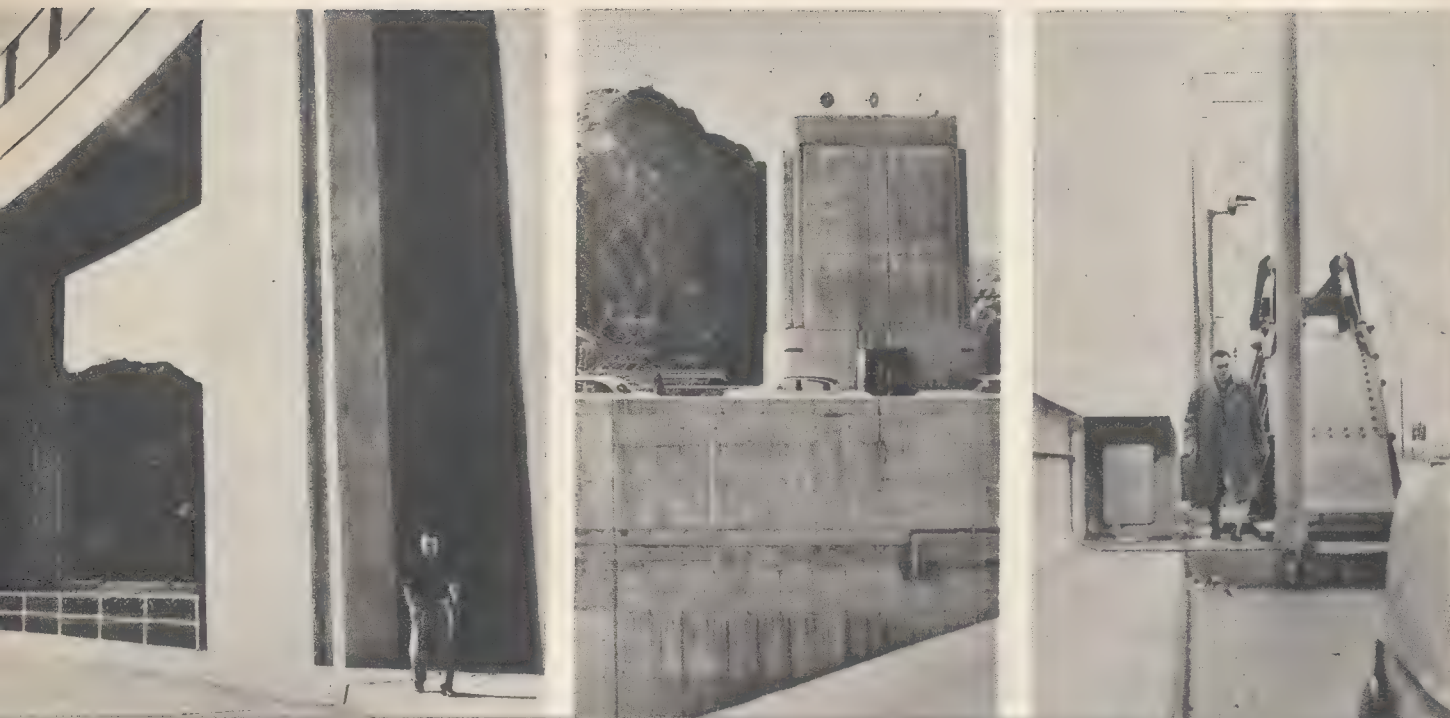
It was shortly after dawn that Sid and I loaded

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

Carrying the bombs openly in the back seat, we set out. I hid one carefully on the Golden Gate Bridge.

10 A-BOMBS





Hughes made the plant at Parker Dam. We were warned not to take pictures.

At Hoover Dam we left a bomb in a rest room, then chatted with friendly guard.

We decided Oakland Bay Bridge was worth two bombs, planted them easily.

WE SMUGGLED IN 10 A-BOMBS continued

the 10 "bombs" into the trunk of our car and headed for Mexico. We crossed over into Tijuana with hardly a "Good morning" from the patrol.

We stayed in Mexico long enough to take the bombs from the trunk and put them on the back seat in full view. We wanted to make things as easy as we could for the border inspectors.

It was 9:30 A.M. when we were stopped for inspection and it was a typical weekday morning. Quiet as hell. The inspector strolled out of his office and gave us the once over.

He grunted to Sid, "Where were you born?"

"England," the reporter replied, and then produced his naturalization papers. When I told the inspector I was from Missouri he wisecracked, "Oh, another foreigner," and laughed like a madman at his own joke.

I played the bumpkin tourist and asked if I could take a picture of him inspecting our car. He said, "Sure. Send me a copy, will you?"

But I never had the heart to do it.

He gave our car a routine inspection and never once asked about the stack of steel cylinders on the back seat. They could have been loaded with heroin or uranium—it made no difference.

When he thumbed us through, Sid slipped the car into gear and we took off, satisfied that we had hurdled the first obstacle in our path of terror and destruction.

I get the jitters every time I think about that crossing.

If it was that easy for a couple of newspapermen to cross the border with not one but 10 bombs, it would have been a lead-pipe cinch for a trained saboteur.

I suppose if I had told the inspector we had enough A-bombs on the back seat to blow the bottom out of the State of California he would have told us:

"You guys from Missouri are great kidders. But I get it all the time. On your way."

Our first stop was Parker Dam on the Colorado River. A six-hour drive took us to the mammoth dam that supplies water and electric power for most of the cities in Southern California. We glided into a parking lot on the face of the huge dam and Sid slid the first bomb from the stack.

The only other person we could see were a couple of workmen about a half-mile away. Sid walked over to a towering column and while he tucked the bomb into a crevice I snapped his picture.

Just as I tripped the shutter on my Rollei someone yelled, "Hey, what are you doin' here with that camera?"

I jumped like a guy caught setting fire to an orphanage and whirled to face a grizzled old character who had been fishing on the other side of the column.

"Don't you guys know it's against the law to take pictures out here?" Then he laughed and said, "You might be spies or somethin'."

We apologized for our ignorance and talked fishing with him for a while before we left. It was our first experience at sabotage and we damn near muffed it.

Suppose he had been a guard? What would we have told him? What if he had seen Sid slip the mock bomb into the column?

I preferred not to cross that bridge until I came to it. We still had nine more bombs to plant.

After the Parker Dam cache we drove to Las Vegas, spent the night, and went on out to Hoover Dam the next morning. As we approached, I could tell at a glance that this was going to be a tough one.

Here at the world's tallest dam the place was crawling



Bomb in the weeds fixed Highways 99 and 6, as well as the Southern Pacific.



We had a little trouble with nosey kids at Los Angeles International Airport.



In L.A. harbor, we hid our bomb at the water's edge, near tanks and refineries.

with security guards. There were literally scores of them. As we cruised toward the parking lot, Sid and I tried to figure out where the hell we could put the bomb without getting caught. We parked and sat in the car for a long time talking.

Then Sid barked, "What the hell! Let's have a go at it." He tucked one of the dummy bombs under his topcoat and we strolled toward a rest room in a tower at the center of the dam. The guards didn't pay a bit of attention to us.

Inside the rest room we shoved it behind a cabinet and were patting ourselves on the back when a raspy voice echoed through the room:

"Attention! Attention!"

I suppose every guilty man feels the way I did then. I was sure the announcer was talking to me.

The voice continued, "Mr. So and So of Ipswich, Kansas, is the 5,000,000th person to visit Hoover Dam!"

Sid and I got a chuckle out of that. If we had been enemy agents Mr. So and So would have been damn near the last visitor.

When we left the rest room we saw a guard leaning against our car and I could feel that old "I know what you're doing" feeling drying out my throat. Was he curious about the stack of "bombs" on the back seat? Was he waiting for us?

But when he approached, he just smiled pleasantly, said something about the weather and walked away.

Two down and eight to go.

It was raining when we reached San Francisco and the city was shrouded in a swirling fog. We stopped for something to eat and drove across the Golden Gate Bridge into Marin County. We parked beside a big sign that warned, "Military Reservation. No Tres- (Continued on page 72)

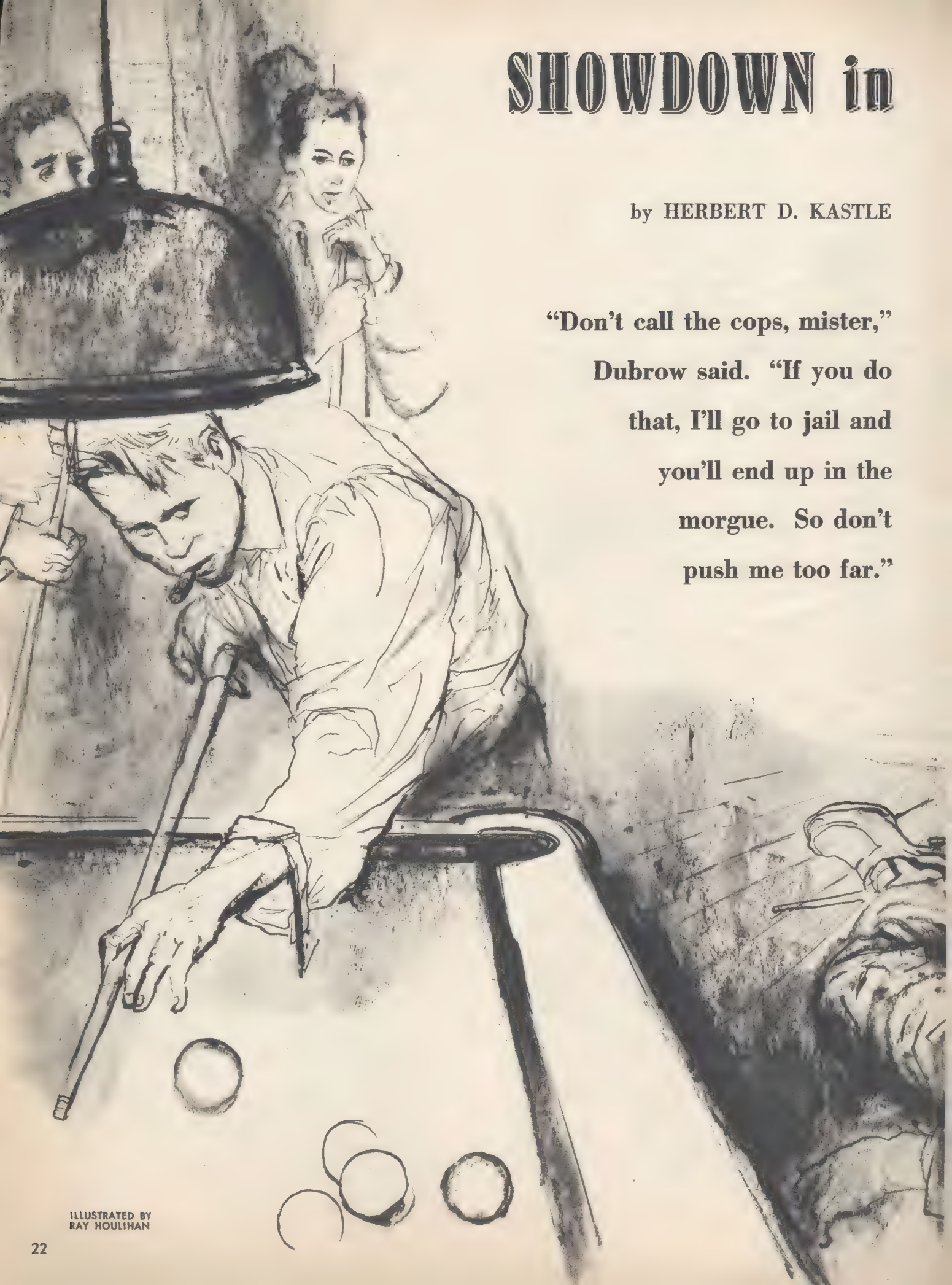


Three days later, we broke the story, and police picked up the bombs. This one was under the L.A. Clover Leaf.

SHOWDOWN in

by HERBERT D. KASTLE

**“Don’t call the cops, mister,”
Dubrow said. “If you do
that, I’ll go to jail and
you’ll end up in the
morgue. So don’t
push me too far.”**



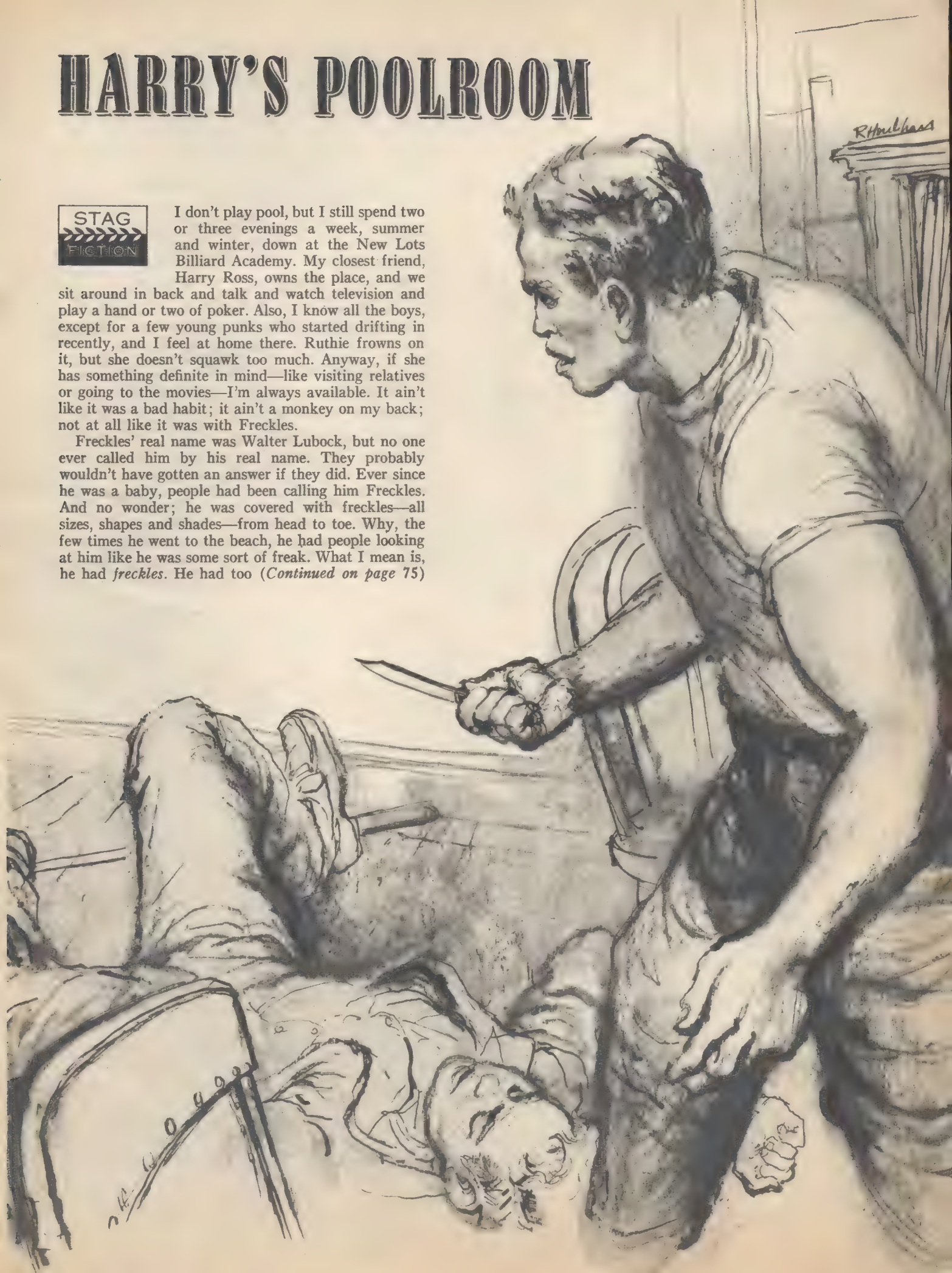
ILLUSTRATED BY
RAY HOULIHAN

HARRY'S POOLROOM



I don't play pool, but I still spend two or three evenings a week, summer and winter, down at the New Lots Billiard Academy. My closest friend, Harry Ross, owns the place, and we sit around in back and talk and watch television and play a hand or two of poker. Also, I know all the boys, except for a few young punks who started drifting in recently, and I feel at home there. Ruthie frowns on it, but she doesn't squawk too much. Anyway, if she has something definite in mind—like visiting relatives or going to the movies—I'm always available. It ain't like it was a bad habit; it ain't a monkey on my back; not at all like it was with Freckles.

Freckles' real name was Walter Lubock, but no one ever called him by his real name. They probably wouldn't have gotten an answer if they did. Ever since he was a baby, people had been calling him Freckles. And no wonder; he was covered with freckles—all sizes, shapes and shades—from head to toe. Why, the few times he went to the beach, he had people looking at him like he was some sort of freak. What I mean is, he had freckles. He had too (Continued on page 75)







5 Days with Judy Foster

*Every working day, model Judy Foster faces the same problem:
What to wear. But it's a problem over which she has no control.*



For five days a week, she poses for the advertising photographers in anything from a loosely draped sheet to a pair of tight-fitting slacks. We figured she was so sick of the subject, we never asked her what she wore, out of preference—on weekends.







the man who lived

**He knew what would happen if
he ever left the stinking darkness.
Yet something kept driving him
from the safety of the sewer.**

I'VE got to hide, he told himself. His chest heaved as he waited crouching in a dark corner of the vestibule. He was tired of running and dodging. Either he had to find a place to hide, or he had to surrender. A police car swished by through the rain, its siren rising sharply. They're looking for me all over. . . . He crept to the door and squinted through the fogged plate-glass. He stiffened as the siren rose and died in the distance. Yes, he had to hide, but where? He gritted his teeth. Then a sudden movement in the street caught his attention. A throng of tiny columns of



**STAG
BOOK BONUS**



As his head was battered against a wall, he wondered if this was death. His fingers clawed desperately into a crevice.

ILLUSTRATED BY SAMSON POLLEN

underground

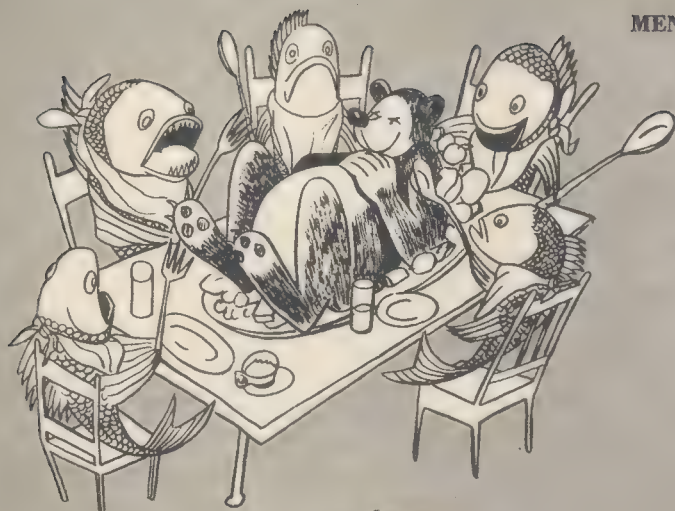
by richard wright

water snaked into the air from the perforations of a manhole cover. The columns stopped abruptly, as though the perforations had become clogged; a grey spout of sewer water jutted up from underground and lifted the circular metal cover, juggled it for a moment, then let it fall with a clang.

He hatched a tentative plan: he would wait until the siren sounded far off, then he would go out. He smoked and waited, tense. At last the siren gave him his signal; it wailed dying, going away from him. He stepped to the side-

walk, then paused and looked curiously at the open manhole, half expecting the cover to leap up again. He went to the center of the street and stooped and peered into the hole, but could see nothing. Water rustled in the black depths.

He started with terror; the siren sounded so near that he had the idea that he had been dreaming and had awakened to find the car upon him. He dropped instinctively to his knees and his hands grasped the rim of the manhole. The siren seemed to hoot directly (*Continued on page 84*)



A MAN'S WALLET

GROG SHOPPE

SWITCH TO A NEW TAVERN if your bartender can't mix 50 drinks from memory . . . FRENCH CARS NOW COME WITH BUILT-IN CHAMPAGNE BUCKETS. . . .

One of the members of North Bergen, N.J., Alcoholic Beverage Control Board was named: MRS. TOM COLLINS . . . THE DRINKINGEST CITIES IN THIS COUNTRY WILL COME AS A SURPRISE: San Francisco is the leader, Sacramento is next and then comes Louisville, Kentucky. Oddly enough, NEW YORK DOESN'T MAKE THE FIRST 25. Least-drinking cities are Austin, Tex., and Charlotte, N.C. . . .

SOME LATE ENTRIES IN THE VODKA MIXED-DRINK PARADE: Vodka Bruce (vodka and whiskey served on the rocks); Apple knocker (vodka and apple juice); Vodka V-8 (Vodka and V-8 juice.) STILL UNNAMED IS A DRINK INVOLVING VODKA AND CLAM CHOWDER. . . .

AN ITEM IN STAG CONFIDENTIAL, March, 1956, erroneously reported that Tempo Beer was a 'new, non-alcoholic beer, aimed at people who don't drink beer, and flavored with extract of fresh hops.' The correct facts are these: TEMPO was not new when STAG published the item, having first been marketed by the Blatz Brewing Co. on Aug. 15, 1955. Secondly, Tempo Beer is not non-alcoholic. Its alcoholic content is 5% by volume. Third, Tempo Beer is not aimed at people who don't drink beer, but at people who don't like the harsh taste of many beers brewed in



A MAN'S JOB

STAG

the conventional manner. Lastly, Tempo Beer is not flavored with extract of fresh hops but brewed with extract of fresh hops. . . .

A MAN'S JOB

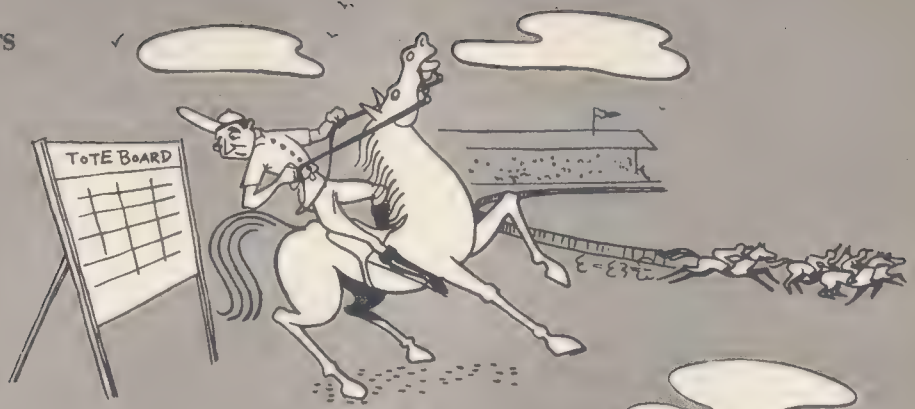
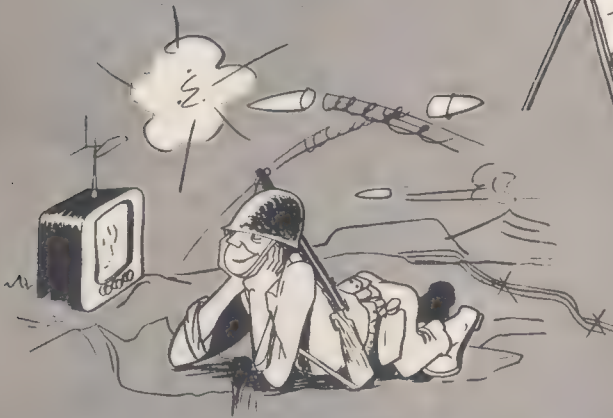
THE MONEY IS FLYING SO FAST that Los Angeles machinists are working 60 hours a week, ringing up \$800/month. LA has its tongue hanging out for all sorts of skilled laborers; some firms hold night and Saturday interviews so they can PIRATE GUYS WITH JOBS ELSEWHERE . . . HERE'S THE SAD NEWS ON VENEZUELA: You can make more money than you can carry, but it costs a man, woman and child about \$1000/month to live...TEACHING KEEPS GETTING SWEETER AND SWEETER. New York professors can now earn up to \$8100/yr. . . .

That fantastic job project in the Arctic (Distant Early Warning) is top priority, rush-rush, just the way Thule AFB, Greenland, was, and that means WORKERS EARN POTLOADS OF MONEY ON IT IN OVERTIME. But "construction stiffs" up there report it's hairy-chested work. Half the time is spent bucking 20-knot winds at 20 below and fending off timber wolves. . . .

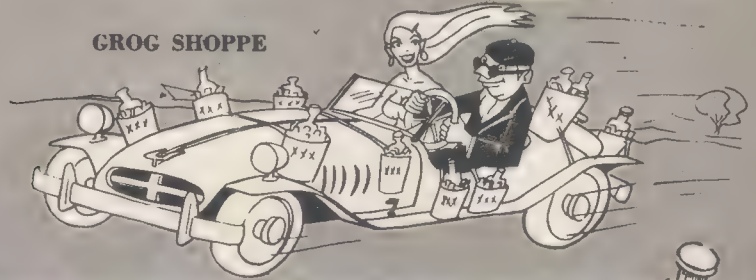
THE COUNTRY'S HOTTEST JOB TOWN will be Denver once Martin and Ramo-Woolridge set up their missile plants, start hiring. Now's the time to investigate, since housing is beginning to get tight and water supply is limited. . . .

NICKELO-GIGOLO IS A FULL-TIME JOB for

MEN IN UNIFORM



GROC SHOPPE



CONFIDENTIAL

the good-looking boys in Cuba. They hang around casinos, pull slot machine arms for dolls who are loaded, carry the money and meet the dames later. . . .

Get your boss to look into General Electric's emergency loan program for employees. A jammed-up guy can BORROW UP TO \$500 FROM THE FIRM IN AN EMERGENCY. . . .

TWO BIG JOB PROJECTS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT: 1) Marquardt Aircraft Co. building a plant at Ogden, Utah, to produce and test ram-jet power plants. 2) Sperry Rand Corp. throwing up a plant at Phoenix, Ariz., for electronic missile work. . . .

MEN OUTDOORS

RESPECT FOR THE TROUT KEEPS MULTIPLYING. A 200-pound bear was hauled out of a trout stream in New Jersey, coal black and DEAD OF TROUT BITES. . . .

Sneakiest fish cheaters are those who allow a guide to hook a fish for them, then take the rod from him, land the fish and count it as their own. . . . Surprisingly enough, the zebra is one of the toughest animals in Africa to nail down and catch. They bring about \$300 in the zoo market. . . .

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS FINANCING A SAFARI WITH PIN MONEY. Safari-outfitters hold you up for \$90/day for carriers, guides and camping equipment. You get a slight break when there are two of you. License to shoot rhino is relatively cheap (\$42 in

Kenya) but YOUR FIRST ELEPHANT WILL STAND YOU \$210 and your second \$280. . . .

STRANGEST HUNTING TRIP OF ALL is sponsored by Bennett's Travel Bureau in N.Y. They'll let you shoot polar bears near the North Pole on a 10-day ship voyage. The price is \$900 WHICH INCLUDES PASSAGE BACK FOR ONE DEAD POLAR BEAR FOR EACH HUNTER (you're guaranteed one such kill) . . . The guy is conning you if he says a skunk can't go to town when he's held by the tail. Just try it, brother. . . .

INDIAN ELEPHANTS ARE DYING OF HEART ATTACKS . . . Trappers say the most impossible animal job of all is to try to set broken leg of a wounded big cat. The big cats love the taste of plaster, chew it away in minutes . . . If you want to build a fish pond on your land, DON'T JUST MOVE IN WITH A BULLDOZER AND START MOVING EARTH. The conservation department of your state will be tickled to stock the pond with fish, give you advice. They'll get your pond to yield 200 pounds of fish per acre. A trout pond, they'll point out, should be eight or nine feet deep, able to support underwater vegetation. Bass and bluegill ponds don't have to be that deep. MOST IMPORTANT ARTIFICIAL POND FACT: You've got to fish a pond regularly. Otherwise, it becomes overpopulated and fish in turn become stunted . . . A FISHERMAN'S GUIDE TO BAD MANNERS: 1) Always begin to fish upstream of the





He "took" everyone he ever knew—from his wife to his mistresses; from the Chief of Staff to the President of the U. S.

the General who GOT AWAY WITH MURDER

by
**WILLIAM
T. HARTNAGE**

ILLUSTRATED BY RUDY BELARSKI



Dan Sickles was in a blind rage. In his hand, he carried a Colt muzzle-loading revolver. In his coat pocket, there was a large-bore, single-shot derringer. In his heart, there was murder.

As he rushed into Lafayette Square, a pebble's toss from the White House, he saw his man. With a roar that split the calm

Sunday quiet of the District of Columbia, he shouted:

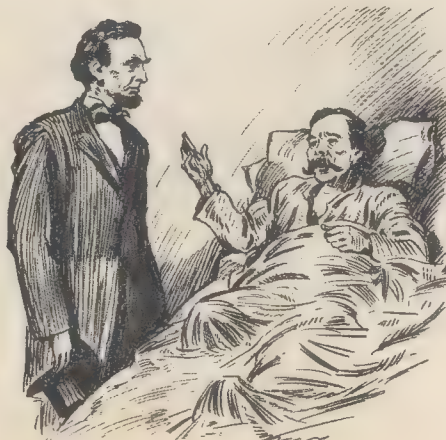
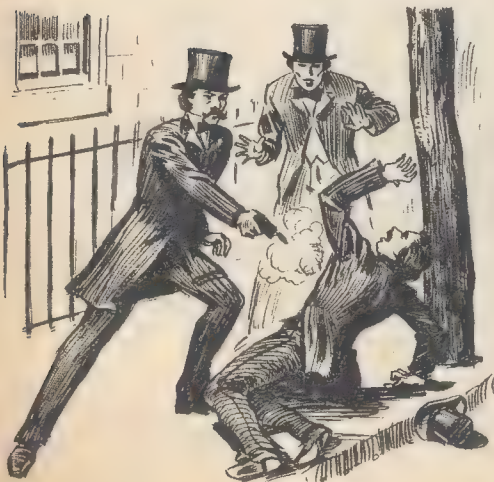
"Key, you dog! You are going to die!"

With that, he aimed his gun point-blank at the startled young man, and fired. Philip Barton Key staggered, ran forward to grapple with his assailant and attempted to wrestle the Colt away. But Sickles had already reloaded and pulled the trigger

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35



Though his most famous conquest was the queen of Spain, his other exploits included shooting his wife's lover, nearly losing the battle of Gettysburg, hobnobbing with Presidents and wresting a railroad from Jay Gould.



again. The hammer clicked harmlessly as it fell on a dud.

Quickly, Congressman Sickles yanked out the derringer, and, as Key cowered behind a tree, deliberately fired a shot into the groin of the terrified U.S. attorney.

"You swine! You must die! Die! Die!" he screamed at the collapsing figure. Then he tossed aside his derringer, drew his Colt and blasted away again.

Key screamed, clutched his belly, slumped into the gutter. Grimly as an executioner, Sickles reloaded and placed the barrel close to Key's head. At that moment, a friend of the congressman dashed up, took his arm and, without a word, they walked away.

The sensational murder on February 27, 1859, that was to be blazoned as "the Washington tragedy" on every front page in the nation, had some extraordinary facets. For one, the President of the United States went so far as to spirit an eyewitness out of town. James Buchanan, a close friend of Sickles, bribed the eyewitness—a White House page—with the gift of an expensive razor and provided him with cash for traveling expenses. More remarkable was that the killer was a notorious lecher, a bucko who had committed adultery with countless men's wives, yet he was to be acquitted of murdering the man who had been philandering with his own spouse.

Only a phenomenal character like the Honorable Dan Sickles could get away with murder like that. In a fantastic career covering almost a century, as politician, Civil War general, diplomat and intimate of five Presidents, Sickles won both international fame and notoriety. He was a hero and a pariah, branded as an embezzler and mail robber, a master rogue touched with enough genius to outfox Wall Street's powerful Jay Gould. Connoisseur of women and a crack Don Juan, he had a roster of mistresses that ran from the queen of Spain to the most expensive prostitute in New York. As a general, he bungled at the crucial battle of Gettysburg, yet even the astute Abe Lincoln was taken in by his magnetic charm.

Even as a youth Dan was hard to handle, baffling his father, a New York patent attorney and promoter. Several times Dan ran away from home. Once, when he was attending an "Academy for Young Gentlemen," the headmaster tried to whip Dan for misconduct; Dan grabbed the whip and beat the headmaster instead. He tried working as a printer's devil, landed at New York University, became a lawyer

While attending college, Dan boarded in the home of brilliant Lorenzo Da Ponte, professor, master of a half-dozen languages and a former comrade of the fabulous Casanova in erotic adventure. Here, Dan picked up his urbane manners and his contempt for morality. And here, too, he met Teresa Bagioli, the voluptuous, dark-eyed Italian beauty whom he was to seduce and marry when she was barely 16.

As a lawyer and Knickerbocker blueblood with a ready lip, dapper Dan with the drooping mustache was a natural for Tammany Hall. Those were the days when "political discussions" involved fists, bludgeons, brass knuckles, blackjacks, bottle-swinging free-for-alls. In one bloody riot, Dan—who was tough as a bull terrier—was tossed bodily into the well of a spiral staircase. Another time, he had to make an acrobatic exit from the speakers' platform by way of a window and fire escape.

A gay blade with lean hips and wide shoulders, habitué of Manhattan fleshpots, Dan got into assorted criminal scrapes as he scrounged around for money to pay for his tailored suits, boned turkey on ice, champagne, horse racing and beautiful women. He was indicted for obtaining money under false pretenses, prosecuted for the theft of a mortgage, tried for grand larceny and swindling. Once he was arrested for robbing the mails and another time for stuffing ballot boxes and "running primaries." Every case was hushed up.

Dan rose by his consistent dishonesty and chicanery. Despite his criminal record, he was appointed corporation counsel of New York City and elected to the State Assembly. At Albany he caused a scandal that rocked the state capital.

At a famous Mercer Street bordello Dan had met and fallen for Fanny White, a lively, hot-blooded brunette. Dan wanted her exclusively for himself, though her price was high—she liked jewels, furs, assorted luxuries. No sucker, he; there was talk later that he took a slice of Fanny's earnings as an upper-bracket prostitute, which led the daring New York *World* to allude to him as a "pimp." Dan took Fanny along to Albany, introduced her at the table of the hotel where he stayed. Further, he escorted her right into the State Assembly. Incensed at the insult, the legislature voted to censure Sickles. Dan shrugged it off with a chuckle.

When James Buchanan was named minister to Great Britain in 1853, he looked about for a bright secretary to the legation and was delighted with Dan Sickles' dynamic personality. Buchanan, a powerful Democrat, had narrowly missed the Presidential nomination the year before and might make it in 1856. Always the opportunist, Bully Boy Sickles seized the chance to become a pal of a potential President.

Leaving his wife behind in New York, Dan had the gall to take along Fanny White to the Court of St. James's. Sickles was never made for marriage. He had more than his share of virility and one ordinary woman at a time couldn't satisfy him. Females seemed to go for him at a touch, and he seemed irresistible to matrons as well as maidens. He slept around so much that he was reputed to have fathered dozens of offspring, some of whom were later to become celebrated in the fields of sport, journalism and politics.

With Fanny White, the Mercer Street harlot, in London, he pulled a gag that remains a classic. Dan had been feuding with James Gordon Bennett, fiery editor of the New York *Herald*. At one of Queen Victoria's drawing-room receptions, Sickles walked in with (Continued on page 54)



who is the MASTER SPY?

by ALLEN ROBERTS



The American's face flushed an angry red, and he leaned across the hotel's information desk. "What do you mean, I can't have the room for more than one day?"

"Maybe that was the regulation as of now," the American muttered, and he whirled to leave the hotel lobby, "but I sure as hell am going to do something about changing it!"

As he stomped through the doorway of the small hotel, the clerk nodded to two tall men who were sitting in a corner near the window. Without a word, they got up and strolled after the irate American.

Two blocks from the hotel, they caught up with him. With the precision of trained soldiers, they suddenly flanked him and forced him into the doorway of a nearby house. Pinning him up against the wall, they stared at him for a long moment, then one of the men spoke.

"Herr Jackson, You will please not make trouble here in Pullach. You will leave tomorrow morning as requested. You will be on the train to Munich, and you will not return. If you are not back in your room in Munich by noon, your wife—well, she will not be too happy."

Then they released the terrified tourist and walked nonchalantly away.

Herr Jackson, from Detroit, Michigan, was smart. He took the morning train out of Pullach—glad to get as far away from the town as he could. But others who attempted to ignore the ban on more than one-day stopovers in Pullach had good cause to regret their decision. They were given a working-over they'll never forget.

For Pullach, not far from Munich, Germany, is the headquarters of the most fantastic cloak-and-dagger setup ever seen in the civilized world. It is the capital of a spy network that is protected from outside contact by a security patrol that makes busting into Los Alamos a kid's game.

A stranger coming into Pullach is given the kind of welcome that a "revenuer" receives in the hills of Kentucky. First of all, he is discouraged from staying at all. But, if he insists, he is given permission to remain in town 24 hours. Should he try to complain or make trouble—he is blocked at every turn by a strong-arm police and well-

organized bully-boy force with which there is no argument.

What is this special agency and just who is the strange figure who hides in the shadows while he directs the most effective intelligence agency in all of Europe?

All we know about Reinhold Gehlen is that he was a former general in Adolph Hitler's army. He was a chief of Nazi intelligence for the greater part of World War II. Nobody in recent years has been able to interview or photograph this mystery man. And it is absolutely impossible to get a permit to visit his headquarters.

Gehlen's chief base operates in a 30-acre enclave not too far away from the site of the notorious Dachau concentration camp. The entire compound is protected by an electrically-charged eight-foot barbed-wire fence.


Four hundred of Gehlen's top agents work in the establishment, busily studying confidential reports from the 4,000 agents in the field. The activists work in Russia, East Germany, France, England, South America and even the United States.

Gehlen is a man whose profession is danger. He knows that today he might be called a hero and tomorrow a traitor.

Not too long ago Gehlen was in imminent danger of being executed by Hitler. General Heinz Guderian's memoirs tell how Gehlen incurred Hitler's wrath because of his propensity for telling the truth even when it hurts. The Germans were advancing on the Russian front when Guderian presented a Gehlen report to Hitler. The report gave a most discouraging picture—from the German standpoint—on the strength of the Russian Army. Hitler was in no mood to receive that type of report at that particular moment. He read the material, turned to the famous tank expert and screamed: "Put that lunatic Gehlen behind bars and have him executed within the week."

Guderian tells us that he was able to pacify the Nazi leader after a long argument. Gehlen was to remain a functionary in the fast-dwindling Nazi Empire until its final *Götterdämmerung*.

How lucky Gehlen was to have Guderian's support is apparent when one recalls what happened to Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, another of (Continued on page 60)



Trained under Hitler,
feared by Russia,
paid by the U.S.
This is Gehlen —
boss of 4,000 global agents
— the man
nobody really knows.



Tales of fiction have been written about adventurers visiting strange places which time has forgotten, hidden valleys in which dinosaurs forage among prehistoric swamps and deadly tropical flora, but the land of the Stone-Age Men, where I lived for three long months, was no story-teller's dream. Melville Island is still there for all to see.

In 1932 I had shipped as second engineer aboard an 8,000-ton freighter, the *Alice V*, out of Liverpool with a mixed cargo of cotton goods, hardware, farm machinery and what-have-you, bound for Australia by way of Suez, Bombay and Singapore. It was in the Indian Ocean, almost at our destination, that we ran into a typhoon and the sea became a maelstrom. Our ship was solid and not in danger, although the towering waves battered it mercilessly for two days. Like a giant hand, a crest would lift the hull entirely out of water so the screw whined in the thin air, then would slam it with a jolting thud into the following trough. Moving about to attend our duties, even below deck, was difficult. And the slippery top deck wasn't the safest place in the world—with the ship burying herself in the sea intermittently. Those of us who had to risk it wore life preservers. We walked only when the deck rose clear, timing ourselves so some support was handy to hang onto when she dived under again.

It was at the end of that second day, toward nightfall, that Captain Smithson called me to the bridge. He didn't say what he wanted, and I was wondering what (*Continued on page 44*)

Washed up on the sandy beach, he lived through a Stone Age nightmare—a nightmare that was ruled by a primitive lust for revenge.

by HORACE PHILIPPS



WHITE SLAVE OF

A black and white illustration by Frank Soltesz. On the left, a man with short, dark hair and a serious expression looks towards the right. He is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved button-down shirt that is being torn at the chest by a woman on the right. The woman is shown from the side, her back to the viewer, with her right arm raised and hand on the man's shirt. She has dark, curly hair and is wearing a large hoop earring. The background is a plain, light color.

The chief grasped my shirt, tore
it open and stripped it off me.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SOLTESZ

MELVILLE ISLAND



Marines and sailors pose proudly after capturing the last Korean fort, completely destroying the defenses of Kangwha-man.

America's

by B. W. VON BLOCK

Full of familiar names like Seoul,
Inchon and Han River, it was a war
that was completely forgotten once
the last shot was fired — in 1871.

Editor's note: It was America's shortest, easiest—and most pointless—war. But it had one remarkable feature: it was probably the first overseas operation by U.S. forces to be covered by an on-the-spot combat photographer. Who he was, no one knows today. His camera's record of the bloody, one-sided conflict was shuffled around various government offices for 85 years. The pictures are all authenticated by the government's National Archives. As far as anyone knows, they have never before been published.



The small flotilla of American naval vessels rode easily in the calm waters of the Han River estuary. The ships were trim, cleared for action. The squadron was ready—even itching—for a fight.

Aboard the three-masted USS *Colorado*, flagship of Rear Admiral John Rodgers, there was an air of tension. The admiral himself paced the bridge of the *Colorado* impatiently. Every now and then, he stopped at the port rail and scanned the deserted, forbidding shoreline through his long brass telescope.

"We'll have to bring these heathen to heel—even if we



Some Koreans fought to the last man, but their earthworks and ancient weapons were no match for American armament.

48-Hour War

have to blast our way into Seoul!" he rasped suddenly. He smacked the palm of his hand against the spyglass, closing it.

The decision was made in Admiral Rodgers' mind. Within a few hours, he would make the plans and give the orders that would involve the United States in an unnecessary war—one in which Americans would be forced to kill hundreds of Koreans!

It was May 31, 1871. Rodgers had sailed a long time—coming all the way around Cape Horn from New York to keep his appointment with what he secretly hoped would be an important conquest.

The voyage had been rough. His ships—about the best the impoverished U. S. Navy could furnish—were little better than rotting hulks beneath the shiny veneer of spit-and-polish.

The *Colorado*, his flagship, was an outdated sailing vessel, so badly in need of repairs that a single broadside from her aging guns could spring her timbers. The *Monocacy* and *Palos* were gunboats, wheezing paddle-wheelers held together by only the ingenuity of the ships' engineers. An-

other gunboat, the *Ashuelot*, had been left behind in Yokohama—it was leaking like a sieve. The corvettes *Alaska* and *Benicia* rounded out the motley squadron.

The squadron had been ordered to the Orient by President U. S. Grant who had been angered by the reported massacre of a number of American seamen by Koreans. Admiral Rodgers was instructed to take aboard Frederick F. Low, U.S. Ambassador to Peking. Beyond this, his orders read as follows:

"1. To make a treaty of commerce with the Koreans, if possible.

"2. Obtain an agreement from the Korean government guaranteeing the safety of shipwrecked sailors.

"3. Avoid use of force unless such action would result in dishonor to the flag. . . .

"The responsibility for war or peace is left to Mr. Low," President Grant concluded.

There was a great deal of unrest in Asia at the time. Japan and China were being newly opened to trade with the Western World. The European powers were jockeying for special concessions. The people of the Orient resented



After Koreans had fired on his gunboats, Admiral Rodgers cried "Treachery!" called a council of war to plan reprisals.

AMERICA'S 48-HOUR WAR continued

the intrusion of the Westerners—whom they called "savage barbarians."

The squadron sailed from New York Harbor on April 9, 1869, arriving in Korean waters two years later. The first contact with the natives of the yet unexplored land came on May 25, 1871. Eight Korean emissaries came aboard the *Colorado*.

"Their credentials show them to be of the third and fifth diplomatic ranks," an interpreter told the admiral and Ambassador Low.

"Order them off the ship!" Rodgers roared in uncontrolled fury. "The United States government does not negotiate with clerks . . ."

Unfortunately, neither the crusty old seadog nor the inexperienced Low realized that sending minor flunkies to make the initial contact with foreigners was an old Korean custom. The Orientals reasoned that the stooges could stall and delay negotiations until the intruders got tired of things, and, they hoped, went away.

Instead, the admiral's hasty decision proved to be a deadly insult, according to the Asiatic way of looking at things. The minor officials stumbled down the gangway into their waiting junk, and returned to the mainland.

There was no further word for several days. Admiral Rodgers and his men fretted and fumed while their ships rode at anchor in the Kangwha-man, the great bay formed by the curve of land around Kaesong, Seoul and Inchon.

Captain Homer C. Blake, the veteran naval officer in

command of the *Palos*, knew that a serious blunder had been made. He attempted to reason with his superior.

"We'll have to fight, sir," he warned. "Unless, of course, you'll permit me to send a messenger to the Koreans asking them to send their emissaries back . . ."

"Nonsense! Never!" Rodgers exploded. "To do so would mean an admission of weakness!"

The admiral quickly made another decision, even more blundering than his first one. Piqued by the turn of events, he commanded Captain Blake to outfit four steam launches with howitzers and man them with Marines.

"Sail into the harbor and on up the river," he grunted. "The launches will lead, and you'll follow with the *Monocacy* and the *Palos* . . ."

"To what purpose, sir?" Blake inquired, mystified by the order.

"To survey the waters, sir!" the commander rasped. "At least, that's as good a reason as any!"

Captain Blake knew that the show of force would serve only as a provocation—an excuse to make the Koreans fight. But orders were orders. No one knows what went through his mind, but his thoughts must have been bitter, especially when Rodgers concluded his instructions.

"I will remain here with the flagship and the corvettes. That's all, Captain . . ."

Blake's vessels hauled anchor at noon on June 1. He was aboard one of the leading launches. The two gunboats chugged and splashed be- (Continued on page 80)



The advance on the middle forts was preceded by a barrage from the Monocacy. The overwhelmed Koreans retreated.

The battle over, the Monocacy towed the assault boats back to the fleet, bearing the trophies of their fruitless victory.





WHITE SLAVE

Continued from page 38

he had on his mind as I opened the heavy door leading to the deck. But I never found out. As I started to shut the door, the deck tilted so I had to push it upward against its own weight. Bracing my feet, I shoved it closed. I was about to twist the locking handle when the ship plunged. If that handle had caught, I think I would have been able to hold it long enough for the danger to pass, but that is a question which never will be answered. Tons of water broke over the hull like a tidal wave, hurling me against the cabin. As the ship staggered clear, the sea ran off, sucking at me with an irresistible undertow. The door opened, and when it reached the end of its swing, my hand was wrenched free. In a second I was swallowed by the raging, black ocean.

The water closed over my head but I immediately popped to the surface and filled my lungs with air before another wave could hit me. I was amazed to find that the cork life preserver enabled me to ride the waves and troughs fairly well in spite of the tempest. By kicking off my boots, I became still more buoyant, only the crests submerging me. I discovered that by timing my breathing I probably would be able to survive the sea although the chances of my being rescued were slight. I could expect no help from a ship. The *Alice V* had disappeared completely into the darkness and the typhoon had undoubtedly blown her far from the regular shipping lanes when I went overboard.

As the night hours wore on, I fought panic. The fact that the storm gradually diminished gave me little hope. I was sick with brine and despair as the sky lightened to the dim gray of dawn. It was then I heard a distant booming which gradually grew louder against the wind. I prayed my thanks when I recognized it as the sound of surf rolling against a beach. When my feet touched bottom, I struggled frantically to the shore.

THE beach was a strip of white sand extending in both directions as far as I could see and bordering a thick, twisted jungle. As I dragged myself from the water, a cloud of terns swirled into the sky with angry squawks. My hand rested on something small and round which cracked beneath it, spreading hotly between my fingers. Then I saw the dry sand was dotted with thousands of eggs like spotted golf balls. I guessed they would be edible if I could stomach their fishy taste. But heat was my first consideration. The cold wind blowing against my wet clothing was icy compared to the

sea. I gathered dry brush, sticks and a few sheltered logs from the edge of the jungle and fired them in two piles with a match from a waterproof case. Then I stripped off my clothes and, stretching out on my back between the fires, fell asleep.

When the hot sun following the storm awakened me, I marveled, as I did frequently thereafter, at the temperature extremes between day and night in this strange country. At the time I didn't know where I was nor how close to civilization, and I decided I would find something to eat and then do some exploring. I would ignore the tern eggs. After replenishing one fire to keep it lighted and so conserve matches, I dressed and made a brief sortie into the jungle where I found none of the tropical fruits I expected. However, at the outlet of a small stream the water was alive with scurrying crabs. With my knife I cut a forked stick and in a minute had captured almost a dozen. These proved to be very satisfactory when broiled over the flames. After eating, I started down the beach.

I had gone perhaps a mile when I came to a small lagoon at the mouth of a quiet river extending inland between walls of tangled mangrove. In the sand at its edge were prints of bare feet, not of one man but of many. I was amused at the thought that I might turn into a modern Robinson Crusoe with an entire crew of Fridays instead of one, but the possibility that the men who made them might be unfriendly sobered me immediately. All the footprints led toward the water, but I saw no movement on the surface of the bay nor along its shore. Whoever had made them had gone, but obviously they must have been made since the rain of the previous night. For a minute I hesitated, trying to decide whether to attempt to attract the people on the chance that they might be friendly and help me. I concluded not to risk it and retreated down the beach toward my fire, intending to do my exploring in the other direction.

When I reached it I stooped to pick up my rubber storm cape. As I did, I saw a long shadow stretch across the sand before me. When I turned, there was the tallest, blackest man I had ever seen. He was well over six feet, with skin like shiny tar. Behind him stood three others, somewhat shorter. All were completely naked, their heads and faces covered with bushy black hair. Across their chests were reddish welts shaped like chevrons, and each carried a 10-foot spear in one hand and a crude stone ax in the other.

I recall making some inane remark in surprise, whereupon the tall native trans-

ferred the ax to the hand which held the spear and stepped toward me. When I shied back, he grabbed me by the wrist and yelled something gutturally, then gestured with his spear toward the part of the beach from which I had just fled. The others closed in to help. I knew to struggle would be useless, perhaps might even cause them to use their weapons. I walked with him willingly, then, although he never released his grasp on my wrist. His squad fell in behind.

No word was spoken during our march back to the lagoon with its no longer mysterious footprints. When we reached it, the tall one gestured me toward one of two long, crude dugouts pulled up on the sand. When his men pushed it out, I climbed aboard. He followed with two men, the others taking the second dugout. Then we started up the river through the mangroves.

The river widened after we left the mangroves and occasionally stretched into a billabong, as the Australians call a swamp. Here and there a huge heron flapped away, screaming in defiance. Once a flock of tropical ducks took off with whirring wings. Giant, menacing crocodiles sunned themselves on every mudbank. One of them slithered into the water toward us as we drifted close and the paddlers quickened their pace until we had left it at a safe distance. Finally the banks at the river's edge became steeped and firmer. Then we pulled ashore.

On top of the riverbank were several acres of hard ground, bare except for a few lean-to structures of bark and dried grass. There were three large fires and around these several dozen men, women and children clustered, all as naked as my captors.

THE tall native, who I had concluded was their leader, summoned them in a loud, booming voice. When they had grouped around me, he delivered a speech, pausing after each mouthful of gibberish which might have been a word or a sentence; I had no way of knowing. When he had finished, his subjects shouted, and from the smiles on their faces, I could guess it was in approval. Then he walked away, the natives returned to their fires and I was left alone.

As I stood in the center of the clearing, temporarily ignored by these strange people, I realized the ridiculousness and hopelessness of my predicament. I didn't know what my fate was to be. I wasn't tied or locked in some native version of a prison. Apparently I wasn't even to be guarded. But escape was out of the question simply because I had nowhere to which to escape! I didn't even know where I was! I decided I had best make friends with the natives and be a model prisoner, if that was my status, in the hope that eventually they would make some contact with the outside world. Then I could plan to take advantage of it. They must have seen white men before or else they would have been more startled at my appearance.

While I was lost in thought, a naked woman came forward and touched my arm. She was young, I judged in her late teens, and her body was lithe and sinewy with up-tilted breasts and firm, rounded

thighs. She led me toward one of the fires and motioned for me to sit beside her. When I did, she broke off a portion of a small, queer animal which had been charring near the flames and handed it to me. Then she took another piece and ate it. I tasted mine experimentally and found it had a peculiar flavor, but was not objectionable. When I had finished it, she gave me more, then a large, partially-burned round vegetable which also was quite edible. Thus was my introduction to Tona, who was to be my friend and teacher of all my duties during the following months. Likewise it was my first meal of roast lizard and water-lily bulb.

By the time the food had been finished, darkness and cold had begun to fall. The natives' sleeping habits were simple. The expectant mothers and several mothers with young babies took refuge in the lean-tos. All the others stretched out near the fires where they had been seated, and soon their chorus of snores mingled with the calls of night birds in the jungle.

THE next day I began to understand that I was not an honored guest of the tribe. I was awakened at daybreak by the sound of movement about me. For a while I was forgotten once more, then I saw the chief approaching and rose to meet him. First he put his right hand on my shoulder, probably as a sort of gesture of friendliness, but I considered his next actions quite unfriendly. With one motion he grasped the front of my shirt and ripped it open, then commenced to tug at one sleeve. I stifled my anger and peeled off the shirt, handing it to him, but he wasn't satisfied. Next came the undershirt. I balked at removing my trousers until three of his men strode toward me with the obvious purpose of removing them by force. Standing only in my shorts, I vowed I wouldn't permit the final indignity, but it was to no avail. Holding me, they stripped them off as though I were a stubborn child refusing to be undressed for bed, although I objected in language far from childish. Finally I stood before them, white as a billabong lily except for the red flush in my cheeks. They left with my clothes, which I never saw again.

The blush deepened when I became aware of the looks of curiosity from the crowd which had gathered when they heard my angry protests. Especially on the faces of the women I detected expressions which increased my embarrassment. I wheeled and started to walk away but Tona ran forward and stopped me. Reluctantly I allowed her to lead me toward the river where she sat on the bank and motioned me to a spot beside her. She kept her eyes on my face, obviously to put me more at ease.

I sat there most of the day while Tona endeavored to teach me the language of her tribe, and I became encouraged upon discovering how many corrupted forms of English it included. Here again was evidence of their contact with the white race. Also I discovered her people were called Tiwi, and that I was on the island of Melville not far from the mainland of Australia. I learned eagerly and was grateful when she brought me food so I wouldn't have to parade my nakedness before the others.

We spent several days on the bank while I gradually overcame my initial embarrassment and eventually I could speak to her quite fluently in her own tongue. In the cold evening I would steal back to the fire to sleep in its warmth. At meal times she would vary our lizard diet with roast wallaby, dugong or sea cow, alligator, flying squirrel or bandicoot, with appetizers of oysters, crabs, snails and turtle or tern eggs. Yams were my favorite vegetable, but some of the other foods I couldn't bring myself to eat and surreptitiously flipped into the river. From the absence of cultivated vegetables and the preponderance of wild meat, I deduced with amazement that the Tiwis had no agriculture, depending entirely upon foraging for their food.

One morning she told me the bad news. At the time of my arrival Tafiri, the chief, had decreed I was to be the Tiwi's slave. Earlier that day he had asked her why I hadn't been performing my duties and she had replied that I was slow in learning Tiwi talk but that finally I was ready.

"Why, Tona, am I a slave to the Tiwi?" I asked.

"Many time ago, Hars,"—Hars was the closest she could come to pronouncing my name, Horace—"Tiwi was a slave of white men. Now Tafiri gets revenge."

There was no further explanation and I decided I would investigate the facts of Tiwi slavery to the white men if I ever succeeded in getting free myself.

"Ever see white men, Tona?" I questioned.

"Some time," she answered, and this gave me additional encouragement.

She left me after that but soon returned with a bark basket in her hand. She dipped it into the river and lifted it, dripping, then spilled out the contents. She handed me the basket and I did the same.

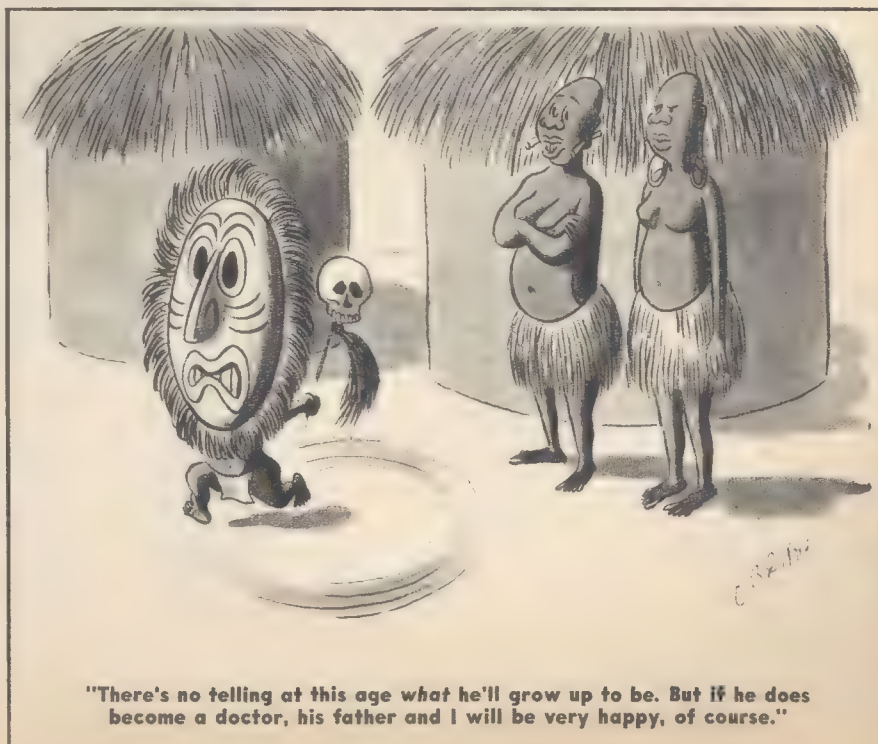
"No," she said and laughed. "You must carry water."

I filled it again and carried it to the

fire for her. Then she gave me several other empty ones which I also filled and took to her. My first duty as a slave, she told me, was to carry water for all the tribe. Then, with several other women, she led me into the jungle where we stopped before a tall, slender tree. *Stringybark*, she called it, for making baskets and thongs. Working with a stone ax, she showed me how to slit the bark around the tree in two places about five feet apart, join the cuts with a vertical cut, then peel the bark from the trunk. Upon our return, she skinned the soft inner bark from the outer layer and soaked it in the river. Then, molding it into the shape of a basket, she held it over the fire to dry. Some she shredded into strips. Later she taught me how to find and dig wild yams with a sharp stick. For many days I did these chores. Then, early one dawn, Tafiri singled me out again.

"WE hunting," was all he said. Here were new duties, I guessed.

Six of us climbed into a dugout and paddled some distance up the river. At the foot of another high bank we disembarked and climbed to the top. There one of the natives twirled a stick and set the dry grass on fire. Quickly the flames raced away and disappeared into the jungle, leaving a blackened plain. I followed carefully as the hunters spread out and stalked through it, apparently oblivious of the still smoldering grass beneath their bare feet. They kept their chin-beards tucked into their mouths—a good luck charm, I was told. Two of them carried spears; the others were armed with several hardwood sticks each about a foot long with a knob at one end. Suddenly a wallaby the size of a rabbit hopped into view. A hunter quickly threw his stick which bounced from the ground in front of the animal and struck it. While it struggled, he walked up and killed it with his stone ax. Then another wallaby appeared, but this time it was a spear-thrower's turn. The



"There's no telling at this age what he'll grow up to be. But if he does become a doctor, his father and I will be very happy, of course."

hunters froze. As it started to hop away, one spearman ran toward it, freezing again when it stopped. He repeated the maneuver until he was close enough for a toss, whereupon he skewered it easily. Thus the hunt continued and, although I accompanied the hunters many times in the following days, I was never allowed to share in the sport. My function was that of a game bag; I carried the dead animals so the Tiwis wouldn't be encumbered with the carcasses.

I saw how they killed opossums and bandicoot by chopping them out of hollow logs with their stone axes, speared fish, dug for lizards, stone-axed large alligators. Only on one expedition were they unsuccessful in bringing in the game they were after and that failure was indirectly responsible for my gaining my freedom. The animal was a large wild buffalo, a descendant of some original stock which had been introduced to the island from the mainland many years before. The spearmen stalked it carefully but, just as they were about to throw, it charged. All of us fled toward the river and plunged in, forgetting that crocodiles might be present. They weren't, but there was another danger.

THE big beast halted at the water's edge, snorted once, then turned back into the jungle. Immediately we swam for the dugouts and reached them safely—all but one man. A few feet from shore he screamed and flopped with a splash. When we pulled the poor native aboard, blood was flowing from two small holes in the calf of his leg. A *tunda*, or poisonous water snake, had bitten him.

I was about to give him first aid when Tafiri pushed me aside. He had his own treatment. While his men held the vic-

tim, he hacked off the leg above the knee with his ax. It was a ghastly operation. I looked around for something with which to make a tourniquet, but there wasn't a thing, no article of clothing which could be torn into a strip. As the men paddled, I pleaded with them to stop while I cut a vine to twist around his leg, but they refused to listen to me. He was dead by the time we reached the village.

It was slightly more than three months after I began my slave-life with the Stone-Age people that I managed to escape, my chance occurring during the month-long funeral ceremony, or *pukamani*, for the dead man. The Tiwis believe that the *mapaditi*, or spirit of a person who has just died, stalks the earth in search of an *immunka*, or spirit of a living friend or relative, to keep it company. To discourage it and drive it away, both men and women of the tribe paint their bodies hideously with red clay, some of the men slash themselves with knives, others carve grotesque totems. Everyone spends days and nights in mad shrieking, wailing and dancing. Tona told me about the ceremony before it began and thus I was warned.

It had continued for only two weeks, during which I had participated several times between chores to show my good faith, although the perpetual din had already become quite wearing and made sleep impossible. Then it suddenly, unexpectedly, ceased. The quiet that followed was almost too good to be true.

"What happened?" I asked Tona.

"Stop *pukamani* until some day," she replied. "White men are at river mouth. They maybe hear sound." She had inadvertently blurted out the news I had been anxiously awaiting.

I pretended not to hear her answer and

turned away to hide the joy which must have shown on my face. White men! That meant a boat! I tried to stroll nonchalantly toward the river. The tide was reaching its high level. Soon it would turn and flow toward the sea. I looked at the sun, almost lost behind the wall of jungle as evening drew near. That night I would have my opportunity.

I lay down with the rest, but a little farther from the fire than usual. The natives went to sleep quickly, as they always did, and cautiously I crawled out of the firelight toward the bank where the dugouts were beached. There were six of them, and as quietly as I could I pushed all but one into the current, regretting doing so because I knew it would be a laborious task for the aborigines to tow others with their stone cutters. But I couldn't afford to risk pursuit. I launched the last dugout, hopped aboard and headed downstream along the moonlit river.

The journey took only an hour, but it seemed like 10. I was frozen with the cold when finally I came to the channel of mangroves, and then a horrifying thought struck me. Suppose the boat had gone! I paddled furiously and eventually emerged on the waters of the bay. I looked out at the sea beyond. There was no black hulk of a ship on the dim horizon. I yelled, partly in despair and partly in a wild hope of arousing anyone who might be within hearing. Suddenly I was bathed in a brilliant, white light which blinded me, and a voice called, "Blimey, who's makin' all the . . . Lor! It's a white native."

"Shut off that damned light!" I answered. "If I weren't so glad to see you, I'd show you who was a white native!"

I hadn't seen the ship's small motor launch anchored near the mangrove wall. The searchlight went off and I quickly paddled over. As I came aboard, I could see a man standing in the cabin's dim glow with a gun in his hand.

"Put that away, you ruddy fool," I said, according to what they later told me. When I came to, I was in a small bunk in the cabin and could hear the sweet purr of the engine. A few glasses of rum and I was civilized again, explaining my experience to the launch's three-man crew while they listened with gaping mouths. In a short time I was once again in clothes and headed for England aboard a freighter, the *Mayfair Queen*, which had been anchored out of sight beyond the rim of the bay.

EVEN today it frequently occurs to me that if the *Mayfair Queen's* drinking water hadn't spoiled, causing her to send her launch to Melville for a fresh supply right in the middle of a *pukamani* ceremony, I probably would have remained with the Tiwis for many years, and I know Tona would have liked that. Incidentally, historical records explained why Tafiri, the chief, had sought vengeance by making me a slave. It seems that over 100 years previously a group of English convicts were banished to Melville at a spot now known as Fort Dundas, whereupon they proceeded to enslave many of the Tiwis. I'm glad the convicts didn't treat the natives more severely—especially since those Stone-Age people have such damn long memories! ♦♦♦





When the other kids ask...

WHAT DOES YOUR DAD DO?

How does your boy answer them?

Sure... you're his hero. You *know* that. But sometimes it can get kinda tough if the other kids don't seem to understand about the "old man."

It's not that you *like* to be chained to the same old job. Maybe you just *had* to leave school too soon. Maybe the war inter-

fered. Anyway, here you are, stuck because you just don't have enough formal training.

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It isn't easy. You've got to have grit and determination and the will to succeed. As long as you have

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STAG CONFIDENTIAL

Continued from page 31

nearest fisherman. 2) Wait till a nearby angler gets a rise, then try for his fish. 3) Talk out loud when you're fishing next to others. That will ruin many a bite for the other guy. 4) As you wade, kick rocks in every direction, a sure way to ruin the pond for all. . . .

MEN IN SPORTS

LONGEST FIGHT ON RECORD was between Jack Burke and Andy Bowen. It went seven hours and 110 rounds before the crowd began singing "Home Sweet Home" and the referee felt it was time for the boys to get some breakfast . . . Most of the great power-hitters were slow as turtles on the base-paths. Yankees' Mantle is an exception to this. No one touches him going down to first . . . It's a little-known rule of baseball that a pitcher can play another position for just one batter (while the shortstop, for example, pitches) then go back to pitching rest of game . . . Here's what pitchers are doing while they're "rubbing up" baseball. Since no two baseballs are alike (about 20% are substandard) what hurlers actually do is feel for a bulge that can help to get a little extra spin, the effect of a spitter. . . .

Contrary to opinion, MOST JOCKEYS DON'T BET HORSES. They probably would if it didn't interfere with their judgment of a race as a participant . . . KNOCKING A BALL OUT OF THE YANKEE STADIUM is to baseball what breaking the four-minute mile is to track. Word around the league is that if Mantle can't do it no one else ever will . . . THE COMMON THING THAT SETS BERRA AND CAMPANELLA APART FROM OTHER CATCHERS is that neither of them blink. Other, more routine catchers, do blink as ball crosses plate and often lose sight of pitched balls temporarily. . . .

A MAN'S WALLET

YEAR'S BIGGEST TIP ON FREE LAND: The government right this minute has 100 million acres of uninhabited land it's willing to sell for as little as TWO BUCKS AN ACRE. You can't live year-round on it, BUT IT'S UNBEATABLE FOR FISHING, HUNTING, SURF CASTING, SUMMER VACATIONING. Most is crowded into these states: California, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming, Colorado, Oregon, New Mexico, Arizona. Some choice plots are in the Florida Keys, Ozarks, Wisconsin, the Gulf Coast and Lake Michigan. Often, you have to scout the land yourself. If it's government-owned, slap down a \$10 filing

fee, and you get first crack at buying it. You put up \$5/yr. while you're making "improvements" (putting up a sign is an improvement) and then a government appraiser comes out, inspects it and tags it with a price, OFTEN DIRT CHEAP. FOR A SLAB OF OZARK LAND, contact the District Forester, Bureau of Land Management, Box 189, Russelville, Ark. He'll send you maps and minimum prices. The country there is chock full of deer, quail, ducks and rugged scenery. . . .

Here's what happens when you leave a waiter a bum tip in a restaurant in China. He goes up to a balcony and ANNOUNCES THE AMOUNT OF THE TIP TO THE WHOLE RESTAURANT. . . .

ONE MORE CRAZY NEW CAR OFFER: A Los Angeles Pontiac dealer will give you a day's pay if you take the day off to buy a new car. . . .

ROCKHOUNDS (there are a quarter of a million of them) really going to town these days. They're finding good Wyoming jade all over the place (IT RETAILS FOR ABOUT \$50/lb.) One sharp-eyed rockhound came up with a jade boulder worth \$250,000. . . .

There's a way to completely insulate the attic of a five-room house with aluminum for \$50. That way, you don't have to sink money into an air conditioner. . . .

MEN IN UNIFORM

OFFICERS GET ULCERS TWICE AS FREQUENTLY AS ENLISTED MEN . . . GIs squawking because they can't get free wine, free tobacco, free postage stamps like French soldiers in Morocco. But Frenchies get \$1.20/month in pay, which explains everything. . . .

Most fascinating new piece of battle equipment is a handheld TV camera that allows soldier-scouts to send battle pictures back to command post . . . ROCKOONS ARE ANOTHER DEADLY WEAPON IN OUR ARSENAL. They're rockets carried by balloons. . . .

Confiscated Korean Red reports prove that Chinese Reds were scared stiff of Marines, avoided meeting them wherever possible. . . .

ONE OF THE MORE RIDICULOUS MARINE RITUALS is shaving every morning for everyone, including the 17-year-olds whose faces are still smooth as babies' backs. . . .

If you think there's friction between Navy and Air Force guys, you ought to tune in on some of the squawking between submarine officers of the Navy and Navy air admirals . . . Russia now has seven times more submarines than Germany had at the start of World War II. . . .

I call this machine "My Little Money Maker"



It can be put anywhere in the house—in the kitchen, the basement, or the attic and it goes on making money for you whether you're there or not. Three times a day—while you're at work, while you're asleep, or at the movies—it turns out a product that sells for \$6 and the cost of raw materials is only 54c. It will make 6 a day, and the profit on each is more than \$5.00. I'll be glad to tell you how to get one of these little money makers working for you.

What a fellow makes in his regular job today is hardly enough to make ends meet. Higher taxes, higher costs of food and rent and almost everything else raise hob with the savings account. And I say that what a fellow puts away is even more important than what he makes. It would worry me sick if I couldn't save a little against a rainy day.



And that makes it almost necessary to make some extra money. There are lots of ways to do it, too. The magazines and newspapers are full of ads for agents to sell things. But if I had to make a living by selling, from house-to-house, I'm afraid I'd starve to death. I like to make something with my hands and

either sell it by mail or let the stores sell it for me. There are lots of people like me. Another thing: Lots of men—and women, too—don't want to get mixed up with something that might hurt them on their jobs. They want a plan they can operate at home—in spare time—one that they can work at any time they please and one that doesn't need any rented store or hired help. And that's where my little money maker rings the bell.

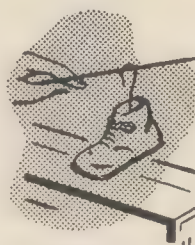


Let's say you're like me. You want to make some extra money but you don't want to do any selling. All right—take a look at what you can do with this machine. I'll give you some facts that I discovered and your own common sense will tell you they're true.

If you're going to make something, it ought to be something that lots of people want—something that lots of people buy. It shouldn't be something that sells at just certain seasons—but all year round. And, it shouldn't be any flash in the pan. It's got to be steady—year after year—something that's not here today and gone tomorrow.

Well, give a thought to this: What's more permanent than babies? Ever since I can remember there's been more and more babies born every year. Last year three and a half million. This year more. Next year, more yet. Then answer this question and tie it in with your thinking: What's stronger than mother's love for her baby? And what is more powerful than love or sentiment in making people buy things. Now you've got the idea.

Every year millions of mothers want their babies' first shoes preserved as mementos. These mothers have the shoes "bronzed" as they call it—by electroplating. Electroplating coats the shoes with copper and preserves them forever. And there's no big company that has a corner on the business of metalizing baby shoes. Almost all of this work is done by little fellows in their kitchens



or basements. Lots of orders come to you by mail when you send out circulars letting mothers know you can do the work. Lots of stores take orders, but they have to turn the work over to you. There are six or seven ways to get orders without making any house-to-house calls. The big job is keeping up with them.

You see, you can clean up six pair shoes in a few minutes. In a few minutes more you can dip them in the hardening solution like you see in the picture. Then you spray them with a conductive coating and hang two pair in the tank on copper wires. Just turn the switch and walk away. The machine does the rest. Eight hours later those shoes are ready to take out of the tank, burnish and mount and ship or deliver. Two pair every eight hours, whether you are asleep, awake or at the movies. The materials cost 54c a pair.



The retail price you get for electroplating is \$6.00—so the profit is more than \$5.00 a pair. Since you can do six pair a day you can see what the profit is, and the beauty of it is that the machine doesn't cost much. Almost anyone can afford the equipment. The book tells how to run the machine and how to get orders without house-to-house selling.

If you'll just put your name and address on the coupon and mail it to me, I'll send you all the information right away by mail. After you have read all this you will know what you want to do. It will be easy to decide whether you would like to have a "Little Money Maker" of your own. Everything I send you now is free. There is no catch to it and nobody will call to try to sell you anything. I'll send everything free and postage paid. All you have to do is mail the coupon, get the facts and then decide. Mail the coupon right away so I can help you get started making money.

Ned A. Mason, 1512 Jarvis Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Ned A. Mason

1512 Jarvis Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Please tell me about the seven different ways to make money at home in spare time with your "Little Money Maker." It is understood that no salesman will call and it is up to me to decide what I want to do. Everything you send me now is free and will not cost me a penny now or ever.

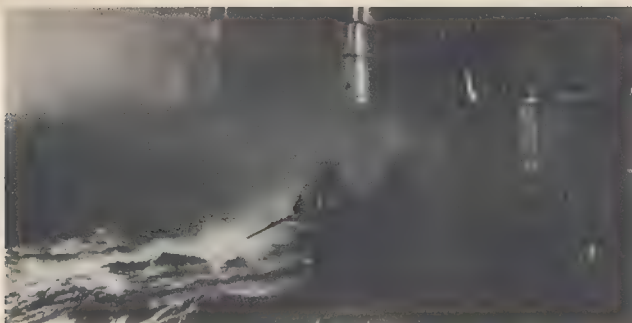
Name

Address

City

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State



U-BOAT ON OUR TAIL

Continued from page 15

Fire had caved in the after bulkheads, flames spread and shot through the vents and hatches high as the mast. On deck, cased cylinders of acetylene took a direct hit and the escaping gas, in addition to the thermite of incendiary shells, set the dunnage ablaze, destroying cargo life rafts consigned to Freetown.

Only one raft remained intact; I ordered it cut away. Then I ordered the launching of the only boat not yet riddled by shellfire. *M.S. Kelso Fundy* was a pyre from stem to stern, running completely in circles, undeniably finished.

I was assisted into the lifeboat and we began our descent, maybe 12 of us. A man beside me pointed to the stern where some of the crew were climbing down ropes. Then his hand swung to the bow where another group was trying to lower a ladder.

"Jump! For God's sake, jump!" Luorney screamed as 400 gallons of paint suddenly exploded in the locker abaft the gun. That, combined with the already bursting acetylene cylinders, finished the bow. It was screened from us by a pall of dense smoke, and we didn't see the men again. But we could smell them burning.

We were a few yards from the water when the U-boat emerged, guns blazing, behind the stern. Shells began popping at once. The davit supporting our boat took one, and was sheared. Then a cascade of line, tackle and twisted steel rained down, deluging the boat. I didn't jump; I couldn't. I slid under a thwart to the lurid accompaniment of machine-gun fire and crashing davit, and mercifully blacked out.

UNTIL that night—December 19, 1941—*Kelso Fundy's* luck had bordered on the phenomenal. A veteran of nine cargo hauls totaling 921,000 gallons, the ship had survived the Murmansk, West Africa and Aruba runs. She was 18 years old, and in two years of globe-trotting she'd laughed at a slew of Nazi submarines. She was Canadian, operating on triple expansion Scotch boilers that gave her 3,000 horsepower and a middling speed of 9.5.

Despite her low-speed handicap, she'd had a bundle of horseshoes tucked down in her bilges. She was known on the Aruba coast as the Deliverer—always came through. Actually, the name had been hung on her at Murmansk because she was usually the slowest ship in the convoy. She was mine.

On December 7, we checked out of Aruba, unescorted, with a cargo of 96,000 gallons of fuel oil destined for Freetown, Sierra Leone. We were to fuel a British squadron, then hightail it back for another load.

The second load would carry us to Halifax, by way of New York. We'd pick up a T-2 in the roads, then convoy with screen—a luxury—and return comfortably.

We cleared Aruba and, several hours later, received the tragic news of Pearl Harbor. I ordered a minute of silence, then gave the deck to my second, John Price, and walked back to my cabin for a drink.

I'D BEEN at war almost two years, I'd lived through the worst maritime hell war had to throw at a ship. Beneath the "Tc H & Co" diamond designator on the stack were two Nazi flags credited the ship. Few merchants, if *any* tankers at all, up to that point, had scored as high as we: a medium Heinkel and a U-boat. The forward gun crew had clobbered the Heinkel outside the mooring at Scapa Flow; the U-boat was caught when she fired a bow shot brace at 1,200 yards and failed to dive in time. We cut her right in half.

Somehow, after a while, even I came to think of the *MS Kelso Fundy* as the Galloping Ghost, or the Deliverer. Ostensibly, she was just another 12,000-tonner, one among many—yet she was more than that, and to my mind she deserved a more dignified end than shellfire.

At 2030, December 19, the ship was 208 miles northwest of Freetown on a zigzag course that would put us at Sierra Leone Light the following evening. The African night was clear and warm, and the sea calm. Behind the wheelhouse, the moon was cresting the wash in silver iridescence. I was standing on the starboard wingtip, a cup of coffee in my hands, talking with John Price, the second.

Chief Engineer Chaffa had just left the bridge after delivering an ultimatum for another wiper, and Price was saying all chiefs were essentially misanthropes, in his perfectly candid opinion. I couldn't agree. I told him I'd known Chaffa for about 16 years and a more congenial character never breathed. He liked people enough to teach them the game of cribbage. It was only when his pupils started drubbing the master that the master wanted new pupils. I surmised this was the case of the wiper.

I finished my coffee and stood beside Mr. Price as he fished out a sextant. Luorney, a very able seaman, gave me a big wink for backing the engineer. I winked back.

"Light off the quarter!"

I rushed to the port wingtip and saw it. It stayed on for almost a minute, at a distance of several miles.

"Mark it!" I snapped, pulling out the plug to the engine-room speaker. "I want

all you've got, Chaffa. We're being tailed!"

"Aw, damn it! I'm right in the middle of a game, Cap'n!" the chief bellowed. "Do what I can . . ."

I went back to the wingtip a moment later, but the light had vanished.

"New course: two-seven-zero! Ahead full!"

"Two-seven-zero! Ahead full! Aye, sir."

Price brought the ship to general quarters and both guns were soon manned. An hour later, when nothing had happened, I ordered the secure. I went below and flopped on my bunk fully dressed. I must have dozed, because we were already afire when shell concussion jarred me off my bunk.

I made the bridge three steps at a time, stuck my head out and saw flashes abaft the starboard beam. She's low on torpedoes, I thought. I hit the general alarm and we steered hard left, then swung again so that both guns could be brought to bear. We had a chance. Also we had 96,000 gallons and a speed of only 9.5! We had an excellent chance—of dying.

The stern gun began banging out shells in reply, but the sub, with her superior speed and firepower, kept out of range and kept hitting us. I knew our legend was at an end, yet I gave the order and we came about full. Then we bore off slightly so that both guns could smash back.

I don't believe we did much damage to the submarine—we were too far gone after the second shell. It hit No. 2 tank and a wall of flames shot skyward. Then the galley took a direct hit, and after that the acetylene cylinders. I wanted desperately to close, but she avoided us skillfully, darting in, pulling back, running close under the stern—so close the stern gun couldn't bear, so close that the men could look down on the sub's deck. But they couldn't return fire.

All this I remembered as the concussion of the lifeboat suddenly ended. I was buried under tackle and broken davit. Men were shouting beyond us. In the boat with me, two sailors were throwing debris over the side. We were still caught by the painter and the sub's searchlight was sweeping the vessel, framing us and then firing down our throats. Fifty-caliber machine gun bullets were spattering on the sea like a summer hailstorm. And my pants were soaked with blood from my shattered right foot.

When I moved my head I thought it would come off. I reached behind my left shoulder and felt warm stickiness. More

(Continued on page 52)

In the heart of every bald man there is a secret wish...

He may laugh with the punsters who call him "Curly," or he may be bitter from the thoughtless gibes of his fellows. But whatever his outward attitude, deep down in his heart he'd like to be as other men are—to have a full head of hair.

What he wouldn't give to go away on a two weeks' vacation and come back with a thick thatch.

Boy! He wouldn't mind being talked about then. He'd be "Curly" in fact... wonderful!

We wish it were, indeed, possible to grow a full head of hair in two weeks, but unfortunately science hasn't yet, with all its advances, achieved this miracle.

HERE'S NEW HOPE

Today, however, bald and balding men and women—and children—have new hope for hair regrowth without expensive office calls—from the wonderful Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage.

More than 20,000 reports (CPA audit and sworn affidavit), from every state in the Union and all over the free world, have come to Carl Brandenfels telling of these much appreciated benefits:

- Renewed Hair Growth ● Less Excessive Falling Hair
- Relief of Dandruff Scale ● Improved Scalp Conditions

Even on totally bald heads the hair roots (follicles) beneath the surface of the skin may still be alive waiting only for the proper stimulation to begin producing again. This has been medically proven to be so.

If you, or someone you know, have excessively falling hair, a rapidly receding hair line, or other unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT! You owe it to yourself, to your family and to your business associates to give the Brandenfels Home System a thorough trial. The important thing is to start now! Every day you wait may make your problem more difficult.

NO EXPENSIVE OFFICE CALLS

Right in the privacy of your own home you may enjoy the benefits of the Brandenfels System—without expensive office calls. While it is not possible to guarantee new hair growth since not every user has so reported, Carl Brandenfels does emphatically believe that his formulas and unique pressure massage will bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp that in many cases helps nature grow hair. Remember, even on bald heads the hair roots may still be alive!

Brandenfels wonderful formulas are non-sticky, with a "clean" aroma, and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands. They are pleasant and easy to use. Your scalp always F-E-E-L-S so good afterwards!

RIGHT NOW IS THE TIME TO START

Right now send for a five-week supply of the Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications, with complete easy to follow instructions for use, and for the massage.

Enclose \$18 (includes Federal Tax, postage, mailing). For U. S. or APO or FPO air shipments add \$2 (total \$20). Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon. Make your decision now, before it's too late!

WHY YOU CAN ORDER WITH CONFIDENCE

All letters and testimonials quoted here are bona fide. All scalp pictures are just as photographed—never retouched.

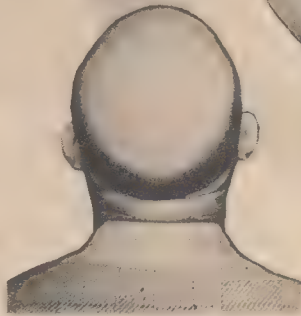
Against a common disbelief in hair regrowth Carl Brandenfels relies on the expert opinion of competent medical doctors and clinicians who conducted tests and made observations that showed hair regrowth in many cases with the use of Brandenfels Home System.

In addition, more than 20,000 letters and reports telling of hair regrowth, relief from dandruff scale, less excessive

hair fall and improved scalp conditions, have been audited and attested to by outside, impartial, licensed CPA's.

There are Brandenfels users in every state and also in more than 80 foreign countries in the free world.

Testimonials may be seen at St. Helens, Oregon when permission has been given. References: U. S. National Bank, Bank of St. Helens, Chamber of Commerce—all of St. Helens, Oregon.



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CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon

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When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information.

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- ☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp
- ☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale
- ☐ Alopecia

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LOOK AT THESE MEN NOW!

"My wife—a nurse—and my friends marvel at my new hair growth. I was getting bald but I grew new hair when I used the Brandenfels Home System and Massage." Wallace Day, 110 Court St., Apt. 1F, White Plains, N. Y.

"I had a huge bald spot on the back of my head before I used your formulas and massage. Half of this is now covered with small, short hair. The other half is already beginning to grow hair." W. D. Glasscock, 1903 Nueces, Apt. C, Austin, Texas.

"My hair was falling rapidly for 5 years. After using the Brandenfels Home System of Applications and Special Massage, fuzz grew in bald spots, and then the fuzz turned to real brown hair." Harold H. Ott, 1435 1/2 Federal Ave., Los Angeles.

shrapnel. I looked down over the broken center thwart and saw the mashed heap of three dead seamen.

Suddenly, a tremendous explosion rocked the ship as the No. 4 tank blew sky high. An instant later, flaming oil spread out over the water beside the ship and we were enveloped in fire. The man closest to the painter began cutting the snarled line with his knife. I finished the job after a machine-gun bullet hit him in the head and he toppled into the water, dead.

The few of us left alive in the lifeboat were ducked down, rowing from a kneeling position and fighting fire at the same time. But the sub still wouldn't let up. She kept pouring rounds into the doomed tanker from a distance of 600 yards. And all the time we kept praying she'd keep her gun on the ship. She did, but there were only five of us alive when we finally drifted out of the blazing waters.

The boom boom boom of our tanks was constant, endless. And when the magazines exploded, we could hear chunks of steel dropping into the water. I was sure we were finished—completely finished. After another 30 minutes, the sub disappeared.

She passed close aboard, slowing to look us over, and we ducked to the bottom of the lifeboat. Several of the men were sprawled grotesquely over the oars, lifeless. Apparently she was satisfied.

I lay slumped in the peak, too sick and weak to move. It was night turned into day, and the expressions of the men in the boat were clear and readable. I could hear only the sound of screaming and voluminous explosions as the tanker kept blowing apart. Then I lost consciousness.

There were still five of us alive the next morning, but only four by late afternoon. We'd drifted some miles to the south and, when my head cleared slightly, I ordered up the sail and A. B. Marcus brought her about for a shore course.

We had lifesaving equipment and fresh water in the locker. We leaked some and did our poor best plugging with bits of debris. Then articles of the five deceased men I collected and stored in the medical chest. I was naked except for my pants, burned and covered with a film of oil.

That evening we buried the five men. Oiler Jackson became violently delirious and died by sundown. I was unconscious most of the time after that, and it was Marcus who fired the flares at the British Royal Mail liner *Gascony*. They brought us aboard, then cut the boat adrift.

I HAD two operations and chunks of shrapnel in my back. It was almost seven months before I could walk again. During that time, the four of us kept in contact. We were in the sickbay—the big white basket-littered sickbay of the *Oxfordshire*. Four out of 58 men.

A Lancaster sank the gutted remains of my ship the morning after we were hit. It wasn't much, they said. They just opened one of those Nazi shell holes with a 500-pound bomb and she settled quickly by the stern. It wasn't much at all, they said; and anyway, the bombardier needed the practice. ♦♦♦



stag at the wheel

American automobile manufacturers are offering so many color, equipment and upholstery options these days that it is actually possible for them to produce over two million cars without a single duplication. This is PRODUCTION-LINE CUSTOMIZING no matter how you look at it . . . Some of the smaller producers, like Studebaker-Packard, are building cars on dealer orders only, each one with specific instructions from a customer . . . Takes a bit longer but it eliminates expensive stockpiling.

The trend to push-buttons continues . . . Not only will several other makes follow Chrysler Corp. and Packard with push-button transmission controls for '57, but we will begin to see PUSH-BUTTON TURN INDICATORS, eliminating the levers now used . . . Chrysler will go half way and employ toggle switches for this purpose . . . Now that hand signals and clutches have all but disappeared it seems obvious that the entire left side of a driver's body will soon be extinct . . . Isn't it a shame that EVOLUTION ISN'T KEEPING UP WITH AUTO ENGINEERING?

Ford Motor Company has indicated that although they now have a name for their new "E" car it is still a big secret and the car itself won't be on the market until 1958. Whatever it's called, THE NEW FORD PRODUCT WILL HAVE A SEPARATE DEALER ORGANIZATION and will be in a highly competitive medium-priced bracket . . . probably somewhere in the range now dominated by Buick . . . Ford says that total development costs on the new line will come to \$250 million.

You can buy the biggest, hottest and most expensive car on the market and the thing won't run worth a darn if your spark plugs aren't running right . . .

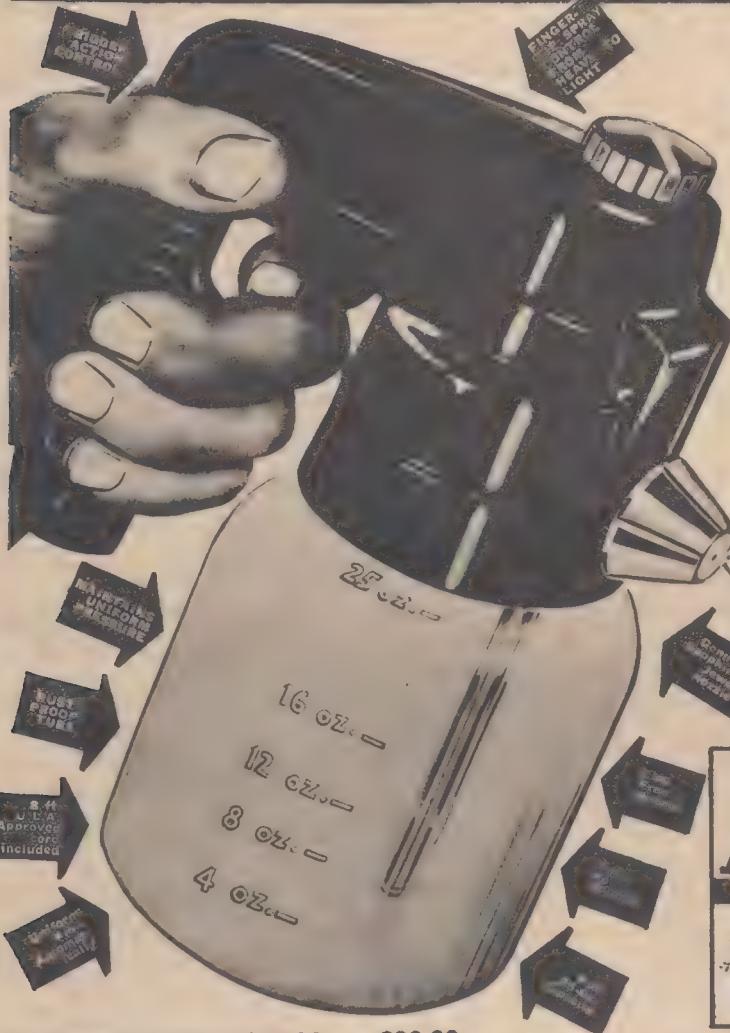
There are all sorts of "super" plugs on the market today with multiple electrodes and special wide-heat-range insulators, and even one amazing SPARK PLUG THAT FIRES WHILE IMMERSED IN OIL . . . The only trouble is that our latest V-8 engines are so complicated that it's a good trick just to find the plugs . . . If you really want your spark plugs checked or changed, make sure you stand there while the mechanic does the job . . . You can't blame him for wanting to find short cuts on something that pays him only a couple of bucks and can take over an hour . . . In many cars the generator must be removed to get at one or more of the spark plugs and IF YOUR CAR HAS AN AIR CONDITIONER IT CAN TAKE ALMOST TWO HOURS TO CHANGE ALL EIGHT PLUGS.

It is a good idea during the hot summer and early fall months to check the water level in your radiator every time you get gas . . . but be sure you DON'T FILL THE RADIATOR TOO MUCH, especially when the engine is cold . . . It's true that some of the excess water does run out the overflow tube right away, but this still leaves the radiator full right up to the neck . . . When the water gets hot it will expand and a siphoning action may be set up whereby most of the water will be sucked right out through the overflow tube before it even gets a chance to boil . . . This will leave you in worse shape than if you hadn't filled the radiator at all . . . It's a good idea, by the way, to check that overflow tube to make sure it isn't clogged . . . If it is, hot water or steam may be forced under pressure out the relief valve of the radiator cap. Remember, YOUR CAR NEEDN'T BOIL OVER TO LOSE ALL THE WATER IN ITS RADIATOR! ♦♦♦

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THE GENERAL WHO GOT AWAY WITH MURDER

Continued from page 35

Fanny White, the queen of tarts, on his arm.

"Your Majesty," he said, dead pan, "may I present to you a distinguished American lady, Miss Bennett of New York."

The transatlantic insult reached Manhattan and burned up Bennett, though it never leaked out to the Queen.

But diplomatic custom decreed that the wife of the legation's secretary should assume her place as the official legation hostess. So Dan brought Teresa to London, returning Fanny to her noble profession. In London, Teresa—with her great dark eyes, lithe body, taut breasts and hoydenish spirit—became popular as the "little American." Buchanan himself, a 64-year-old bachelor, fell for her in his "last call" romance. Dan knew about their goings-on.

ONE night he confronted his wife. "Terry, you don't have to be with Old Buck day and night—behaving like a hussy in public. It doesn't take much to set all London talking."

Terry looked up at him with a half-smile. "After all, Dan, they talk about your philandering, too, don't they?"

Dan grinned, said nothing more about it. Actually, he was using his wife to obtain a hold on Buchanan. A few months later, Dan announced excitedly to Terry: "Old Buck wants me to go back at once and start campaigning for his nomination. With Jim in the White House—I'm next!"

Incredibly, Daniel Edgar Sickles really expected to be President himself some day.

With Sickles working like a beaver behind the political scenes and raising huge campaign funds from Wall Street financiers, Buchanan was swept into the White House. Dan got himself elected to Congress from New York—with the aid of some thousands of "votes" imported from Brooklyn.

At the nation's capital, Mr. and Mrs. Sickles took over a famous mansion on Lafayette Square which was practically a part of the White House grounds. A crony of the new President, Dan entertained lavishly, his expenses largely paid by a lobbyist for a steamship company.

Congressman Sickles became a power in Washington—until Terry's fatal affair with Key, popular son of the writer of "The Star-Spangled Banner," ended in bloodshed. Barton Key, a widower who had a deft touch with the women, met Terry when he was called in to handle some legal matter for Dan. With Sickles too busy politicking to take his wife to balls, Key found himself escorting the petite, sensuous Terry.

While Dan was away "on business," Key and Terry would take long rides, meet for cozy teas, attend the theater, remain in the Sickles' library until dawn. They'd rendezvous at cemeteries while the Sickles' coachman snoozed. Finally, Key rented a house on 15th Street near the Sickles home. There, he'd attach a red ribbon to the shutters to show Terry the way was clear and she'd arrive soon after in her black cloak and bonnet, a black velvet shawl half hiding her face. All Washington knew about the trysts—except Dan, Sickles, master philanderer.

One day an anonymous note tipped him off to the love nest on 15th Street. Refusing to believe it, he asked friends to investigate, then he himself questioned neighbors. Undoubtedly the woman in black was Terry.

The canny Sickles, to provide evidence for later eventualities, forced Terry to sign a confession.

What prompted the unpredictable Sickles to murder Key, no one will ever know. Evidently his pride was hurt more than his virtue. Certainly, as a New York *Post* editorial was to point out, "dishonor was a term of strange sound when uttered by such a man as Sickles."

After the killing, Dan surrendered to the attorney general, whose protégé he'd been, and asked for a speedy trial. The jail he was escorted to was a foul hole, swarming with bedbugs. In characteristic fashion, Sickles got the warden to give up his own room. In jail, Dan was visited by the vice-president, Cabinet members, the speaker of the House, other personages. He even received a kind note from the President expressing sympathy.

The juicy trial, lasting 20 days, was a sensational farce. Dan Sickles sat through it calmly, impeccably groomed in gray striped trousers, black frock coat, a choker collar and broad black bow tie, the essence of dignity. On his side were no less than eight of the country's leading criminal lawyers. For the prosecution there was only one government attorney, fearful of displeasing the President. The principal witness was never called to the stand.

Dan's lawyers pictured him as the "defender of the marriage bed." His case made history, for it was the first successful plea of temporary insanity. The defense held that the murder was committed "under the impact of such grief and rage and jealousy as rendered the accused temporarily insane."

Of course, Dan Sickles was acquitted. But the reckless rascal was still full of surprises. Even while the trial was going on, he was writing letters to Terry, enclosing kisses. Three months after the trial, he

boldly announced that he and his wife had reunited. Washington was flabbergasted; after all, such a reconciliation was out of kilter with an age that neatly divided women into "sainted mother," "pure virgin" and "fallen woman."

The truth was, though, that Terry had threatened to publicize some damaging letters she held and certain promissory notes that Dan had forged, using his father-in-law's signature. Blandly, Dan explained his extraordinary action. "I am not aware of any code of morals which makes it infamous to forgive a woman." But Washington ostracized him.

Terry, meanwhile, had taken to drugs and she became an addict. Tuberculosis set in and eight years later she died. Her rosewood coffin was borne by 12 pallbearers, including four major generals.

THOUGH deserted by many of his friends, Sickles was far from licked. The Civil War came to his rescue. He recruited five regiments for the Union cause. Years before, he'd spent a little time with the state militia, reaching the rank of major; in England, he had promoted himself to the colonelcy. If he raised a brigade of men, he'd be paid off with the shining star of a brigadier general.

When Sickles received his first check from a Union Defense Committee to help cover his brigade's expenses, he remarked to a friend: "This is the biggest confidence game that ever was played."

As he made that observation, Dan had only 19 cents of his own in the world. By the time he left for Washington, the super-patriot had accumulated a total of some \$400,000 in debts to merchants for what he called his Excelsior Brigade. To house his men, he paid \$500 for a tent. Indignant citizens raged: "An imperial marquee for this rajah brigadier!" Dan calmly replied that he'd bought a second-hand tent from his friend, P. T. Barnum. But he also had chits for \$147 for "baths and barbering" and \$316 for a refrigerator to store his delicacies.

The astounding Sickles, an expert at subtle persuasion, then got President Lincoln to muster his Excelsior Brigade as U. S. Volunteers. Dan had previously met Lincoln when the President visited Congress. Always the opportunist, Dan was the first Democrat to greet the Republican President and the two became friends. Naturally, Mrs. Lincoln took to him, too, though he never made an overt pass at her. So it wasn't long before Dan Sickles was wearing the twin stars of a major general. Lincoln even took time out

(Continued on page 56)

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to review the Excelsior Brigade before the White House.

With the Army of the Potomac during winter encampment, General Sickles was the life of the party. He was the one who provided the entertainment at parties for officers, and headquarters was described by one observer as "a combination bar-room and bordello."

At the head of the Third Corps, General Sickles took part in the battles of Antietam and Chancellorsville. While some war correspondents said he showed "skill and coolness," others labeled him a "humbug, intriguer and demagogue."

IT WAS at Gettysburg, one of the most bloody and bitter engagements of the war, that General Sickles reached both the lowest and highest points of his military career. The Confederates under Lee had moved to a spot within a few days' march of Washington. The pitched battle at the sleepy village of Gettysburg was critical.

General Meade, leading the Union forces, specifically ordered Sickles to place his Third Corps along a line covering a crest called the Round Tops. Instead, Sickles sent his men down into Peach Orchard, forming a V spearhead far in front of the rest of the Union army, unsupported at either flank. General Sickles had chosen to disagree with his commander about the terrain assigned to him

and about Meade's strategy. But his salient was indefensible.

Sickles' colossal blunder in disobeying Meade's orders—and not telling him about his forward movement—almost lost the battle for the Blues and could have changed the course of history. The Confederates came within an ace of breaking through and causing a rout. But Meade found out in time, stripped his whole line of reserves in a terrific effort to support Sickles' spearhead.

In the death struggle, Sickles' Third Corps was massacred. The field was an inferno, a chaos of fight-maddened men as the hot summer air was split by rebel yells, staccato musketry and the thunder of cavalry. After three hours, Sickles' corps was crushed, leaving 6,000 wounded and dead on the field—a third of his men.

Though the Union won the battle, Sickles was severely criticized for his rashness—all for political glory. Yet Dan got away with it—only because he was lucky enough to lose a leg in the battle!

The sun was setting on the second day of Gettysburg when a cannon ball hit General Sickles on the right leg and left it hanging in shreds. Dan fell from his horse. His men picked him up, put him on a stretcher. Despite the shock, pain and loss of blood, Sickles took advantage of the dramatic moment. When he heard that his men thought he was killed, he took a cigar from a case in his pocket, lit it and made his exit with the Havana sticking jauntily from his mouth.

At a field hospital, the leg was sawed off above the knee. Dan knew that leg was to be mighty important, so he had it carefully wrapped up and preserved for future use. He was to parlay that leg into a career in itself, depositing it in a miniature coffin. For years afterward, he was to bring friends to the Army Medical Museum to pay respect to his Gettysburg leg.

Set up in a private home in Washington, Dan was now a hero. One morning His Excellency the President, wearing his silk stovepipe hat and accompanied by his son Tad, walked in on Dan. Solicitously, Lincoln inquired about Sickles' wound.

"And what do the doctors say about you now, General?" asked Lincoln.

"They tell me," gasped Dan, always the actor, "that my condition is serious and that I had better put my affairs in order at once."

Lincoln reassured him. "General, listen—I am in a prophetic mood today; and I prophesy that you will soon be up and about and that you'll live to do many an important service for your country yet."

Naturally, Dan took the occasion to make a pitch for himself—explaining why he was right and Meade was wrong at Gettysburg, that General Sickles was really responsible for the victory.

Disdaining a specially-made artificial leg, and usually using crutches to call attention to his heroic sacrifice, Sickles was soon clamoring for action, a frequent visitor at the White House. Often he accompanied the President and the First Lady to the theater. Lincoln sent him on a confidential mission to the South to see how reconstruction and the Amnesty Proclamation were working out. Then, in 1865, Sickles was appointed a special envoy to Panama and Colombia. It was a mysterious diplomatic venture and the only known results were several crates of wild animals that Dan brought back for the Central Park Zoo in New York.

LINCOLN'S assassination didn't deprive Sickles of White House influence. President Johnson was another old friend and Dan was selected for the highly important and delicate post of military governor of both Carolinas during the tense reconstruction period.

At Charleston, he spent much of his time with fast women. During his hectic two-year reign, Sickles instituted martial law, needlessly threw citizens into military prison, seized funds in a bank. Carolinians hated his guts, called him a dictator, a despot and a one-man legislature. When Dan went so far as to defy a federal court order, President Johnson hit the ceiling, called him a "conceited cuckold" and fired him.

Blandly, Sickles went on to literally "stump" the country, promoting General Grant's candidacy for President. As a reward, one of Grant's first moves when he entered the White House was to tap Sickles for envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of Spain—then the toughest assignment in Europe. Dan took it because of his rabid ambition to present his country with Cuba on a silver platter. Previously, we had tried to buy it for a mere \$100,000,000.



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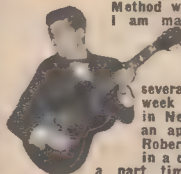
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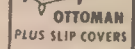
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(Continued from page 56)

Dan's eight prodigious years in Spain were marked by international intrigue and amours. He secretly connived to depose the king, permitted plotters to use his home, played generous host at gaudy dinners. And as always, his lascivious, roving eye was busy. For a time he lived in open adultery with a Señora Domeriqy at the U. S. legation. And an American named Belknap was supposed to supply him with teen-age virgins.

But his big, torrid amour was with Queen Isabella. The buxom, black-eyed Spanish queen had carelessly flaunted her affairs with one courtier after another, including grooms and guardsmen among her paramours. She was to give birth to five children of unidentified fathers. Her off-hand promiscuity outraged public opinion and in 1868 she had been banished from Spain.

Dan had first met Isabella years before when he was in the London legation. Now, on a trip to Paris where she was living, they took up where they'd left off. She received him in "artistic dishabille." A Mae West type, dressed in a tea gown that half bared her breasts, her heavy hair flowing to the waist, her bold eyes sparkling with sex, she welcomed him with an inviting embrace.

"You are more adorable than ever, Your Majesty," said Dan gallantly.

Thus began the racy romance that soon had Paris dubbing Sickles as "*Le Roi Américain de l'Espagne*"—the Yankee King of Spain. At last Dan had found the woman who was his match. For the plain truth was that Isabella was a nymphomaniac and Dan a satyr.

The queen was eager for her son, Alfonso, to assume the Spanish crown. Years

later, when it seemed as if Alfonso would succeed, Isabella decided it wouldn't look good for the king's mother to have a lover. So she arranged for Dan, as a cover up, to marry her prim and nobly-born young lady-in-waiting, Caroline Creagh. Cold-bloodedly, Dan went through with a formal proposal of marriage and the starry-eyed Caroline—head over heels in love with the swashbuckling, one-legged American—accepted. Dan, however, was deeply disappointed by her meager dowry and he virtually ignored her while he concentrated on the boudoir talents of the queen.

Meanwhile, Dan Sickles was maneuvering a gigantic financial deal back in the States. Before he left, he had been asked by a Wall Street friend to mastermind a legal offensive to take over control of the Erie Railroad. Jay Gould, the Robber Baron who ruthlessly dominated the courts and press, had taken over the Erie, milking it dry. After rounding up European stockholders, Sickles obtained the extraordinary approval of President Grant to his venture and was given a three-months leave of absence from his post in Spain.

In New York, Sickles bribed and cudged 11 Erie directors to his side. Then, surrounded by musclemen and squads of police, he led a cavalcade of carriages full of lawyers and stockholders in a raid on Erie's headquarters. Amid wild disorder, Dan forced Gould to retreat to his private office. The stockholders held a meeting, elected a new board of directors headed by Sickles' men and Gould had to resign.

The deposing of the Wall Street titan by Dan Sickles was hailed as the most amazing financial coup in Wall Street history. Of course, it again made Dan a hero and rich—for a time.



"What's good for a death rattle?"

Back in Spain, Sickles ran into trouble that he couldn't handle a few years later. A blockade runner called the *Virginus*, carrying arms to rebellious Cuba, was captured by a Spanish ship. Crew and passengers were taken prisoner, and 53 men lined up and shot. Spanish soldiers jammed their guns into the dead men's mouths and shot their heads off. Some were Americans. It was a stain on the American escutcheon.

Enraged, Sickles demanded release of the ship and survivors, a salute to the American flag, punishment of responsible officials. But the Spanish government, sore at Dan for conniving to depose the king, secretly worked out terms which side-tracked the minister. Dan had to resign in humiliation. His diplomatic career was ended.

For a time, while he deposited his second wife in Spain, Sickles continued his amorous episodes with Isabella in Paris. When the Spanish government repealed its decree exiling the queen, she returned to Spain and Dan found himself sailing back to New York.

EVEN at 61, Daniel Edgar Sickles had a long way to go. He got himself elected sheriff of New York County and then went to Congress again. He campaigned in 12 states for McKinley and the new President often sought his advice, especially during the Spanish-American War crisis. When Dan's father died and left him over \$4,000,000, Sickles went on a monumental splurge.

The millions slipped through his fingers. Though much of it went into Wall Street fliers, the old goat showered money and costly baubles on the females. Even in his 80s, bevy of beauties who caught his libidinous eye were constantly around him. He paid enormous bills at florists, couturiers, vintners. In his apartment a large bureau was stuffed with exotic perfumes, intriguing jewelry, imported silk stockings and embroidered Parisian lingerie—which he reserved as lures for coy females or as gallant presents for the willingly seduced. If he liked the way an actress played her role or admired a dancer's legs, he'd send them a ruby or emerald trinket. Once, a lady friend said she'd like to have a lion cub; Dan procured a litter of six lions for her.

Eventually broke and in debt, he was almost arrested for embezzling \$28,000 from a monuments commission which he headed. He had three silk American flags hung out of his windows and, by the time the sheriff arrived, Dan had a bond for \$30,000 raised by admirers and Civil War veterans.

To the end, at the overripe age of 94, the eternal roué had a mistress—his attractive spinster housekeeper. In 1914, Dan died of a cerebral hemorrhage. Placed in an imposing coffin beside his sword, epaulets and blue-and-gold uniform cap, General Sickles was borne up Fifth Avenue.

Dan Sickles, the versatile American Casanova, was probably the most successful failure of the century. In a kindly obit, the *New York Times* said "he was a truly adventurous spirit." Whatever else he was, the phenomenally flamboyant Dan Sickles was never dull. ♦♦♦



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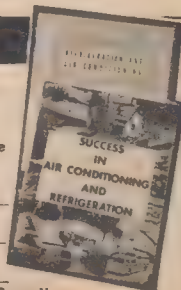
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Germany's superspies. The admiral had made two major enemies—the SS Corps and Reinhold Gehlen. Both the SS and Gehlen were bent on eliminating Canaris and liquidating his intelligence organization. The SS, in typical fashion, kidnaped Canaris and impaled him on a meat hook. After five minutes he was cut down and revived. After being forced to give a complete report on his sensations, he was hung on the meat hook again, only this time it was permanent. Some of Gehlen's enemies have declared that it was the superspy who set the SS on Canaris. It is pure conjecture, but we do know that he gained control of Canaris' intelligence division about a month after the old admiral's death.

The war continued and Gehlen executed his chores with efficiency, gaining the grudging admiration of many Nazi leaders. When the Nazi Empire, which was to last for 1,000 years, began to crumble, Gehlen knew that the jig was up and retreated to a hide-out in the Bavarian mountains.

THE foresighted chief of German intelligence made copies of the immense files in his possession and stashed the valuable information in three different drops. He kept in close contact with events and saw a few trusted colleagues. He declared on a number of different occasions that the postwar world would see the two giants of the East and West at each other's throats. At the proper time, Gehlen said, he would offer his services to the West. In that way he would serve himself, Germany and the West.

While Gehlen was in hiding in his mountain lair, about 4,000 of his agents were patiently waiting for news about their future from their chief. The superspy could not pay hard cash to any of his loyal staff, but the men had sufficient faith in the German master spy to wait until he found a way to utilize their services. They were not disappointed. Gehlen established contact with our top brass in Germany and informed them that he had a complete file on the disposition of the Russian divisions facing our own armed forces in Europe.

Our military people were not interested in that information. A chance meeting with an American general and a remark that he was the leading expert on Russian espionage methods proved to be a turning point in Gehlen's fortunes. Within a day, after this rather impromptu chat, Gehlen was escorted to the headquarters of the American Army intelligence. There he delivered a day-long lecture on the methods employed by the Russians. The Gehlen report was sent posthaste to Washington, and checked against information which our own men had gathered. After some weeks, Gehlen was

WHO IS THE MASTER SPY?

Continued from page 36

ordered to Washington to give a repeat performance before the top military leaders of the nation.

The leading Pentagon figures listened intently as Gehlen revealed all he knew about Russian spy methods. When he had completed his lecture, he decided to add a final fillip. He would, he stated, give a demonstration of his virtuosity as superspy.

"My agents," he declared, "have been operating all over Russia for the past seven years. I will give you my ideas as to the disposition of the Soviet troops at the time the German armies collapsed. This summation," he emphasized, "will be based on the reports I received from my agents in the field."

The superspy dashed over to a huge wall map and began sticking red pins all over it. Simultaneously, he recited the names and numbers of the Russian divisions facing the Nazis at that time.

When the facts were checked by our people, they found that Gehlen had hit the bull's-eye. The generals were astounded. They knew the facts because a war-time ally had given the information to our government. But nobody had done the same for Gehlen. He had to depend on the information garnered by his agents and come to a conclusion about the true story on his own.

After that tour de force, the American military decided that in Gehlen they had a most valuable man.

BUT our intelligence had been compiling a most interesting report on Gehlen. They discovered that, as chief of "Foreign Armies East," Gehlen had been in constant contact with Admiral Canaris. Gehlen's agency received daily reports from the admiral's department and, after analyzing the information, forwarded the data to German Army headquarters. Our people also learned that the reports were studded with comments suggesting Canaris' elimination as an intelligence chief. As a matter of fact, Gehlen blamed many of Germany's military defeats in Russia on the inefficient work of Canaris. It was also found that a certain colonel who served as a liaison man for Canaris, and who was a weekly visitor to the Gehlen office, disappeared under most mysterious circumstances a few weeks after the admiral's execution.

When our intelligence grilled some key SS men about the colonel's disappearance, they swore that they were not responsible. It is true that they could have lied. But only one man could have gained by the colonel's demise. That man was Gehlen. The colonel was the only man who knew all about Gehlen's intrigues. He was also the only man who knew all the inner workings of Canaris' depart-

ment and was in a position to take it over. That would have gone counter to Gehlen's plan. We know that when the colonel took a walk into the void, Gehlen became boss of the Canaris organization. Not long after that promotion, Gehlen was appointed chief of the entire intelligence apparatus by Hitler, who had long since forgiven him all his previous trespasses.

The information which was gathered by the U.S. Intelligence Service had been presented to our big brass. Could this latter-day Machiavelli be trusted? After due consideration, it was decided to take a calculated risk and use the superspy's talents.

Once the decision was made, Gehlen was no longer a humble supplicant. He set the price for his services, and it was high indeed. He stipulated that he was to retain full control of his organization, and was not to be required to work against the interests of Germany.

Once Gehlen returned to Germany, he immediately activated his organization. Good, hard American cash was sent to the agents in the field. The entire setup was practically rejuvenated overnight. When the Russians began their blockade of Berlin, Gehlen's agents roamed all over East Germany, gathering valuable information. The Gehlen reports were quite useful in combating Communist machinations. Our brass was well pleased with the work of the Gehlen agency. There were a few cynics around who said that Gehlen was also collecting information about his paymasters which he would use for the

benefit of Germany, but no one was listening.

With the acquisition of an annual retainer of \$6,000,000, the master spy decided that it was time to move his headquarters to his present site of operations.

Little is really known about Gehlen's activities, since his kind of work demands secrecy. Those in the know in Germany are aware that his agents were behind the uprising in East Germany back in June, 1953. But his activities have not all been anti-Communist.

Once again Gehlen found himself confronted with a dangerous rival. And, as with Admiral Canaris, he began setting a trap to eliminate the competitor. Dr. Otto John, the handsome chief of the West German Internal Security Division, was the man Gehlen meant to ruin. John had been an active participant in the abortive plot against Adolph Hitler and had co-operated with British Intelligence during the war. Working with a foreign power during a time when Germany was at war is, in Gehlen's opinion, anti-German and unworthy of a good Teuton. Those so-called nefarious activities on the part of John, plus the fact that he appeared to be headed for the top security post in Germany, gave Gehlen reason enough to plan his destruction. Regular reports about John's misdeeds (sent by Gehlen, of course), reached Chancellor Adenauer's desk. All this skulduggery proved useless. But when Gehlen managed to get some evidence about John's peculiar sexual habits, he hit the jackpot. The highly moral chancellor sacked John.

Those who remembered Gehlen's activities in the Canaris case wondered whether the documents on John were genuine. Their questions might have taken an awkward turn for Gehlen, but John broke under the pressure of suspicion and skipped across the border into East Germany. After a stay in that area, where the Russians pumped him, he once again skipped over to West Germany, where he is now awaiting trial as a traitor to the Reich.

It is interesting to note that John is being accused of killing or being responsible for the death of 100 Germans. Asked when he killed the Germans, the government revealed that, as a member of British Intelligence, John had given that service the information which led to a bombing raid over a German base during World War II. One hundred Germans had been killed in that raid. The accusation is brazen enough to have been concocted by Gehlen.

THAT is Gehlen. Like a phoenix, he has risen from the ashes of a ruined Germany to become one of the most powerful men in the new Reich. A man now in his early 50s, of pale complexion, with thinning blond hair, he will now be the supreme chief of German intelligence.

The future holds great things in store for the master spy. With the German Government as his new paymaster, he will not reveal any of the secrets collected by his agency to any foreign government, including our own. Gehlen will work for Gehlen and the greater glory of the new Reich. ♦♦♦

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QUEEN OF NEW ORLEANS' VICE

Continued from page 13

Forty Basin Street was nothing short of a palace. To build and furnish anything like it today would cost at least a million dollars. In 1866, when Kate's dearest friends and most loyal clients in the corrupt city government financed the construction for her, their outlay exceeded \$100,000. The house was three stories high, of snowy marble and the finest brownstone. Its appointments were a lush riot of velvet, damask, gilt and the most expensive woods. The floors, for example, were richly-polished black walnut. The 18 private chambers in which Kate's gorgeous young strumpets entertained their customers were a harlot's dream of magnificence—overstuffed silk cushions, velvet carpeting, enormous tinted mirrors on walls and ceiling. Kate's own quarters were at least as splendid and were internationally celebrated not only for the joys dispensed there but for the presence beneath the bed of the only solid gold chamber pot in the Western Hemisphere.

When she moved into this little bivouac, Kate was only 27 years old and had already lived several lives. She was born Catherine Cunningham in Liverpool, England, in 1839. Her father was a longshoreman and her home was a waterfront slum. In later years she enjoyed recalling that she had remained an innocent until the age of 17, but persons who claimed to know her well were positive that she accepted lovers long before adolescence.

One of the mysteries of her life was the tattoo, "A. Pimm," which marred her arm. There were many explanations—too many to be satisfactory—but one which persists is that Pimm was a degenerate traveling man from Manchester who found the child outside a public house, bribed her with a few pennies, took her to his room, assaulted her and then, in his deranged yen to establish that she was his property, forced her to submit to the tattoo.

It might have been this horrible experience, or any of 100 other squalid encounters in the dimly lit streets and fetid lodging houses of Liverpool, which set Kate's mind against the male sex and, by convincing her that men were contemptible, equipped her with the ruthlessness needed for success as a tart.

By the age of 15, she was employed as a barmaid in a dance hall, snuggling against sailors for tips and, when more money was in prospect, meeting the men in one of the filthy cubbyholes which the place made available for such transactions. Her astonishing figure made her the most popular doxie in Liverpool, and her phenomenal temper made her the most feared.

One night, a pair of local thugs tried to ambush her in the back of the dance hall and get for nothing what might otherwise have cost them half a dollar. She felled one with a right-hand punch to the throat and was doing well against the other when a young seaman named Pete Kearneghan came to her rescue. He had been eying the girl all night and was seizing his chance to win her good graces. He pushed her out of the way and began slugging it out with the hoodlum, whose partner now climbed off the floor and rejoined the scrimmage. Before Pete could come to any harm, Kate ended the brawl by crowning the two huskies with a heavy pewter beer mug. While they were being carried out, she gazed up at her gallant rescuer and decided that she was in love. He was the first man who had ever shown her the slightest sign of honor or decency. They went home together.

In due course, she announced that she was with child.

"It's time to get married," she said.

Pete, who had learned not to argue with her, responded by taking her in his arms. That night, while she was working in the dance hall, he packed his seabag, signed on a ship and was gone. He was the first and last love of her life.

She remained in Liverpool for the birth of her twins. A few weeks later, she was back in the public houses, peddling herself. She was more beautiful than ever, more clever than ever in extracting the last farthing from a drunken suitor. Inwardly, she was grim and cold. She was living not in the present or the past, but in a bizarre dream of the future. The dream had to do with financial independence, independence from men. She learned to read and write and somehow she learned parlor manners. She began frequenting resorts in the better sections of town. She was preparing herself.

Her wealthy customers used to tell her that she should be working in London or Paris instead of wasting her years in a tough seaport like Liverpool. She would smile faintly and say, "I'm but 17. There is still time. I am waiting for something."

SHE WAS waiting for the return of Kearneghan. She knew he would be stupid enough, or lustful enough, to come back to her. She was right. One night he showed up, held out his arms and walked toward her. She flew at him like a tigress, punching, clawing and kicking. She blacked both his eyes, kicked him in the groin and, as he lay moaning at her feet, spat in his face. She then called a friendly policeman, entered formal complaints of assault, bastardy and abandonment against

the woozy sailor, and got out of town. She left her twins in a lodging house and never saw them again.

She chose the name of Kate Townsend and sailed for the United States. She spent much of the voyage in the captain's cabin and, when she disembarked at New York, her purse bulged with the skipper's pay.

It had been her plan to set up shop in New York, but one of her fellow-passengers had told her of New Orleans, the wildest town in America, the town where a girl could get rich in a few years and a girl with the attributes of Kate Townsend might end as a monarch of society. If this passenger thought that his good advice was going to soften Kate's heart and lower her price, he was wrong. She teased him and taunted him into giving her \$25, an unheard-of tab for a 19th Century shipboard romance.

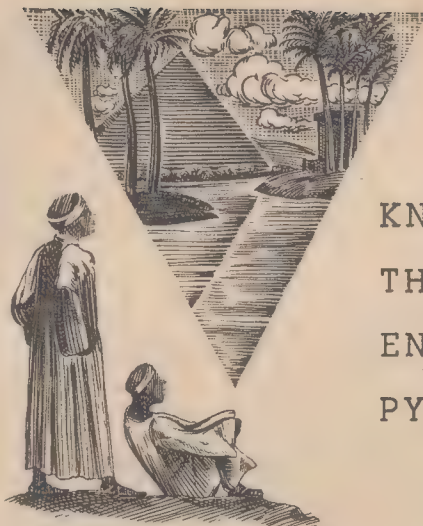
Afterwards, the man organized his revenge. "You are wonderful, Kate," he said. "Be sure to go to New Orleans and head straight for Archie Murphy's on Gallatin Street."

SHE did not know that Gallatin Street was the street of the dance houses, places which made Kate's Liverpool haunts seem as peaceful as the halls of Heaven. She did not know that Gallatin Street was the last refuge of the aging streetwalker with no place else to go.

Wearing her best dress—the one that displayed her glorious curves to best advantage—and carrying her small fortune in her purse, Kate entered Murphy's dance house and was sickened at what she saw. In a low-ceilinged, airless room, heavy with the stench of tobacco, sweat, rotgut and vomit, were more than 100 of the roughest, dirtiest bruisers in creation, the dregs of the Mississippi River and its oozing Delta. There were riverboat drunks, gunmen, sluggers, professional knifers, panderers, the rotting chaff of humanity. Circulating among them were 40 or 50 badly battered prostitutes in various stages of undress. Everybody seemed to be bawling at everybody else and the noise was deafening, but one could hear the music of a tinny piano and a trombone.

Kate would have fled, but she was spotted as soon as she entered. Such beauty had not been seen on Gallatin Street in many a year, if ever, and in a few seconds she was surrounded. When one of the men grabbed her, she made the mistake of punching him in the face. As he staggered backward, a jealous tart ran shrieking at Kate and ripped her dress. Half a dozen more gibbering women rushed at the girl and beat her to the floor. Her clothes were torn from her. Her purse vanished. While the men stood around and jeered, she was slugged bloody and then was tossed half-conscious into an alley. Before she passed out, she was violated by five men.

How she recovered from her injuries, found new clothes and managed to stay out of jail is not known. But a few days later, barely 18 years of age and with a terrible bitterness in her soul, she was working around the clock in the brothel of Clara Fisher on what now is Dryades Street. This was neither the best nor the worst place of its kind in New Orleans,



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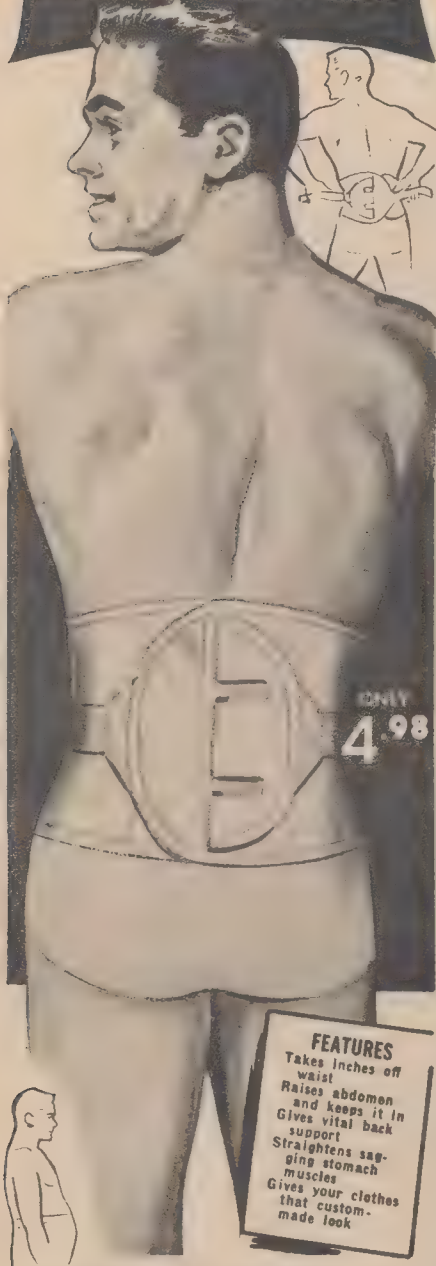
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but it could have been the best without measuring up to Kate's cold standards. She was going places, and was obsessed with the idea.

The other girls all had "fancy men" on whom they squandered their earnings, but Kate had only herself, and spent her leisure time in reading and other frugal forms of self-improvement. She took her trade seriously, studied it carefully and earned twice as much money as anyone else. She played the men cruelly for all they were worth, teasing and tormenting, yielding but not yielding, working the price to its maximum before giving in and then, with the feigned enthusiasm of the great courtesan, making the encounter memorable for the customer.

HER reputation spread quickly. She moved from Clara's to Maggie Thompson's, a slightly more swanky resort, and in 1863, when she was 24, she found that she had enough money saved to open a place of her own. It was a modest establishment, but it was sufficient for her purposes. What was lacking in furniture and fixtures was compensated by the Kate Townsend atmosphere of exclusivity: men without influence in the commerce and politics of New Orleans could not get past the doorway. Those who were admitted were required to pay through the nose, but were made to love it, because Kate's girls were the handsomest in town and had been carefully schooled by the young madam. Special friends who did not care for any of the girls were occasionally permitted to retire with Kate herself, provided they spent \$50 an hour and bought plenty of wine.

In 1866, when the carpetbag money of the post-Civil War period was flowing freely, several of Kate's most earnest admirers in the municipal council and police department decided that they needed a bordello lavish enough to match their corrupt tastes and burgeoning bank accounts. The only woman in New Orleans fit to superintend such a pleasure dome was Kate Townsend. They gave her the money outright, put the city's outstanding architects and craftsmen at her disposal and, in a few months, were able to begin dropping around to 40 Basin Street.

Some people claim that the famous Everleigh Sisters of Chicago ran the most snobbish bagnio of all time. Such people are dead wrong. Never has snobbishness been elevated to the level achieved by Kate Townsend, who conducted the affairs of her house as if she were chaperoning Vassar freshmen. No man could enter unless dressed in evening clothes. A stranger, no matter how impeccably attired, had trouble gaining admittance unless he could establish his identity and his high social standing. Profanity and loudness were strictly *verboten*, and references to sex were permitted in only the most veiled terms.

The acceptable client was conducted with some ceremony to a gaudily appointed drawing room, where he was expected to spend 50 or 60 dollars on wine for himself and as many of Kate's 18 or 20 girls as happened to be on hand at the time. All the strumpets were beautiful, all were decked out in evening gowns, and all were unbelievably ladylike.

"Miss DuBois, may I present Mr. Weller?" The regal Kate insisted on formal introductions. After the customer had made his small bow and Miss DuBois had batted her big, blue eyes at him, Kate would say, "Miss DuBois—Mimi—is from France. She has only been with us for a short time, but is one of the most delightful young ladies I have ever met. She is truly an amazing child! I'm sure you will be enthralled with her!"

If Mr. Weller happened to be more interested in the redhead on the other side of the room, Kate would excuse Miss DuBois and would say, "Aha, Mr. Weller! I see that our Miss Lily has caught your fancy! And indeed she should! She is one of nature's aristocrats, a lady from the tip of her toes. It may amuse you to learn that her parents are famous acrobats. She even has a small trapeze in her room! Come and meet her. I am sure she is anxious to know you."

Shortly after the client made his choice and had bought wine to celebrate the decision, the prostitute would go to her room and, a while later, the client would be advised that he was being invited upstairs. As soon as he arrived in the heavily scented bedchamber, the elegant manners were set aside and he was free to do as he pleased. The price was 15 or 20 dollars, depending upon the girl and the demands. It hardly need be pointed out that \$20, vintage 1870, was the equivalent of at least \$150, vintage 1956.

BEFORE Kate moved in, her section of Basin Street had been a fine residential neighborhood. Her spectacular success attracted competition to the street. At No. 45, right across the way, Josie Killeen tried to steal some trade by featuring the talents of Molly Williams and her young daughter, who together were rented for \$50 a night. Farther down the street was one Kate Smith, who advertised that none of her girls was more than 17. This sort of thing tended to lower the tone of the street, which displeased Kate. It was hard to maintain the serene decorum of No. 40 while hoodlums were knifing each other to death on the sidewalk outside. More frequently than ever before, Kate found it necessary to act as her own bouncer, a duty she insisted on retaining because she did not care to have male employees.

In time she had to compromise her



lofty standards. The gang of crooked politicians on whom she had depended for the bulk of her revenue lost their grip and money was harder to come by. Kate finally reduced her prices. Wine could now be had for as little as \$10 a bottle and it sometimes was possible to get a Townsend girl for seven. After a gambler named Jim White murdered a colleague named Gus Taney in Kate's drawing room, soiling the velvet rug and destroying the legend that her place was always safe to visit, things began to happen to the woman.

Her main trouble resided in the fact that her dream had not come true. She was wealthy, but her wealth was insecure because business was not getting better. Furthermore, her wealth had not come close to buying her the respectability that she had wanted. She considered picking up stakes and moving to New York, where she might be able to represent herself as a highborn widow, but she had no confidence that she would enjoy such a pretense. The pretense she loved was playing-acting in her own drawing room, among the girls and their customers. She had been a prostitute all her life and now with some clarity saw that she would die one.

Her bitterness was becoming noticeable to the customers, and did not help trade. The murder of Gus Taney made her fearful of her own safety and she began carrying a knife. At night she slept with it beneath her pillow. In her frustration and idleness, she began eating too much and her body became gross. The once-famous bosom was now a monstrosity.

Men who formerly might have traveled 1,000 miles to pay court to her now went out of their way to catch a glimpse of her and chuckle at what all agreed was the most mountainous physique in civilization.

FOR years, she had been amusing herself with a society weakling named Treville Sykes, who had fallen in love with her when she was still a working prostitute and had been all too willing to absorb the cuffs and curses which she threw at him in the privacy of her crib. Now that she was fat and sour, she took on Sykes full time. She moved him into her house and made a combination book-keeper-runner-whipping boy of him. To her, Sykes was a convenient symbol of the degeneracy of the male sex, a fitting object of vengeance. She used to beat him with her fists, lock him in closets for days at a time. As business deteriorated, her temper mounted, and she blamed Sykes.

She took to drink, and spent the days in stupefaction, mumbling about her plan to "open that cur Sykes' belly with my knife." Snobbery was long past; she now was an alcoholic blowser and her house was going to seed.

One night in November 1883, when she was 44 and looked 60, she got drunk with a young procurer named McLern. She had been giving him money, making a second-string Sykes out of him, and now she called him foul names for accepting her charity. He made as if to smash a bottle over her head. She drew her knife.

He was a coward and apologized. She looked wildly about her and said, "I've got to cut somebody open. I've got to! I'll go and open Sykes' belly!"

Sykes was forewarned and hid from her, but she found him two days later, drew the knife and pushed him into her bedroom. This time his instinct of self-preservation proved stronger than his yen to be tortured. He wrenched the weapon from her and stabbed her five times. Then he got a pair of shears and stabbed her six times more.

She was buried in white silk and lace. Her casket was ornamented with sterling silver. Twenty carriages full of prostitutes followed the hearse to the cemetery, but no men went along.

Sykes was acquitted of the murder, having pleaded self-defense. He then laid claim to Kate's \$80,000 estate, displaying a will in which she named him executor. After numerous law suits by the State of Louisiana, which argued that Sykes had been living in sin and was entitled to only 10 per cent of the money, the weakling was upheld by the courts. His lawyers gave him \$34, explaining that the rest had gone on expenses, fees and taxes.

The Kate Townsend story was still big news and the public was fascinated by the mystery of Kate's tattoo, "A Pimm." A reporter found Sykes drinking up his inheritance and asked, "Who was A. Pimm?"

The bleary-eyed fancy man said, "I don't know, but she must have hated him. When she had her fits and hated me, she used to call me Pimm." ♦♦♦

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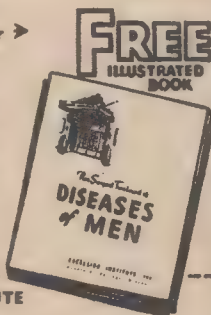
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THE SECRET MISSION OF MARCUS WHITMAN

Continued from page 17

him, then plunged forward. As they crashed down off the bank the thin ice shattered beneath the animal's frantic hoofs.

Horse and rider came to the surface of the freezing water, smashing through an icy curtain. Then, as the animal began to thrash and flounder in panic, the surging current caught them both, bearing them outward and downstream.

Slipping from the saddle, Whitman swam beside the animal, trying to steady him. Watching from the shore, Lovejoy groaned and Henriques started praying as both man and horse again disappeared from view.

They came to the surface in the open center of the river, and were swept toward the opposite shore by the powerful current. They reached the edge of ice and Whitman still held the willow pole clenched in his hand.

Now he put one end to his shoulder, maneuvering the other end straight out before him. It pushed aside the thin ice ahead, opening a watery path for Whitman and his horse. Another moment or two and they both climbed shivering up the far bank.

Soaked to the skin, he got busy immediately. There was plenty of wood and he soon had a roaring blaze. He stood near the fire holding his still frightened horse. And as the warming flames began to dry them both he stared anxiously across the river toward the two riders and three pack mules he had left behind.

He hoped and prayed that they would follow him. The courageous little general was a staunch companion and, if need be in hostile country, a wily Indian fighter. All of the food and supplies were on the backs of the three pack mules. And as for the trail to Taos, well, only the guide, Henriques, could find the way.

On the other shore of the river Lovejoy slowly dismounted and started toward a willow sapling.

"Do I cut a pole for you as well as myself?" he grimly asked Henriques. "Or do you prefer to select your own?"

"No importa, patrón," the guide shrugged as he got off his horse. "Perhaps once again fate can be kind."

They plunged into the river, driving the reluctant pack mules ahead of them. They nearly lost Henriques and two of the mules in the swift current. But, although it was touch and go, they managed to reach the opposite shore.

Then they built the fire even larger and picketed the half-frozen animals near it. While Lovejoy and Henriques dried off, Whitman pitched their small tent. He was eager to get going again for the afternoon was yet young, but he also realized that man and beast could stand just so much

strain without dropping in their tracks.

"We'll camp right here overnight," he said in a voice that carefully masked his driving impatience. "There seems to be plenty of firewood about. At dawn we'll start for Taos."

WHITMAN was a Congregational missionary who had gone to the Oregon Country from Rushville, N. Y., with his bride, Narcissa, in '36. They had both fallen in love with the region—what is now the lower part of Washington—at sight. Some 25 miles from Fort Walla Walla, at a place called Waiilatpui, they built a mission for the Cayuse and Nez Percé Indians.

For six years Whitman, then in his early 30s, spent his time among the Indians. He was a physician as well as a missionary and tended to their ills. A skillful craftsman, he built a sawmill with his own hands so that the pioneer settlers from the East might find it easier to build their houses.

"This is a good land!" he enthusiastically told his wife over and over again. "Would that it become part of our own United States!"

Narcissa would nod her pretty head and smile in answer. But she knew as well as her husband that there were less than 1,000 American settlers in all of the Oregon Country. Only a few were trickling in from back East. On the other hand, there were more than that number of English and Canadian colonists already in the region and more of them were arriving by the dozens.

Herein lay the menace to Whitman's dreams. Under the terms of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty, the area west of the Rocky Mountains, vaguely referred to as the "Oregon Country" was to be shared jointly by Great Britain and the United States for an indefinite period. Either country, by marshaling a greater number of settlers, would be provided with a powerful argument for annexation of the region.

One mild autumn night in 1842, Whitman's heart was gladdened by the sight of a large emigrant party arriving in Waiilatpui. Wagon after wagon hauled by plodding teams of oxen appeared from the forest of towering pines.

In the van rode Elijah White, a veteran United States Indian agent who had acted as guide.

"One hundred and twenty Americans, men, women, and childer," he announced proudly. "Count their noses, folks. Every one of 'em bright and shiny as a silver dollar."

White had a companion with him, General Amos L. Lovejoy from Massachu-

setts. The general was more of a soldier of fortune than a pioneer. He was a little man with an erect military bearing and a wiry body. He was always ready to fight for a cause.

"You're just out from the East, sir," Whitman said anxiously. "What are they saying about our Oregon back there?" "Well, Dr. Whitman," Lovejoy liberated, "the idiots think this entire country is not worth a red copper. Here, permit me to show you."

From his pocket he drew a much tattered New York newspaper and pointed an indignant finger to an editorial. It described the region as a Sahara in summer, a Siberia in winter, a region suitable only for banished criminals at any time.

Whitman flushed as he read this ignorant appraisal of the area. His hand shook as he handed the paper back to Lovejoy.

"And you, sir," he demanded, "what do you think?"

"I think," answered Lovejoy without hesitation. "That there is no fairer land. I think someone like yourself should tell President Tyler the truth about this country. But it must be done before next March when the Congress adjourns. The Webster-Ashburton Treaty will surely reach a crisis before that time."

Whitman nodded thoughtfully. If he were to ride to Washington there was precious little time to lose. Yet he hesitated. He was beset with doubt about the success of such a mission. He knew that President Tyler had several close advisers who were set against Oregon. One of the most antagonistic was Secretary of State Daniel Webster.

As for Lovejoy, he had suddenly found a cause. His eyes gleamed with the quick anticipatory light of new adventure.

"If you decide to go," he prodded, "I'll consider it an honor to accompany you. As a gentleman of the cloth you may be reluctant to use firearms against war-pathing Indians or bandits."

Whitman thanked him and promised to come to an early decision. He realized that, with winter not far off, snow was already beginning to settle in the mountains and trails would soon be impassable.

On the following morning, still undecided after a sleepless night, he rode to Fort Walla Walla. It was his practice to visit there occasionally and set up a temporary clinic for any settlers or Indians in need of medical attention.

Arriving at the fort, he was welcomed by the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Dr. McLoughlin, and invited to attend a big dinner that evening in celebration of the opening of the trapping season. The dinner was a festive occasion. More than a score of Canadians and Englishmen were seated at the long plank table presided over by the genial Dr. McLoughlin. There was a great deal of merriment, accelerated by a cask of "Spanish" wine which had been brought up from California. There were many toasts. A teetotaler, Whitman drank his in water.

Suddenly a buckskin-clad trapper entered the big room, made for Dr. McLoughlin and spoke to him in a low voice. Excited whispers spread from man to man around the table. Then McLoughlin's aide rose to his feet.



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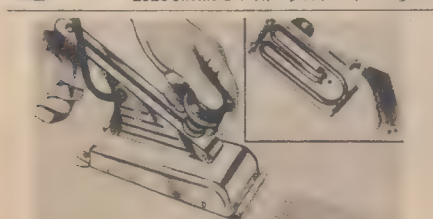
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"A toast," he proposed, "to England
and to the Oregon Country! It is now
ours."

The others drank. Whitman barely
touched water to his tense lips. He eyed
Dr. McLoughlin, waiting for an explana-
tion.

"It is true, right enough, Doctor," said
McLoughlin. "We have just received word
from Fort Colville, 350 miles up the Co-
lumbia. More than 150 new Canadian
settlers are reported on the trail. They
should arrive within a fortnight."

Whitman's heart began pounding wild-
ly. This was bad news indeed. With the
arrival of more Canadians the Americans
once again would be outnumbered, despite
the recruits from Elijah White's wagon
train. There was only one thing for him
to do: ride to Washington as the little
general had suggested. And as quickly
as possible. But he dared not leave yet
for fear of arousing suspicion.

The dinner seemed to drag on intemin-
ably. Finally Whitman found an oppor-
tunity to leave. He went to his room,
climbed quietly out of a window and
quickly saddled his horse.

Riding all through the night, he reached
his mission early in the morning. Pausing
only to tell his wife the news, he sought
out General Lovejoy.

Lovejoy announced his readiness to
start for Washington that very day. In
addition to his own company, the gen-
eral offered three pack mules and the
services of his Mexican helper, Rosario,
who professed to know every trail in the
West.

At noon on that third day of October,
1842, they started out on a formidable
race against time and distance. To stand a
chance of winning, Whitman had to reach
the capital in less than six months, be-
fore the end of March, 1843.

For the first 11 days, led by Rosario, the
little party made good progress over the
Blue Mountains, on down through what
is now the State of Oregon and southeast
to Fort Hall in Idaho in the Blackfoot In-
dian territory.

At Fort Hall they encountered their
first real obstacle in the person of Captain
Grant, the commandant. Grant was an old
cavalry officer and a tyrant who had been
stationed at the fort for several years.

"Heading east, eh?" he grumbled. "The
snow in the Rockies is already 20 feet
deep. The Sioux and the Pawnees are on
the warpath. The Blackfeet are itching

to do the same. I've got other things to
do besides trying to keep your scalps on
your heads beyond the fort."

He scowled darkly at Rosario. The
Mexican's guiding interest went out of
him like air from a pricked balloon.

"The captain is right, señores," he said
apologetically. "There is much snow in
the mountains. The Indios are very bad.
Better now we return home."

Whitman and Lovejoy were made of far
sterner stuff. "If it is too late to go over
the Rockies we'll head around them to
the south," the general suggested. "How
about it, Rosario? Know the trail?"

"Sí, patrón, sí," Rosario answered,
avoiding Captain Grant's eye.

The latter shrugged his shoulders. "I
won't be responsible," he said sourly. "And
besides it's your scalps."

They swung southward, looking for the
route which circled around the snow-
topped Rockies. It soon became apparent
that Rosario the trail blazer was Rosario
the braggart. He knew no trails south of
Fort Hall. He did not have the vaguest
notion how far south the Rockies ex-
tended. And neither, for that matter, did
Whitman or Lovejoy.

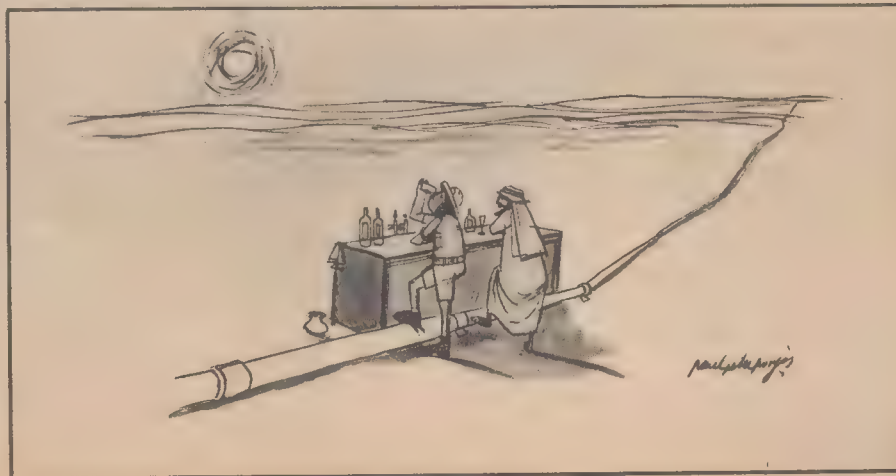
After a week of floundering on through
wild country which seemed to be taking
them nowhere, they decided to send Ro-
sario back to Wailatpui. He agreed with
great alacrity.

Whitman now took the lead. His in-
tention was to blaze a new trail on to Fort
Utah and then on to Fort Uncompahgra
through unexplored territory. Somewhere
beyond, with luck, they would come to
Taos, after which they would make for
Santa Fe, Bent's Fort and St. Louis.

It was a most circuitous route which
they took to avoid the deep snow of the
mountain passes. Instead of avoiding bad
weather, they plunged straight on into
it, for the winter of 1842 was unusually
severe. Nevertheless they managed to ride
on to Fort Utah, where they engaged
Henriques to guide them as far as Taos.

Henriques had been over the trail be-
fore and knew his way. Although the
weather remained consistently bad and
they rode in freezing temperatures, he led
them straight to the tumultuous Green
River. And there, but for Whitman's
stout courage, he would have called quits.

ON THE morning following their des-
perate crossing they were up before
dawn, and the journey resumed.



For several days they rode steadily to the southeast, whittling away at the many wilderness miles to Taos. Then, as they began climbing into the San Juan mountains on the Continental Divide, it began to snow. Henriques regarded the range of mountains looming gray and ominous and reined in his horse.

"Better we stop now, señores," he advised. "Our food is not sufficient to stretch to Taos. Here we can wait until the snow is over. We can hunt both bear and deer and take much meat with us."

Whitman turned to Lovejoy. "Think you can tighten your belt a little until we reach Taos, General?" he asked.

THE general thought he could. They kept right on going.

The snow did not let up. It had settled down to a light but steady fall. By the following day it blanketed the ground to the depth of the horses' hoofs.

Toward evening, as they were about to pitch camp, Lovejoy pointed to a set of tracks leading through the snow-laden piñons.

"Wolf?" he asked.

"Dog," said Henriques as he examined the track. "It is a dog of the Jicarilla Indios, I think."

He followed the tracks, came upon the lost dog and shot it. When he returned to camp Whitman and Lovejoy regarded the mangy carcass with disgust. Henriques shrugged and tied it to his saddle.

"Before we reach the other side of the mountains, señores," he predicted gloomily, "we may consider ourselves fortunate to have even this *perro* to eat."

It was still snowing as they climbed upward into the San Juans the next day. And by the following afternoon, although the skies began to clear, the horses were so exhausted floundering through the deep snow that Whitman was forced to call a halt.

They pitched camp among the piñons and rested the livestock overnight. On the day after, when they again tried to climb the pass through the mountains, they found that the deeply piled snowdrifts blocked their way. Behind them the trail was now also impassable. They were marooned on the shoulder of Fuentes Peak and they could not move for 10 days.

Their food supplies soon gave out and, true to Henriques' prophecy, they hungrily ate the dog. By the seventh day they also had to butcher one of the mules.

On the 11th day Henriques declared hopefully that the snow in the passes had melted sufficiently for them to continue. He led the way, driving one of the sure-footed pack mules ahead to break trail. Slowly they fought their way upward toward the summit. And then the deceitful skies suddenly opened. They were caught in a blinding blizzard.

Behind them their tracks swiftly became obliterated. Ahead was only a thick milky-gray curtain. Henriques lashed the reluctant mule on. After another half-mile, near the top of the summit, it came to a stubborn stop.

The guide angrily spurred his own horse ahead and tugged at the bridle of the mule. Again he dug his spurs into the horse's heaving flanks. The horse took

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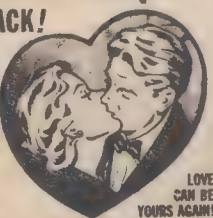
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two uncertain steps and then plummeted straight down.

Henriques screamed in terror as he plunged over the brink of the unseen precipice. He was still in the saddle, still holding on to the reins of the pack mule. It skidded over the icy brink after him. All three disappeared in the grayish void below.

Badly shaken, Whitman and Lovejoy dismounted. Only a few yards from sudden, unseen death, they spent the night right there.

But soon death in another form began creeping up on them. The temperature was dropping rapidly and they were unable to build a fire. Exhausted, becoming ever more drowsy, they were threatened by a fatal sleep.

All through the night they stamped about, trying to stay awake and keep the blood circulating in their bodies. Despite their efforts, however, the numbness in their limbs grew.

In the morning the sun came out with dazzling brightness, revealing to the half-frozen Whitman and Lovejoy that they were at the very summit of the pass. Of the two, Whitman had fared worse during the terrible night. His feet, hands and ears were badly frostbitten. Lovejoy suffered frostbite in both face and hands.

"Now," said the general grimly, "we must go on to Taos. And before we lose our limbs."

They came down out of the snowy mountains slowly and then, through sheer luck, they stumbled on an Indian trail that led to Taos.

At Taos they found a doctor who treated their frostbite. They also found welcome relief from their diet of mule meat. After a day of rest Whitman was eager to push on to Santa Fe.

"We have already lost more than 10 days," he said to Lovejoy, "and now we must make it up."

They arrived in Santa Fe where Whitman inquired anxiously about the latest news from the Oregon Country. No one knew whether it had become British or not.

"Perhaps," Whitman remarked hopefully, "there will be news awaiting us at Bent's Fort."

In Santa Fe they picked up another guide, a Missourian named Lothar who was returning to St. Louis. For several days he led them accurately across the New Mexican mesas.

The weather continued to be abnormally cold and for two days, before reaching a branch of the Arkansas, they rode over treeless plains on which they could find no wood for a fire.

When they came to the river they found it frozen smooth and they were cheered by the sight of trees on the far shore.

"I'll cut firewood," said Lothar as he picked up the small camp ax, "a big stack of it."

He was a heavy man and as soon as he stepped on the river ice it gave beneath his weight. He scrambled back to shore, wet and freezing.

"I will try," Whitman said, taking the ax from him.

Lying down on the ice he pushed himself across the thin crust and arrived safely on the other side. He cut a considerable quantity of wood and pushed it over the ice ahead of him as he re-crossed the river.

THAT night as they sat around the fire Lovejoy noticed the handle of the ax was split. He wound a deer thong carefully around it and put the ax down against the side of the tent.

When he awakened on the following morning the ax was gone. A set of wolf tracks told the story. A hungry wolf had prowled through the camp during the night and had been attracted to the deer thong. The wolf had made off with it, ax and all.

Lovejoy shook his head sadly. "There will be no more camp fires for us, I fear," he said.

They skirted the river and rode on. For the next few days they encountered many packs of half-starved wolves. The packs howled around their fireless camps and to protect their livestock they had to main-



tain constant guard throughout the night.

Eight days' travel from the river they came to Bent's Fort and there they learned that a wagon train had started eastward to St. Louis four days before. The wiry little general's face fell when he heard the news. By this time he was pretty well exhausted. He felt even more so when Whitman proposed that they catch up with the wagon train and join it.

"But we need rest," the general protested. "We will go east with the next wagon train before the week's end."

"You and Lothar go with it," said Whitman stubbornly. "I'll make for the one ahead."

He was up and in the saddle before dawn the following morning. Three days of hard riding and he caught up with the wagon train. He rode east with it all the way to St. Louis, impatient with its slowness. He dared not leave it behind, however, for much of this part of the journey was through hostile Indian country.

Twice the wagon train was attacked as it creaked across the plains. Several whites and many Indians were killed in repelling these attacks but Whitman himself was uninjured.

When he arrived in St. Louis he found news in a two months' old Boston newspaper. The Webster-Ashburton Treaty, the paper reported, had been settled on August 9th. This was almost two months before he had even left Waiilatpui! The settlement had been confirmed by the Senate on November 10th. His desperate ride had been to no avail.

But as he read on further, hope again stirred within him. The part of the treaty which had been settled referred only to the extreme eastern section of the Canadian-American boundary in the area around Maine. No mention whatever had been made of the Oregon Country. There might still be time!

Whitman engaged passage on an east-bound stage. From St. Louis he began rocking along toward his destination at a faster and even more anxious clip.

WEEKS later a buckskin-clad figure with face seared by the wind hobbled into the White House on frostbitten feet for an audience with President Tyler. And, though Whitman showed the strain of great fatigue, his blue eyes sparked with the unquenchable enthusiasm of his mission. He painted a glowing verbal picture of the "good and smiling country" from which he had come and his enthusiasm was contagious. Tyler, over Secretary of State Daniel Webster's objections, promised to do everything in his power to acquire Oregon for the United States.

"Dr. Whitman," the President said solemnly, "your long ride and frozen limbs speak for your courage and patriotism, your missionary credentials are good vouchers for your character. I will do as you request."

Whitman left the White House with a great feeling of elation. His long ride across the continent, roughly in the form of a ragged V, had covered more than 4,400 miles. Conquering every obstacle in his path, he had delivered his message to Washington—and in time. On August 6th, 1846, the Oregon territory became part of the United States. ♦♦♦

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WE SMUGGLED IN 10 A-BOMBS

Continued from page 21

passing." We had decided to walk out onto the bridge and plant our third bomb. I slipped my dime into the turnstile and went first. Sid was behind me with the bomb. He shoved his dime in—and the turnstile jammed.

He backed out and went to the other turnstile and then I'll be damned if either one of us had another dime. So he blithely passed the bomb across the barbed-wire fence to me, and I walked about one-third of the way across the bridge with it.

I set the camera on self-timer and took a picture of myself planting the bomb behind a beam near a suspension tower. We just got back to the car when a California highway patrolman pulled up alongside us and politely told us, "You can't park here. This is a military zone."

We thanked him and got the hell out of there.

We looked the Oakland-Bay Bridge over pretty carefully and decided to use two bombs and do a thorough job on it. Besides destroying a vital communications link to San Francisco, the bombs would cause heavy damage to shipping and to the naval station at Treasure Island.

WE didn't have a bit of trouble putting one of the bombs in a concrete blockhouse on the bridge's upper level and the second in an iron brace opposite the Treasure Island approach.

With half our bombs disposed of, we were getting edgy. The longer we played this game the more realistic it became to us, and we knew that a slip-up now would jeopardize the whole operation.

The next day we headed south toward home. Twenty miles out of Los Angeles is the highly important road junction of Highways 99 and 6—two of the main escape routes from the city.

Hard by is the Southern Pacific's main north-south line and across the road is the spillway and aqueduct for the Owens Valley water supply to Los Angeles from Parker Dam.

One bomb would block the highway, knock out the water supply and cut rail traffic in and out of Los Angeles. We tucked the bomb in a clump of bushes near the tracks and left.

We continued down through the San Fernando Valley to Burbank and Lockheed Air Terminal, one of the two large airports in the Los Angeles area. It's in the center of a heavily populated residential area and adjoins the site of Lockheed Aircraft Co., where many of the nation's fighting planes are manufactured.

A bomb hidden in this area would effectively cripple the nation's air power, and few of the residents in the neat homes that surround the aircraft plant could survive the searing blast.

As we eased to a stop in the public parking area, it seemed as though there were more guards here than we had encountered at Hoover Dam. And when I stepped out of the car to stretch, the camera dangling from my neck attracted them like flies to the honey-pot.

One big red-faced officer headed right toward us. And he was grinning from ear to ear. Had he been tipped off to our game of hide-and-go-seek? And was he going to tell us that the jig was up now that we were so close to completing our mission?

That's what I thought.

But he walked right on past us to help a pretty young mother a few cars down the line who was trying to open a stroller while holding a plump baby in her arms.

I took advantage of the situation to snatch the seventh bomb off the back seat and looked for a place to put it. Each time I spotted a likely hidey-hole it seemed as though some cop beat me to it. We didn't want to be seen hanging around here too long, and for the first time we thought seriously of giving up a target.

If we got caught here the entire operation would come apart at the seams and the last three very important targets would escape "destruction."

But on the other hand, Lockheed Air Terminal, too, was a high priority target.

We walked into the terminal café and over a cup of coffee spelled out the pros and cons of the plant to each other. Finally Sid barked, "Gimme that thing and get your camera ready."

He paid the check and walked over to a row of telephone pay stations in a small wing off the main lobby. When no one was watching he shoved it up on top of one of the booths.

I don't know what the top was made of, but it resounded like a bass drum when that cylinder hit. A guy in one of the other booths popped his head out and asked Sid:

"What the hell was that?"

"I don't know," replied Sid with a poker face. "I heard it too. Sonic blast, I guess." That seemed to satisfy the nosy guy and he disappeared back into his booth to finish his call.

We got back to the car and headed through Cahuenga Pass onto the Hollywood Freeway toward the Los Angeles Civic Center.

At the Civic Center the ribbon of superhighway winds itself into a Gordian knot of concrete—the four-tier Clover Leaf. Here the freeways from South Los Angeles, Hollywood, San Bernardino, Santa Ana and Pasadena all come together. The slightest traffic accident is enough to tie up traffic for miles. It's a traffic cop's nightmare.

The Clover Leaf is only a stone's throw from the headquarters buildings of the police department and the sheriff's department—the nerve centers of law enforcement. Nearby are heliports, railroad terminals, scores of city and county offices and communications centers.

A bomb here would rip the heart out of one of the largest cities in the U.S.

Sid pulled off on the shoulder on the lower level of the Clover Leaf and while he presumably fiddled with a balky car I cached the bomb in a hillside of Algerian ivy. It was a cinch.

The ninth bomb we planted at Los Angeles International Airport. We climbed to the upper deck of the terminal building, and Sid started to feed the shiny cylinder into an open pipe. But the damn thing jammed in the elbow, leaving more than half of the bomb sticking out.

A COUPLE of kids standing nearby watched him yank it out and asked him what he was doing. Sid was in no mood for conversation, and he grunted, "Tryin' to blow up the joint. Why? You guys writin' a book?"

As we walked away with our ninth bomb one of the kids turned to his pal and made a twirling motion with his forefinger alongside his temple.

We finally got rid of the bomb by tucking it into an air conditioning unit. Taking a breather and a smoke on the observation platform, I couldn't help but think what a perfect place this was for a bomb.

There must have been more than 50 big commercial airliners on the field and in the hangars. Across the field was the biggest cluster of aircraft plants in the world—Douglas, Northrop, and North American, to say nothing of the scores of smaller sub-contracting shops that feed them.

And only a mile away in El Segundo were acres of gasoline storage tanks and refineries. It isn't hard to imagine the effects of an A-bomb explosion in this area.

PHOTO CREDITS

The black and white photographs used in this edition of STAG are from the following sources: page 14, Columbia Pictures' "U-Boat 29"—Penguin; page 15, European; pages 18-21, author; pages 24-27, Peter Basch; page 37, Columbia Pictures' "Walk East on Beacon"—Penguin; pages 40-43, the National Archives. STAG's cover this month was painted by Mort Kunstler.

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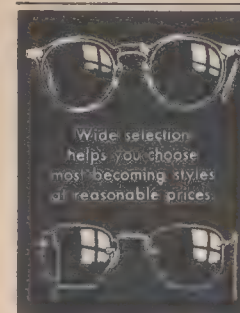
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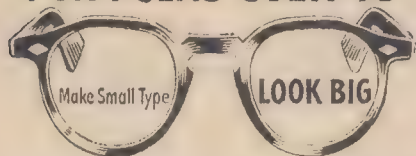
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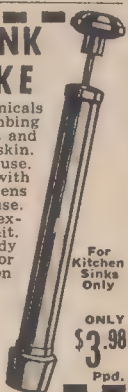
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We took the last bomb to Los Angeles Harbor.

We figured on placing it somewhere near the water's edge where it could heave up clouds of radioactive spray and thus contaminate a wider area.

We also wanted to block the main channel between San Pedro and Terminal Island and at the same time get as near as possible to the area's closely-packed oil storage tanks and gasoline refineries.

We had one hell of a time finding the right place. And when we did, it was only 50 feet from the headquarters of the police harbor patrol.

But no one seemed to pay any attention to us as we plotted their destruction and put the last bomb in a green tool-chest eight feet from the water's edge.

THE job was over and all we had to do was to wait.

According to our plan, we would wait three days before we broke the story and revealed the location of the bombs. If security checks at the targets were thorough the bombs were almost certain to be found.

But they weren't.

It turned out that in every case but one Sid and I had to direct the authorities to the bombs. One of the two bombs we had placed on the Oakland-Bay bridge had been found by an employee.

And he put it in a paint locker on the bridge "because I didn't know what in blazes else to do with it."

A *San Francisco News* reporter was directed to the mock A-bomb on the

Golden Gate Bridge, and used it as a peg for a page one story on Civil Defense.

Las Vegas Sun reporters found the bombs at Hoover and Parker Dams. Police retrieved the bombs at the Clover Leaf and at the harbor. Civil Defense wardens recovered the bombs at the junction of Highways 99 and 6, at Lockheed, and at International Airport.

C.D. officials raised hell over the ease with which we had smuggled the bombs into the U.S. from Mexico. They accused the Central Intelligence Agency of falling down on the job.

But the CIA denied it was responsible for internal security. That's the FBI's job, a spokesman for the agency insisted.

The Customs Service at the border declared it was helpless. It's woefully understaffed and has no devices to detect such things as suitcase A-bombs.

Our bomb-planting junket did succeed in tightening internal security, especially at the border, and caused a re-study of evacuation procedures.

Val Peterson, Federal Director of Civil Defense, commended the *Mirror-News* for making the public defense-conscious and told me, "You have shown very graphically how easy it is to smuggle A-bombs into this country and to disperse them."

"Our only consolation is that it cannot be done with the H-bomb."

So if you should see a strange-looking cylindrical object on a subway platform, under a bridge, or in your neighbor's golf bag, don't be alarmed.

It isn't an H-bomb. ♦♦♦



"New bags for old
"New bags for old"



SHOWDOWN

Continued from page 23

many of them, and they were too close together, and they—heck, they made him look different.

Right from the time he was old enough to want girls, Freckles knew they didn't go for him. Not at all. And he sort of shrugged and said, "That's the way it is," without ever shrugging or saying a word, if you know what I mean. He just didn't knock himself out trying to find the one girl in a million who might have liked a short, chubby guy loaded with freckles.

Not that he cut himself off from women entirely; he went with the boys once in a while to the house in Sheepshead Bay, or the one in Canarsie, or whatever place was open at the time in Brooklyn. But it wasn't a big thing with him like it is with most guys. The big thing with him was coming down to the poolroom every night right after supper, meeting Lou Tindler and Eddie Scierro and maybe Jack Trip, and then playing pool and snooker until 12:30 or one.

Freckles played for dough, and he was good. But Lou and Eddie and Jack were also good, and so maybe 10 bucks would change hands during a year. Which was lucky for Freckles because his job at the local A&P didn't pay anywhere in the neighborhood of what's needed for real gambling.

I'd go down to the poolroom about nine o'clock and talk to Harry and look around, and there would be Freckles, playing at one of the tables. His round face would never crack a smile, but he was more or less contented. He had his game of pool, and friends, and mother and job—in that order of importance. And it was enough for him, I guess. But then things changed.

FIRST of all, Lou Tindler and Eddie Scierro started double dating two girls from Boro Park. They didn't come around so much, maybe two, three times a week, and when they did they weren't so keen on a game. This kept up for almost six months, and then the whole crowd got word of the wedding—a double wedding. Freckles was invited, and he attended. It was an afternoon affair, and the same night he was down at the poolroom, looking for a game of snooker. I was in back with Harry when Freckles asked for Jack Trip.

"Not around," Harry said, leaning back in his chair. "Hey, you're gonna have trouble now that Lou and Eddie are hitched." He meant trouble finding good enough players, but it turned out it was just plain trouble Freckles got.

"Guess so," Freckles said, voice quiet like always. He blinked his small eyes and looked at me. "You play, Phil?"

"Not me," I said.

"So it's a game you want?" a deep

voice said. "Well, let's see how good you are. And let's make it worth while."

The three of us turned to see a huge guy standing nearby, meat-hook hands on hips, blue-jowled face grinning. And right away I didn't like him. What I mean is, I felt he was a rough one, a guy who threw his weight around, a guy who didn't respect anything but a bigger, tougher, stronger guy. You know what I mean.

"Name's Steve Dubrow," he said, sticking out his hand. "Wild Steve Dubrow, they called me in Red Hook. I just moved into the neighborhood—Georgia Avenue."

Freckles shook the hand and mumbled. "Freckles. This here's Harry Ross; owns the place. This here's Phil Delco. You play much, Steve?"

Dubrow grinned again and jerked his head at a table and said, "Cut the gab. Put up or shut up."

I didn't like the tone of voice. Neither did Harry. But Freckles winked at us and walked to the table. "Any game, any bet. Go and pick them."

Dubrow picked snooker, and he picked a flat bet of 20 bucks. The bet made Freckles blink, but he accepted and they began to play.

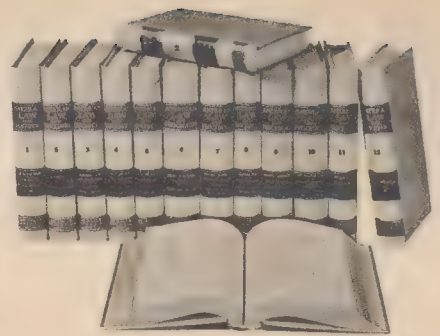
It was strictly no contest. Freckles took him over before I'd finished my 15-cent panatela. He put his cue stick in the rack, and then smiled. "No charge for this one, buddy. You were playing with a stranger."

What happened next shocked me to the core. I'd seen fights before, and tough guys, but I'd never seen what you could call a really all bad guy. I always figured men and women fell into lighter or darker shades of gray; that no one was all white or all black. In my book even the racket boys from Pitkin Avenue had some good points, though you had to look hard to find them. But this Wild Steve Dubrow showed all bad. He must have been psycho, rocky in the head, but since he was running around loose the only thing I could call him was bad.

He jumped Freckles with no warning, leaping around the table and slugging him twice in the guts. Freckles fell on his face, groaning, holding his stomach.

"You spotted jerk!" Dubrow yelled. He pulled out two tens and threw them on the floor near Freckles. "I don't take lip from no one! You cheated all the way!"

That was a lie, and Dubrow didn't get any further in his talk or his actions. He'd been bringing back his foot to give Freckles a toe in the teeth when some of the boys jumped him. Man, that big maniac could fight. He battled four grown men and broke loose and jumped back. He dug a knife from his pocket and the



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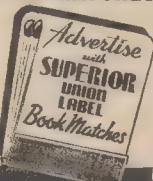
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blade made a nasty little sound as it shot up.

"Get back!" Dubrow yelled. "Hear me? Get back, all of you!"

The boys stopped, and then Harry Ross said quietly, "O.K., Dubrow, clear out before I call the cops."

Dubrow looked at him, and Harry paled. Dubrow said, "Don't do that, mister. If you do that, I'll go to jail and you'll go to the morgue. Don't push me. Not me!"

He was screaming now. "Don't ever tell me to get out or stay out or anything! I come and go where I please! This little jerk had it coming! He tried to make me look small! But that don't make no difference! I do what I like! You hear!"

He stepped toward Harry, and Harry got up out of his chair fast. I was sitting right near Harry and I caught part of what Dubrow was throwing with his eyes. I got up, too. That Dubrow was ready to kill!

"O.K.," Harry said. "O.K., Dubrow, we'll forget the whole thing. Finished."

Dubrow stopped and looked around, and all the other guys just drifted back to their tables, except for Sid Kahn who was helping Freckles to his feet.

Dubrow stared hard at Sid, and Sid said, "You're O.K. now, Freckles," and walked away.

Freckles braced himself against the table, sucked air, then looked at Dubrow. Dubrow made an animal sound and moved toward him. Freckles put up his hands, palms outward, and we could all see he was scared half to death.

"I'm going," Freckles said. "I'm going." He staggered to the front door and went out.

The place was awful quiet, and I knew most of the guys must have felt as ashamed as I did. Then the games got going again, balls clicked, voices rose. Harry and I sat down in our chairs. Dubrow just stood there, breathing heavy, the knife still in his hand. After a while, he put the knife away and lit a cigarette and leaned against an empty table, watching. A minute later, a hard, victorious grin spread over his lips.

I would have shot him dead, if I'd had a gun—and the nerve. I hated his guts. And I could imagine what Freckles felt, thrown out of the joint he loved, humiliated in front of men he'd known all his life, forced to reveal his fear to everyone!

Of course, we'd all been chicken when it came to facing this Dubrow nut, but only Freckles had been slugged. Anyway, I went home that night, sick to my stomach, swearing I wouldn't go near the poolroom for a month.

I went there the next night, wondering if Dubrow had shown up again. He had. He was there when I came in, playing a game with two of the young punks who'd started drifting in lately. They talked and acted like he was really something.

I sat down in back with Harry and lit a stogie and puffed quietly. Harry kept his eyes on the TV set, but he wasn't really watching the wrestlers. After a while he said, "When you're in business you got to accept all kinds."

"And you're in business," I said.

He looked at me. "I didn't notice you playing hero."

"That's right. Mr. Maniac's got us all scared."

"That's no way to look at it. After all, it was Freckles' fight."

"Yeah. What's on TV tonight?"

"And if his closest friends won't stand up for him, why expect..."

"Closest friends?" I said.

"Yeah. Jack Trip came boiling in here an hour ago, saying he wanted to see the guy who'd stomped Freckles. Dubrow walked right up to him and said he was the one and could he do the same for Jack. Jack looked into Dubrow's eyes and hesitated and then sort of shrugged and walked away. Dubrow laughed out loud and said he never did remember so many yellow-bellies in one neighborhood. Jack got red in the neck, but didn't say a word. He finally walked out."

"For a guy in business, you're losing a lot of customers."

Harry flushed and said, "I like having my own teeth."

I COULDN'T argue with him there; so did I. And in mixing with Wild Steve Dubrow, the cops would always be too late. But I still felt like hell. One nut had thrown a big shadow over the entire joint. Pretty soon the poolroom would change.

I didn't have time to go on with that line of thought, because the door opened and Lou Tindler and Eddie Scierro came in. They were both good-sized men—5' 10" or 11"—and both well fleshed. They looked around the room and Eddie said in a loud voice, "Harry, who's the louse that jumped Freckles?"

Harry stiffened in his chair, cleared his throat, said, "Now let's not..."

But he needn't have worried about offending Wild Steve Dubrow. The big guy put down his cue stick and straightened to his full 6' 3" and stepped around the table.

"I'm going to make you eat that word," he said, and he was grinning. His grin had nothing to do with humor; it was the worst thing I ever saw. "I'm going to make you beg so loud..."

"In the alley, jerk!" Eddie shouted, and moved toward the side door. Lou was right behind him.

One of the young punks who'd been playing with Dubrow said, "Hey, two against one ain't fair!"

For a minute, I was afraid that Eddie or Lou might rise to the bait, get noble ideas instead of using everything they had to crush Dubrow. But neither of them answered the punk. They went out the side door, leaving it open.

"Want some help?" the young punk asked Dubrow.

Dubrow seemed to look right through him and said, "Don't make me laugh."

The kid dropped his eyes and Dubrow walked across the room and out into the alley. He closed the door behind him.

"Give it to him!" I whispered, and I was almost praying. "Give it to him, boys!"

Harry didn't say anything, but he was sort of smiling.

The young punk and a friend ran toward the front door, as if to watch the

fight from New Lots Avenue, but someone said, "Stay right here, kids. Right here."

The kids stopped and the one who'd offered Dubrow help said, "Oh yeah? And who's gonna make . . ."

He didn't go on because everyone in the place was giving him the evil eye. He muttered under his breath and swaggered back to the table; his friend did the same. They picked up their sticks and faked a few shots. But they were waiting, like the rest of us.

And just then, in walked Freckles. He stopped and looked around and caught the tension.

"What's up?" he said quietly, still looking around for Dubrow.

I crooked a finger at him and he came over. "Lou and Eddie are teaching Dubrow some manners in the alley," I said.

Freckles' mouth tightened. "I never asked them. I never asked no one to score for me."

"Maybe they ain't scoring," the young punk called. "Maybe Steve's doing the scoring. He's much man." His friend grunted in agreement.

Freckles spoke to me, but it was for the entire place. "I don't hold grudges. It's all over. They shouldn't have started it again."

The young punks grunted scornfully, and this time they had a point. I felt ashamed for Freckles. Some of the other guys looked slightly sick. Dubrow had Freckles willing to eat dirt.

Freckles kept his eyes down and said, "Morty, how about a game?"

Morty Becker was a big, quiet guy with glasses. At the moment he looked like he wanted no part of Freckles, but he was a kind guy.

"Yeah," he said, and came over. They began to play.

"What the hell's taking so long?" Harry

said to me. "Maybe they're going too far."

"Too far?" I said, and laughed. "How far is too far with a guy like that?"

The alley door opened. Steve Dubrow came into the poolroom. He was breathing hard, and his pants and shirt were dirty, but outside of that he looked fine. Not even a scratch!

"In Red Hook," he said, "we don't let little boys like them into poolrooms."

"You used your knife!" I said, and I stood up. "By God, this time—"

He looked at me and laughed. "Pop, you're too old to slug. I used my hands." He held those huge meat-hooks out at me, clenching and unclenching the fists. "See? My hands." He laughed again.

I BELIEVED him. And I said nothing about him calling me Pop. I was only 43, but I felt 100, looking at his powerful hands.

I turned to the alley door. Harry Ross was standing there, and he turned and came back inside. He looked at me and shook his head in amazement. "Brother, what a mess. I think someone better take them down to Beth-El Hospital. Lou's out cold and Eddie's in no condition to drive."

Wild Steve Dubrow lit up a cigarette and looked around the room and laughed. He was challenging everyone, gloating, giving us all the needle. He was taking over the poolroom, making himself top dog, telling us that we either went along with him, or took the same as Lou and Eddie. And then he saw Freckles.

"Well, well," he said, and walked across the room. "Spotted boy's here. I just had a chat with two of your friends."

Freckles tried a shot, but his hands were shaking so badly that he muffed it like a beginner. "I didn't ask them to," he said, his voice weak. "I figured what



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happened between you and me is over."

Dubrow leaned against the table. "Sure. Spotted boy got a spanking and it's over." He laughed.

It was something out of a bad movie—the villain taunting the weakling. Only it was real, and I couldn't stand it and neither could the others. But we did nothing. And neither would you if you'd been there. That Steve Dubrow—brother, he was too much! He had those hands, and if the odds got too heavy he had his knife, and I was willing to bet he'd use a gun if we made things impossible for him. So we did nothing. New Lots isn't famous for breeding heroes; at least not this section.

FRECKLES twisted his mouth into a kind of grin. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah." "Yeah," Dubrow mimicked. "Spotted boy, you're making everyone sick."

"Someone with a car drive Lou and Eddie to the hospital," Harry said, his voice ragged. He was trying to draw Dubrow away from Freckles. "Morty, you got your car around?"

"Right outside," Morty said, putting down his cue stick. He looked damned glad to get away from Freckles and Dubrow. "I'll need a hand."

At least 10 guys walked out with him into the alley. I wished I had gone too, because Dubrow didn't let up at all. "Spotted boy," he said, "I'd like to ask you a question."

Freckles kept on playing, muffing his shots, sweat beading his face and neck. "Sure," he said, and his voice was almost a whisper.

"You got a girl?"

Freckles shook his head.

"No?" Dubrow said. "Ever think of a lady leopard?"

The two punks guffawed and Dubrow grinned. Freckles put down his cue stick.

"Don't you think you've said enough?"

Freckles whispered, and I thought for a minute he was going to bawl.

"No," Dubrow answered promptly.

"No, I don't think I've said enough." He kept grinning.

Freckles turned and walked away.

"You forgot to say good night," Dubrow said.

Freckles kept going. Dubrow started after him, and this time I reached for a cue stick, hoping Ruthie wouldn't be disappointed at the puny three-grand insurance she'd collect. But Freckles heard him coming and quickly said, "Good night." Dubrow stopped. Freckles kept his head down and went into the street.

"He's chicken," one of the punks said.

"And how," the other said.

They both fawned as Dubrow came back to them. "Let's play," Dubrow said.

I sat down next to Harry and leaned over and murmured, "Harry, this joint of yours is beginning to stink."

Harry had his shield up, his face blank. "Didn't hear you, kid. Speak up like a man."

After that, we watched television in silence. I left a half-hour later. And I didn't come back for two weeks. When I did, I sat down in back with Harry and looked around and saw Dubrow playing snooker with some of the old customers. He was talking, laughing, acting the Great

White Father. He'd taken over, all right.

Harry nodded without my saying anything. "Yeah." He sighed. "It's not so bad. He's O.K. as long as the boys stay in their places. And as long as Freckles doesn't come around."

"Does Freckles come around?"

"He did, the day after Dubrow sent Lou and Eddie to Beth-El. You remember. . . ."

"I remember, all right. Drop it."

"O.K." So Freckles came in the next night, and Dubrow got on him, and Freckles ran out again. He hasn't shown up since then."

"What about Lou, Eddie and Jack?"

Harry shrugged. "Lou and Eddie are moving from the neighborhood anyway. Jack's playing at Wallach's place now."

I didn't answer. I was remembering what Ruthie had said at dinner. She said she hadn't seen Freckles Lubock, the clerk at the A&P, in over a week.

Had Dubrow run Freckles clear out of the neighborhood?

I asked Harry if he knew anything about that. Harry said no, but he got up and walked to Morty Becker and talked a while. When he came back he said, "Morty's mother is close to Freckles' old lady. Seems Freckles is sick. He went into a hospital in Manhattan for observation."

The next week I went into the A&P for some canned stuff, and there was Freckles working the cash register. "Hey," I said, "heard you was sick."

He looked up, and his eyes seemed sunken deep in his head. "Yeah," he said. "I'm O.K. now." He licked his lips. "I hope."

"You hope?" I said. "Don't you know?"

"Well, it's something on my arms and legs and chest. Hurts like hell," he said. He shrugged and totaled up my purchase. "See you," he said, handing me my change.

The next day I was in the A&P again. Freckles wasn't around, and I asked the manager about it. He said Freckles had to go back to the hospital for more skin tests.

IT was five weeks before we heard more about Freckles. We'd known that his mother was worried sick, but she hadn't handed out any details. Then we got the post cards. They were all alike, and they were sent to Lou and Eddie and Jack and Morty and most of the rest of us. They read, "Please be at Harry's poolroom this Friday night. It's important." When Wild Steve Dubrow showed his card around, we figured that poor Freckles had flipped his lid!

We were there that Friday night in August. It was hot, cloudy, uncomfortable as hell—but those post cards had us hooked. And that included Steve Dubrow. He was playing snooker with his two punk friends when Lou, Eddie and Jack arrived together. They came inside, Lou and Eddie still showing signs of their last meeting with Dubrow, and walked to the back in a tight little army. They sat down near Harry and me and stared at the floor.

At 10:30, when most of us had been waiting more than an hour, Freckles walked in through the open front door.

He looked bad. He walked slowly, and he had some raw-red splotches on his face and arms. He glanced around and nodded and went right to Steve Dubrow's table. Dubrow put his hands on his hips and said, "Spotted boy, you going to announce your engagement to that lady leopard?"

Freckles smiled and took a cue stick from the rack. He seemed about to chalk it, but instead he jammed it straight and hard into Dubrow's stomach. Dubrow was plenty man, but catching the small end of a cue stick in the belly is guaranteed to make any man fold over for a while. And before Dubrow could unfold, Freckles switched his grip to the small end of the stick and laid the heavy end across Dubrow's thick neck. As Dubrow fell unconscious, and all of us in back jumped to our feet, Freckles began whipping the heavy end of the stick over every inch of Dubrow's massive frame—and he didn't miss a single, solitary spot. But he concentrated on the head.

The two punks made like they were going to interfere, but Freckles paused for breath and said, "I got plenty stick left for anyone who tries to stop me." He was no wild man like Dubrow, but somehow the punks believed him. So did I.

He went back to work on Dubrow, and after a while the guys started yelling at him to stop or he'd be in for a murder rap. Freckles bent down, checked Dubrow's battered, bleeding, pulverized face, and said, "O.K. One for the road."

He raised the cue stick high, holding it with both hands, and jammed it straight down into Dubrow's mouth. The brittle sound of splintering teeth made us all wince.

Harry ran over then and took the stick from Freckles. He looked down at Dubrow and said, "I gotta call the ambulance, Freckles. There's gonna be cops in on this. How can we fake a story?" He glanced at the two punks. "We can't shut them up..."

But Freckles was already walking away. He went to the water cooler, which was close to where I was standing, and he looked down at his arms. He touched the right one with his left hand, touched the freckled skin and strange red blotches. "You messed up my life," he said, so low that I knew he was talking to himself, "and now you're killing me. But thanks for this. Thanks." He raised his eyes and caught me with my mouth wide open. He grinned, and took himself a long drink of water.

FRECKLES left before the ambulance came, I don't know if the cops ever questioned him, but I do know it couldn't have bothered him one way or the other. He went back to the hospital the same night, and he died there four months later. Cancer of the skin, his mother said. It seems those freckles weren't just freckles.

And yet, I can understand why he thanked them. They were killing him, but they'd also freed him of fear and made it possible for him to walk out like a man.

As for Wild Steve Dubrow, he has nice, false teeth and a rebuilt nose and a silver plate in his skull. He comes around the poolroom once in a while, but when he sees a cue stick he just breaks down and cries.

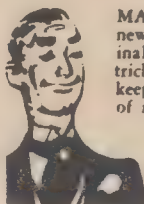
Freckles might as well have killed him. ♦♦♦

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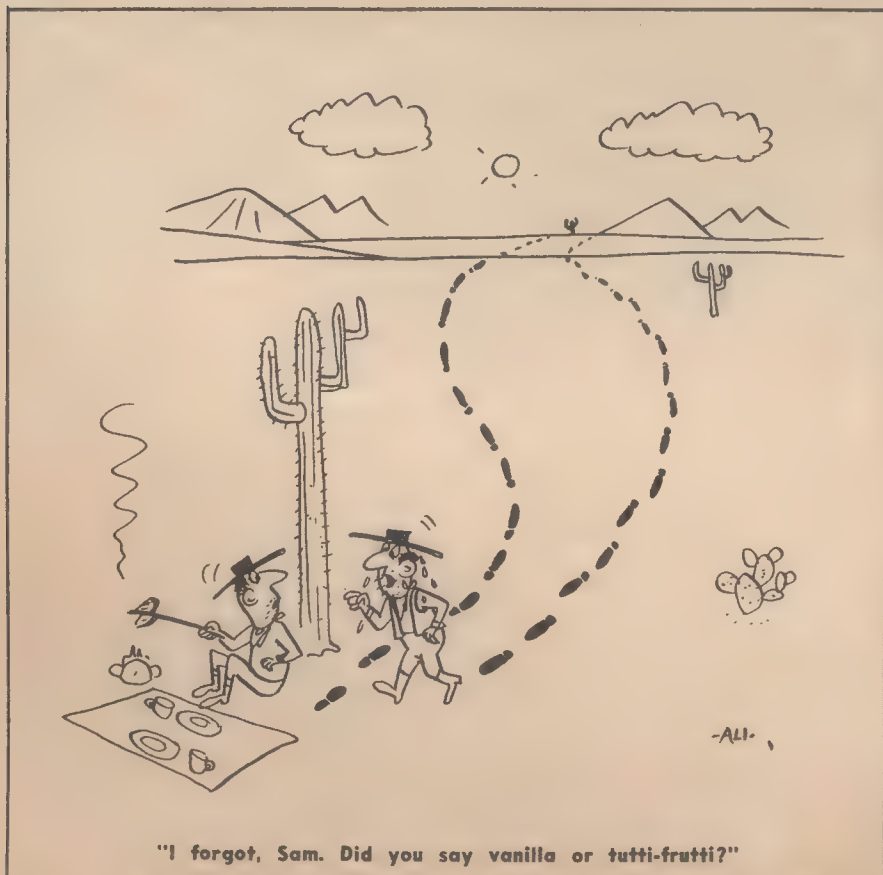
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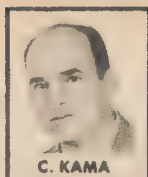
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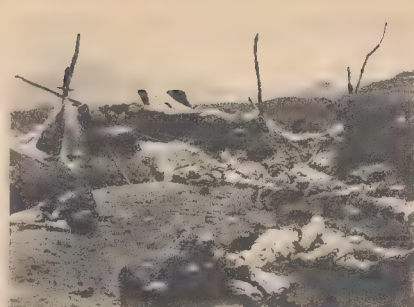
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hind the smaller launches and longboats. "I don't like it, sir," Lieutenant Commander Wheeler, Blake's next-in-command, muttered. "I don't like it at all."

Homer Blake stared thoughtfully at the silent hills lining the broad mouth of the Han River. He saw the fertile rice paddies slip by on both sides as the puffing launch plowed upstream. He knew that there should have been peasants tilling the fields—scores and even hundreds of them. But the paddies were deserted.

"I don't like it either, Wheeler," he murmured absently. "I feel that we're sailing right into a trap..."

Blake's premonition—or guess—became a blasting, crashing reality a few moments later. The Koreans had indeed set a trap. When the "survey" squadron drew abreast of Kang-wa Island, the vessels were brought under the massed fire of more than 200 cannons!

The Koreans had disguised the guns, masking them with coco mats and branches. Their forts commanded the channel and the guns rained an incredible barrage down into the river.

Luckily for the Americans, the Koreans had never been trained to shoot at anything that moved as fast as the steam-driven launches and gunboats. Their aim was wild, and their guns were brass muzzle-loaders dating back at least two centuries.

Nonetheless, the hail of shot was later described as being the "most intense ever faced by American forces to that time."

Quickly, the *Monocacy's* two 10-inch guns began returning the fire. The smaller guns aboard the *Palos* also cut loose, as did the launch-mounted howitzers.

The explosive shells rapidly blanketed the hostile guns in a blasting shower of steel. The Korean earthworks, designed to withstand low-velocity solid shot only, crumbled under the impact of the fire.

It was soon over. The defenders, overwhelmed by weapons they could scarcely imagine, much less fight against, turned and fled, leaving behind large numbers of dead.

Miraculously, the Americans suffered only a single casualty. One sailor aboard the *Monocacy* was slightly wounded—although all men on the decks of the vessels were soaked to the skin by the splash of the near-misses from the Korean guns!

Admiral Rodgers' reaction to the incident was what could have been expected.

"Treachery! Wanton treachery!" he stormed. "We shall make immediate reprisal attacks."

"Immediate" action was, however, out of the question. The salvos from the *Monocacy's* guns had loosened the vessel's moldering plates. The *Colorado*, ordered to haul anchor and set sail when

AMERICA'S 48-HOUR WAR

Continued from page 42

the first shots were heard, ran aground and had to wait for high tide to be refloated.

One of the steam launches had been damaged—not by enemy guns, but by collision with the *Monocacy*!

The angry admiral's ruffled feelings were even further shaken by a letter delivered to the flagship by a Korean delegation on June 8.

"It is a letter of apology from the Korean government," one of the messengers explained in Chinese—the only language that could be used for communication between the two sides. Ambassador Low's interpreter translated the conversation with painful slowness.

"Never mind that foolishness!" Rodgers barked. "Read the letter!"

Once that was done, the naval officer flew into a wild rage. Whether so intended—or because of errors in interpretation—the communication read not as an apology, but as an insult to the Americans.

"Throw them off my ship!" the admiral thundered.

He ordered an immediate council of war. This was held aboard the flagship. There was a slight delay while the officers posed for a portrait by the photographer who accompanied the expedition—the first cameraman, it is believed, to ever accompany U.S. forces engaged in operations overseas!

A total of 759 men, including 105 Marines, were available to make a landing on the Korean mainland. These were organized into 10 companies of infantry supported by seven artillery pieces. By 10 A.M., June 9, the men and guns had been transferred to three steam launches and 20 whaleboats, longboats and gigs.

"On to Seoul!" Admiral Rodgers shouted dramatically. "Teach the heathen a lesson they'll never forget!"

The convoy, headed by the *Monocacy*, her armament now beefed up by two nine-inch guns from the *Colorado*, headed upstream. At one P.M., the first hostile fort was sighted. A few rounds sent the garrison fleeing into the hills.

Someone had picked the landing spot by poking a pencil into a map. It was located about 800 yards below the fort. It was the worst place in the world to land anything but a flock of mud hens. The Korean gumbo mud, which would plague U.S. troops almost 80 years later, all but swallowed up the guns and men when they set foot on shore.

Five companies of infantry had to be detached—just to pull the howitzers out of the mud and get them to solid ground!

"We'd better camp for the night," Captain Blake—still in command—decided.

The Marines didn't make camp with the

bulk of the force. The Leathernecks bivouacked about half a mile from the main body. They were probably the first Americans in history to feel the force of a Korean *banzai* charge.

The Koreans came in, screaming and howling, at midnight. The Marines drove them off with their carbines, and the score stood at no casualties for either side.

"We'll move on the middle forts this morning," Captain Blake told his staff.

The 19th Century combined-ops troops advanced behind a pounding barrage from the *Monocacy's* guns. They found the middle forts deserted. Some 60 artillery pieces, ridiculous two-inch brass smoothbores, were captured.

"Make the proper notations in the journal," Blake instructed his yeoman clerk. "We didn't capture this fort—the ship's guns did the job. We'll name the place Fort Monocacy."

The column moved out quickly to capture the third fort, but this was not to be as easy as the others. The Koreans were determined to hold. The soldiers had been told they would lose face if they surrendered the last bastion—and disgrace to the Oriental was more terrifying than death!

"Charge!" Blake commanded.

The Marines and naval shore party members went up the hill leading to the walls of the fort at a dead run. They fired as they went. The Koreans triggered off volley after volley, but their ancient *jingals*—rickety smoothbore muskets—were inaccurate.

A Marine officer—a Lieutenant McKee—was the first over the parapets. A Korean shot him point-blank in the groin, but McKee killed his attacker before he collapsed.

A wild fight raged inside the mud-walled fort. But the breech-loading carbines and rifles of the attackers were too much for the Koreans.

Within an hour, the "battle" was over. More than 100 Koreans lay dead inside the fort. An equal number had fallen into the river, gunned down as they ran. Captain Blake's memoirs list 243 other Kore-

an dead as being found outside the walls of the fort.

"What'll we do with the prisoners? We've got 20, all wounded," Captain MacLane Tilton, a Marine officer, asked Blake.

"Take them to the *Monocacy* under guard—and have the ship's surgeon attend to them."

Victory? Yes, it was a victory, but not one of which anyone could be very proud or which anyone wanted to remember.

Hundreds of Koreans had been killed, and the Marines burned their bodies. American losses were negligible in contrast to the carnage the trained, disciplined troops had caused.

Three Americans were killed: Lieutenant McKee, a sailor from the *Colorado*, and a Marine from the corvette *Benicia*. Five were badly wounded, five more slightly injured.

It was an empty victory. Admiral Rodgers's supplies of ammunition and coal were depleted. His ships were in poor shape. He could not follow up the initial success and had no alternative but to prepare for a return to Yokohama.

THE campaign ended. It was the shortest "war" in United States history. American troops had spent only 48 hours on shore—less than 18 hours in the field. They had razed five forts, captured 50 flags and 500 artillery pieces, but not until 1882 would treaties be signed establishing trade and diplomatic relations between the U.S. and Korea.

Admiral Rodgers took his squadron back to Yokohama. He remained in the Orient for a few more months as commander of the U.S. Navy's Asiatic Squadron—a minor post, considering that the entire Navy consisted of only 9,500 officers and men at that time! Then he faded into obscurity.

The First Korean War was almost entirely ignored by the American press. Barely mentioned in dispatches, it was soon forgotten. Had the photographs in the National Archives not come to light recently, it might never have been remembered. ♦♦♦



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HE FLEW THROUGH THE AIR

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading "My Bottoms-Up Blimp Ride" by Arno Katt in the May issue of STAG. I saw something along the same line happen.

In 1943, while stationed at an air base at Alliance, Nebraska, I was in company B, 875 a/B Eng. Bn. One day our company was on a hike along the air strip. A C-47 came over, heading for the field. It had a nylon rope attached to it. As it passed over, we all ducked, but the rope wound around one fellow's leg. It took him up in the air, battered him up some by bouncing him on the ground. Finally the rope came loose and he fell. He was still in the hospital when we were sent overseas.

If you print this letter, no doubt you will hear from others who witnessed the incident, perhaps even the fellow who was hurt.

Larry Clark
Bend, Oregon

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

To the Editor:

Just read "The Fantastic Army of Barney Carson" in the July issue of STAG. I am a soldier of fortune myself. I am a pilot in good standing, have my passport and all necessary papers. Would like to join Carson in his next job. How can I reach him?

Mark D. Amsdell
San Antonio, Texas

To the Editor:

... I tried to locate the area in which free-lance General Carson was operating on a map. I found the towns of Puerto Cortez and San Pedro on a Rand McNally map. However, Dean Ballenger states that General Carson was fighting in Santa Rosa Province, and several maps and encyclopedias I consulted place both

towns in Cortez Department. I can't even find a Santa Rosa Province in Honduras.

Harold V. Dunn, Jr.
Santa Rosa, Calif.

Dean Ballenger answers both questions: "The names of provinces in some of those Central American countries are about as sensible as their politics. I've been informed that it is the custom for an insurrectionist to rename a province after his favorite saint, or perhaps his daughter, wife or girl friend. This may explain why Santa Rosa Province, as such, doesn't appear on the maps you consulted.

"I am preparing another story for STAG about Carson's subsequent experiences, this time as a government Indian hunter in Brazil. Carson's address and how to join his corps of Indian killers will appear in the story."

EAST, WEST, WHERE'S BEST?

To the Editor:

I enjoyed your July issue very much, especially "The Rape of the Kazakhs." I am very much interested in conditions in Kashmir, where the Kazakhs ended up. Also in Pakistan and India. Please advise me as to possible job opportunities in these areas. Also the situation as to eating, playing and, of course, women—for a single man.

Robert W. Alson
Springfield, Mo.

Write to the consulates general of India and Pakistan in New York for information. Also, you might watch the job section of Stag Confidential for further tips. Food and recreation are fields in which tastes are so divergent that we'll have to leave them up to your own experience. As for the women, we have found them splendid—for a single man—almost everywhere. What's wrong with the girls in Missouri?

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which are involved in all business and industrial work relating to machines, engines, ships, autos, planes, etc.

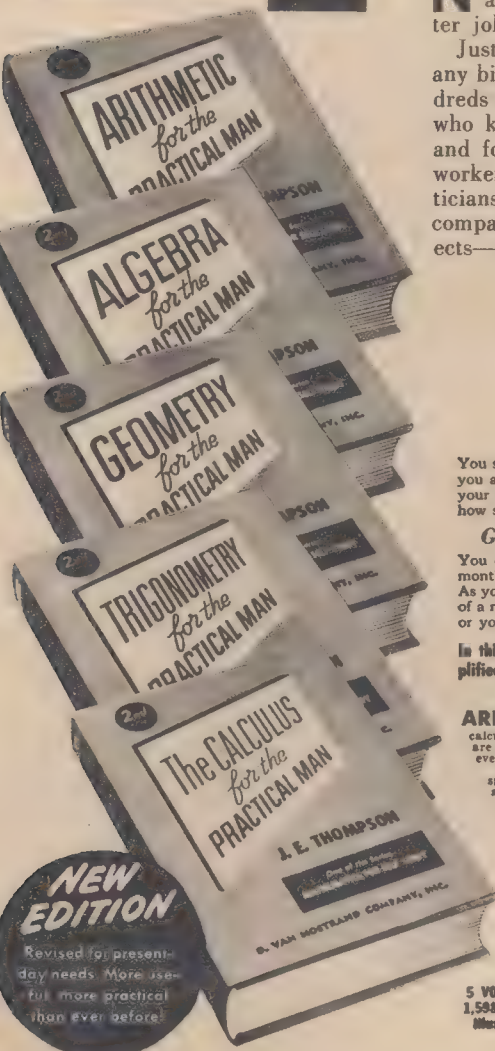
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THE MAN WHO LIVED UNDERGROUND

continued from page 29

above him and with a wild gasp of exertion he snatched the cover far enough off to admit his body. He swung his legs over the opening and lowered himself into watery darkness. He hung for an eternal moment to the rim by his fingertips, then he felt rough metal prongs and at once he knew that sewer workmen used these ridges to lower themselves into manholes. Fist over fist, he let his body sink until he could feel no more prongs. He swayed in dank space; the siren seemed to howl at the very rim of the manhole. He dropped and was washed violently into an ocean of warm, leaping water. His head was battered against a wall and he wondered if this was death. Frenziedly his fingers clawed and sank into a crevice. He steadied himself and measured the strength of the current with muscular tension. He stood slowly in water that dashed past his knees with fearful velocity.

He heard a prolonged scream of brakes and the siren broke off. Oh, God! They had found him! Looming above his head in the rain a white face hovered over the hole. "How did this damn thing get off?" he heard a policeman ask. He saw the steel cover move slowly until the hole looked like a quarter moon turned black. "Give me a hand here," someone asked. The cover clanged into place, muffling the sights and sounds of the upper world. Knee-deep in the pulsing current, he breathed with aching chest, filling his lungs with the hot stench of yeast rot.

From the perforations of the manhole cover, delicate lances of hazy violet sifted down and wove a mottled pattern upon the surface of the streaking current. His lips parted as a car swept past along the wet pavement overhead, its heavy rumble soon dying out, like the hum of a plane speeding through a dense cloud. He had never thought that cars could sound like that; everything seemed strange and unreal under here. He stood in darkness for a long time, knee-deep in rustling water, musing.

The odor of rot had become so general that he no longer smelt it. He got his cigarettes, but discovered that his matches were wet. He searched and found a dry folder in the pocket of his shirt and managed to strike one; it flared weirdly in the wet gloom, glowing greenish, turning red, orange, then yellow. He lit a crumpled cigarette; then, by the flickering light of the match, he looked for support so that he would not have to keep his muscles flexed against the pouring water. His pupils narrowed and he saw to either side of him two steaming walls that rose and

curved inward some six feet above his head to form a dripping, mouse-colored dome. The bottom of the sewer was a sloping V-trough. To left, the sewer vanished in ashen fog. To right was a steep down-curve into which water plunged.

He saw now that had he not regained his feet in time, he would have been swept to death, or had he entered any other manhole he would have probably drowned. Above the rush of the current he heard sharper juttings of water; tiny streams were spewing into the sewer from smaller conduits. The match died; he struck another and saw a mass of debris sweep past him and clog the throat of the down-curve. At once the water began rising rapidly. Could he climb out before he drowned? A long hiss sounded and the debris was sucked from sight; the current lowered. He understood now what had made the water toss the manhole cover; the down-curve had become temporarily obstructed and the perforations had become clogged.

He was in danger: he might slide into a down-curve; he might wander with a lighted match into a pocket of gas and blow himself up; or he might contract some horrible disease. . . . Though wanting to leave, an irrational impulse held him rooted. To left, the convex ceiling swooped to a height of less than five feet. With cigarette slanting from pursed lips, he waded with taut muscles, his feet sloshing over the slimy bottom, his shoes inking into spongy slop, the slate-colored water cracking in creamy foam against his knees. Pressing his flat left palm against the lowered ceiling, he struck another match and saw a metal pole nestling in a niche of the wall. Yes, some sewer workman had left it. He reached for it, then jerked his head away as a whisper of scurrying life whisked past and was still. He held the match close and saw a huge rat, wet with slime, blinking beady eyes and baring tiny fangs. The light blinded the rat and the frizzled head moved aimlessly. He grabbed the pole and let it fly against the rat's soft body; there was a shrill piping and the grizzly body splashed into the dun-colored water and was snatched out of sight, spinning in the scuttling stream.

HE swallowed and pushed on, following the curve of the cavern, sounding the water with the pole. By the faint light of another manhole cover he saw, amid loose wet brick, a hole with walls of damp earth leading into blackness. Gingerly he poked the pole into it; it was hollow and went beyond the length of the pole. He shoved the pole before him, hoisted himself upward, got to his hands and knees, and crawled.

He crept a long way, then stopped, curious, afraid. He put his right foot forward and it dangled in space; he drew back in fear. He thrust the pole outward and it swung in emptiness. He trembled, imagining the earth crumbling and burying him alive. He scratched a match and saw that the dirt floor sheered away steeply and widened into a sort of cave some five feet below him. An old sewer, he muttered. The match ceased to burn.

Using the pole as a kind of ladder, he

slid down and stood in darkness. The air was a little fresher and he could still hear vague noises. Where was he? He felt suddenly that someone was standing near him and he turned sharply, but there was only darkness. He poked cautiously and felt a brick wall; he followed it and the strange sounds grew louder. Was it a motor? A baby crying? Music? A siren? He groped on, and the sounds came so clearly that he could feel the pitch and timbre of human voices. Yes, singing! That was it! He listened with open mouth. It was a church service. Enchanted, he groped toward the waves of melody.

*Jesus, take me to your home above
And fold me in the bosom of Thy
love . . .*

The singing was on the other side of a brick wall. Excited, he wanted to watch the service without being seen. Whose church was it? He knew most of the churches in this area above ground, but the singing sounded too strange and detached for him to guess. He looked to left, to right, down to the black dirt, then upwards and was startled to see a bright sliver of light slicing the darkness like the blade of a razor. He struck one of his two remaining matches and saw rusty pipes running along an old concrete ceiling. Photographically he located the exact position of the pipes in his mind. The match flame sank and he sprang upward; his hands clutched a pipe. He swung his legs and tossed his body onto the bed of pipes and they creaked, swaying up and down; he thought that the tier was about to crash, but nothing happened. He edged to the crevice and saw a segment of black men and women, dressed in white robes, singing, holding tattered songbooks in their black palms. His first impulse was to laugh, but he checked himself.

What was he doing? He was crushed with a sense of guilt. Would God strike him dead for that? The singing swept on and he shook his head, disagreeing in spite of himself. They oughtn't to do that, he thought. But he could think of no reason *why* they should not do it. Just singing with the air of the sewer blowing in on them. . . . He felt he was gazing upon something abysmally obscene, yet he could not bring himself to leave.

After a long time he grew numb and dropped to the dirt. Pain throbbed in his legs and a deeper pain, induced by the sight of those black people groveling and begging for something they could never get, churned in him. A vague conviction made him feel that those people should stand unrepentant and yield no quarter in singing and praying, yet he had run away from the police, had pleaded with them to believe in his innocence. He shook his head, bewildered.

He groped back through the hole toward the sewer and the waves of song subsided and finally he could not hear them at all. He came to where the earth hole ended and he heard the noise of the current and time lived again for him, measuring the moments by wash of water.

The rain must have slackened, for the flow of the water had lessened and came only to his ankles. Ought he go up into the streets and take his chances on hiding somewhere else? But they would surely catch him. The mere thought of dodging

and running again from the police made him tense.

He went forward for about a quarter of an hour, wading aimlessly, poking the pole carefully before him. Then he stopped, his eyes fixed and intent. What's that? A strangely familiar image attracted and repelled him. Lit by the yellow stems from another manhole cover was a tiny nude body of a baby snagged by debris and half-submerged in water. Thinking that the baby was alive, he moved impulsively to save it, but his roused feelings told him that it was dead, cold, nothing, the same nothingness he had felt while watching the men and women singing in the church. Water blossomed about the tiny legs, the tiny arms, the tiny head, and rushed onward. The eyes were closed, as though in sleep; the fists were clenched, as though in protest; and the mouth gaped black in a soundless cry.

He straightened and drew in his breath, feeling that he had been staring for all eternity at the ripples of veined water skimming impersonally over the shriveled limbs. He felt as condemned as when the policemen had accused him. Involuntarily he lifted his hand to brush the vision away, but his arm fell listlessly to his side. Then he acted; he closed his eyes and reached forward slowly with the soggy shoe of his right foot and shoved the dead baby from where it had been lodged. He kept his eyes closed, seeing the little body twisting in the current as it floated from sight. He turned, shook his head, and tramped back to the dirt cave by the church, his lips quivering.

Back in the cave, he sat and leaned his back against a dirt wall. His body was trembling slightly. Finally his senses quieted and he slept. When he awakened he felt stiff and cold. He had to leave this foul place, but leaving meant facing those policemen who had wrongly accused him. No, he could not go back above ground. He remembered the beating they had given him and how he had signed his name to a confession, a confession which he had not even read. He had been too tired when they had shouted at him, demanding that he sign his name; he had signed it to end his pain.

He stood and groped about in the darkness. The church singing had stopped. How long had he slept? He did not know. But he felt refreshed and hungry. He doubled his fist nervously, realizing that he could not make a decision. As he walked about he stumbled over an old rusty iron pipe. He picked it up and felt a jagged edge. Yes, there was a brick wall and he could dig into it. What would he find? Smiling, he groped to the brick wall, sat, and began digging idly into damp cement. I can't make any noise, he cautioned himself. As time passed he grew thirsty, but there was no water. He had to kill time or go above ground. The cement came out of the wall easily; he extracted four bricks and felt a soft draft blowing into his face. He stopped, afraid. Who was beyond? He waited a long time and nothing happened; then he began digging again, soundlessly, slowly; he enlarged the hole and crawled through into a dark room and collided with another wall. He felt his way to the right; the wall ended and his fingers toyed in space.

like the wiggling antennae of an insect.

He fumbled on and his feet struck something hollow, like wood. What's this? He felt with his fingers. Steps. . . . He stooped and pulled off his shoes and mounted the stairs and saw a yellow chink of light shining and heard a low voice speaking. He placed his eye to a keyhole and saw the nude waxen figure of a man stretched out upon a white table. The voice, low-pitched and vibrant, mumbled indistinguishable words, neither rising nor falling. He craned his neck and squinted to see the man who was talking, but he could not locate him. Above the naked figure was suspended a huge glass container filled with a blood red liquid from which a white rubber tubing dangled. He crouched closer to the door and saw the tip end of a black object lined with pink satin. A coffin, he breathed. This is an undertaker's establishment. . . .

He turned to leave. Three steps down it occurred to him that a light-switch should be nearby; he felt along the wall, found an electric button, pressed it, and a blinding glare smote his pupils so hard that he was sightless, defenseless. His pupils contracted and he wrinkled his nostrils at a peculiar odor. At once he knew that he had been dimly aware of this odor in the darkness, but the light had brought it sharply to his attention. Some kind of stuff they use to embalm, he thought. He went down the steps and saw piles of lumber, coffins, and a long work bench. In one corner was a tool chest. Yes, he could use tools, could tunnel through walls with them. He lifted the lid of the chest and saw nails, a ham-

mer, a crowbar, a screw-driver, a light bulb, and a long length of electric wire.

He was about to hoist the chest to his shoulder when he discovered a door behind the furnace. Where did it lead? He tried to open it and found it securely bolted. Using the crowbar so as to make no sound, he pried the door open; it swung on creaking hinges, outward. Fresh air came to his face and he caught the faint roar of a faraway sound. Easy now, he told himself. He widened the door and a lump of coal rattled toward him. A coal bin. . . . Evidently the door led into another basement. The roaring noise was louder now, but he could not identify it. Where was he? He groped slowly over the coal pile, then ranged in darkness over a gritty floor. The roaring noise seemed to come from above him, then below. His fingers followed a wall until he touched a wooden ridge. A door, he breathed.

THE noise died to a low pitch; he felt his skin prickle. It seemed he was playing a game with an unseen person whose intelligence outstripped his. He put his ear to the flat surface of the door. Yes, voices. . . . Was this a prizefight stadium? The sound of the voices came clear and sharp, but he could not tell if they were joyous or despairing. He twisted the knob till he heard a soft click and felt the springy weight of the door swinging toward him. He was afraid to open it, yet captured by curiosity and wonder. He jerked the door wide and saw on the far side of the basement a furnace glowing red. Ten feet away was still another



I've got to hide, he told himself, as he crouched in the dark vestibule.

door, half ajar. He crossed and peered through the door into an empty, high-ceilinged corridor that terminated in a dark complex of shadow. The belling voices rolled about him and his eagerness mounted. He stepped into the corridor and the voices swelled louder. He crept on and came to a narrow stairway leading circularly upwards; there was no question but that he was going to ascend those stairs.

Mounting the spiraled staircase, he heard the voices roll in a steady wave, then leap to crescendo, only to die away, but always remaining audible. Ahead of him glowed red letters: E — X — I — T. At the top of the steps he paused in front of a black curtain that fluttered uncertainly. He parted the folds and looked into a convex depth that gleamed with clusters of shimmering lights. Sprawling below him was a stretch of human faces, tilted upwards, chanting, whistling, screaming, laughing. Dangling before the faces, high upon a screen of silver, were jerking shadows. A movie, he said with slow laughter breaking from his lips.

He stood in a box in the reserved section of a movie house and the impulse he had had to tell the people in the church to stop their singing seized him. These people are *laughing* at their lives, he thought with amazement. They were shouting and yelling at the animated shadows of themselves. His compassion fired his imagination and he stepped out of the box, walked out upon thin air, walked on down to the audience; and, hovering in air just above them, he stretched out his hand to touch them. . . . His tension snapped and he found himself back in the box, looking down into the sea of faces. No; it could not be done; he could not awaken them. He sighed. Yes, these people were children, sleeping in their living, awake in their dying.

He turned away, parted the black curtain and looked out. He saw no one. He started down the white stone steps and when he reached the bottom he saw a white man in trim blue uniform coming towards him.

"Looking for the men's room, sir?" the man asked; and, without waiting for an answer, he turned and pointed: "This way sir. The first door to your right."

He watched the man turn and walk up the steps and go out of sight. Then he laughed. What a funny fellow . . . ! He went back to the basement and stood in the red darkness, watching the glowing embers in the furnace. He went to the sink and turned the faucet and the water flowed in a smooth silent stream that looked like a spout of blood. He brushed the mad image from his mind and began to wash his hands leisurely, looking about for the usual bar of soap. He found one and rubbed it in his palms until a rich lather bloomed in his cupped fingers, like a scarlet sponge. He scrubbed and rinsed his hands meticulously, then hunted for a towel; there was none. He shut off the water, pulled off his shirt, dried his hands on it; when he put it on again he was grateful for the cool dampness that came to his skin.

Yes, he was thirsty; he turned on the faucet again, bowled his fingers and when

the water bubbled over the brim of his cupped palms, he drank in long, slow swallows. His bladder grew tight; he shut off the water, faced the wall, bent his head and watched a red stream strike the floor.

He heard footsteps and crawled quickly into the coal bin. Lumps rattled noisily. The footsteps came into the basement and stopped. Who was it? For a long time there was silence, then he heard the clang of metal and a brighter glow lit the room. Somebody's tending the furnace, he thought. Footsteps came closer and he stiffened. Looming before him was a white face lined with coal dust, the face of an old man with watery blue eyes. Highlights spotted his gaunt cheekbones, and he held a huge shovel. There was a screechy scrape of metal against stone, and the old man lifted a shovel full of coal and went from sight.

THE room dimmed momentarily, then a yellow glare came as coal flared at the furnace door. Six times the old man came to the bin and went to the furnace with shovels of coal, but not once did he lift his eyes. Finally he dropped the shovel, mopped his face with a dirty handkerchief, and sighed: the furnace door banged shut; the old man shuffled back to the coal bin, "Wheew. . . ." He turned slowly and trudged out of the basement, his footsteps dying away.

He stood, and lumps of coal clattered

down the pile. He stepped from the bin and was startled to see the shadowy outline of an electric bulb hanging above his head. Why had not the old man turned it on? Oh, yes. . . . He understood. The old man had worked here for so long that he had no need for light.

His eyes fell upon a lunch pail and he was afraid to hope that it was full. He picked it up; it was heavy. He opened it. *Sandwiches . . . !* He looked guiltily around; he was alone. He searched farther and found a folder of matches and a half empty tin of tobacco; he put them eagerly into his pocket and clicked off the light. With the lunch pail under his arm, he went through the door, groped over the pile of coal, and stood again in the lighted basement of the undertaking establishment. I've got to get those tools, he told himself. And turn off that light. . . . He tiptoed back up the steps and switched off the light; the invisible voice still droned on behind the door. He crept down and, seeing with his fingers, opened the lunch pail and tore off a piece of paper bag and brought out the tin and spilled grains of tobacco into the makeshift concave. He rolled it and wet it with spittle, then inserted one end into his mouth and lit it; he sucked smoke that bit his lungs.

He carted the tools to the hole he had made in the wall. Would the noise of the falling chest betray him? But he would have to take a chance; he had to have

He balanced himself on the slimy bottom and swung at the rat's body.



those tools. He lifted the chest and shoved it; it hit the dirt on the other side of the wall with a loud clatter. He waited, listening; nothing happened. Head first, he slithered through and stood in the cave. He grinned, filled with a cunning idea. Yes, he would now go back into the basement of the undertaking establishment and crouch behind the coal pile and dig another hole. Sure! Fumbling, he opened the tool chest and extracted a crowbar, the screw-driver, and a hammer; he fastened them securely about his person.

With another lumpish cigarette in his flexed lips, he crawled back through the hole and over the coal pile and sat, facing the brick wall. He jabbed with the crowbar and the cement sheered away; quicker than he thought, a brick came loose. He worked an hour; the other bricks did not come easily. He sighed, weak from effort. I ought to rest a little, he thought. I'm hungry. . . . He felt his way back to the cave and stumbled along the wall till he came to the tool chest. He sat upon it, opened the lunch pail and took out two thick sandwiches. He smelt them. Porkchops. . . .! His mouth watered. He closed his eyes and devoured a sandwich, savoring the smooth rye bread and juicy meat. He ate rapidly, gulping down lumpy mouthfuls that made him long for water. He ate the other sandwich and found an apple and gobbled that up too, sucking the core till the last trace of flavor was drained from it. Then, like a dog, he ground the meat bones with his teeth, enjoying the salty, tangy marrow. He finished and stretched out full length on the ground and went to sleep. . . .

. . . His body was washed by cold water that gradually turned warm and he was buoyed upon a stream and swept out to sea where waves rolled gently and suddenly he found himself walking upon the water how strange and delightful to walk upon the water and he came upon a nude woman holding a nude baby in her arms and the woman was sinking into the water and holding the baby above her head and screaming *help* and he ran over the water to the woman and he reached her just before she went down and he took the baby from her hands and stood watching the breaking bubbles where the woman sank and he called *lady* but there was no answer and he called again *lady* and still no answer yes dive down there and rescue that woman but he could not take this baby with him and he stooped and laid the baby tenderly upon the surface of the water expecting it to sink but it floated and he leaped into the water and held his breath and strained his eyes to see through the gloomy volume of water but there was no woman and he opened his mouth and called *lady* and the water bubbled and his chest ached and his arms were tired but he could not see the woman and he called again *lady lady* and his feet touched sand at the bottom of the sea and his chest felt as though it would burst and he bent his knees and propelled himself upward and water rushed past him and his head bobbed out and he breathed deeply and looked around where was the baby the baby was gone and he rushed over the water looking for the

baby calling *where is it* and the empty sky and sea threw back his voice *where is it* and he began to doubt that he could stand upon the water and then he was sinking and as he struggled the water rushed him downward spinning dizzily and he opened his mouth to call for help and water surged into his lungs and he choked. . . .

He groaned and leaped erect in the dark, his eyes wide. The images of terror that thronged his brain would not let him sleep. He rose, made sure that the tools were hitched to his belt, and groped his way to the coal pile and found the rectangular gap from which he had taken the bricks. He took out the crowbar and hacked. Then dread paralyzed him. How long had he slept? Was it day or night now? He had to be careful.

Having rested, he found the digging much easier. He soon had a dozen bricks out. His spirits rose. He took out another brick and his fingers fluttered in space. Good! What lay ahead of him? Another basement? He made the hole larger, climbed through, walked over an uneven floor and felt a metal surface. He lighted a match and saw that he was standing behind a furnace in a basement; before him, on the far side of the room, was a door. He crossed and opened it; it was full of odds and ends. Daylight spilled from a window above his head. Then he was aware of a soft, continuous tapping. What was it? A clock? No, it was louder than a clock and more irregular. He placed an old empty box beneath the window, stood upon it, and looked into an areaway. He eased the window up and crawled through; the sound of the tapping came clearly now. He glanced about; he was alone. Then he looked upward at a series of window ledges. The tapping identified itself. That's a typewriter, he said to himself. It seemed to be coming from just above him. He grasped the ridges of a rainpipe and lifted himself upward; through a half-inch opening of window he saw a doorknob about three feet away. No, it was not a doorknob; it was a small circular disc made of stainless steel with many fine markings upon it. He held his breath; an eerie white hand, seemingly detached from its arm, touched the metal knob and twirled it, first to left, then to right. It's a safe. . . .! Suddenly he could see the dial no more; a huge metal door swung slowly towards him and he was looking into a safe filled with green wads of paper money, rows of coins wrapped in brown paper, and glass jars and boxes of various sizes. His heart quickened. Good Lord! The white hand went in and out of the safe, taking wads of bills and cylinders of coins. The hand vanished and he heard the muffled click of the big door as it closed. Only the steel dial was visible now. The typewriter still tapped in his ears, but he could not see it. He blinked, wondering if what he had seen was real. There was more money in that safe than he had seen in all his life.

STILL clinging to the rainpipe, a daring idea came to him and he pulled the screwdriver from his belt. If the white hand twirled that dial again, he would be able to see how far to left and right it spun

and he would have the combination! His blood tingled. I can scratch the numbers right here, he thought. Holding the pipe with one hand, he made the sharp edge of the screw-driver bite into the brick wall. Yes, he could do it. Now, he was set. Now, he had a reason for staying here in the underground. He waited for a long time, but the white hand did not return. Goddamn!

How could he get into that room? He climbed back into the basement and saw wooden steps leading upwards. Was that the room where the safe stood? He mounted the steps to the door and squinted through the keyhole; all was dark, but the tapping was still somewhere near, still faint and directionless. He pushed the door in; along one wall of a room was a table piled with radios and electrical equipment. A radio shop, he muttered.

Well, he could rig up a radio in his cave. He found a sack, slid the radio into it and slung it across his back. Closing the door, he went down the steps and stood again in the basement, disappointed. He had not solved the problem of the steel dial and he was irked. He set the radio on the floor and again hoisted himself through the window and up the rainpipe and squinted; the metal door was swinging shut. Goddamn. . . .! He's worked the combination again. . . .! If I had been patient, I'd have had it! How could he get into that room? He *had* to get into it. He could jimmy the window, but it would be much better if he could get in without any traces. To the right of him, he calculated, should be the basement of the building that held the safe; therefore, if he dug a hole right *here*, he ought to reach his goal.

He began a quiet scraping; it was hard work, for the bricks were not damp. He eventually got one out and lowered it softly to the floor.

He enlarged the hole and pulled himself through and stood in quiet darkness. He scratched a match to flame and saw steps; he mounted and peered through a keyhole: Darkness. . . . He strained to hear the typewriter, but there was only silence. Maybe the office had closed? He twisted the knob and swung the door in; a frigid blast made him shiver. In the shadows before him were halves and quarters of hogs and lambs and steers hanging from metal hooks on the low ceiling, red meat encased in folds of cold white fat. Fronting him was a frost-coated glass from behind which came indistinguishable sounds. The odor of fresh raw meat sickened him and he backed away. A meat market, he whispered.

He ducked his head, suddenly blinded by light. He narrowed his eyes; the red-white rows of meat were drenched in yellow glare. A man wearing a crimson-spotted jacket came in and took down a bloody meat cleaver. He eased the door to, holding it ajar just enough to watch the man, hoping that the darkness in which he stood would keep him from being seen. The man took down a hunk of steer and placed it upon a bloody wooden block and bent forward and whacked with the cleaver. After he had cut the meat, he wiped blood off the wooden block with a sticky wad of gunny sack and hung the cleaver upon a hook.

The door slammed and the light went off; once more he stood in shadow. His tension ebbed. From behind the frosted glass he heard the man's voice: "Forty-eight cents a pound, Ma'am." He shuddered, feeling that there was something he had to do. But what? He stared fixedly at the cleaver, then he sneezed and was terrified for fear that the man had heard him. But the door did not open. He took down the cleaver and examined the sharp edge smeared with cold blood. Behind the ice-coated glass a cash register rang with a vibrating, musical tinkle.

Absentmindedly holding the meat cleaver, he rubbed the glass with his thumb and cleared a spot that enabled him to see into the front of the store. The shop was empty, save for the man who was now putting on his hat and coat. Beyond the front window a wan sun shone in the streets; people passed and now and then a fragment of laughter or the whir of a speeding auto came to him. He peered closer and saw on the right counter of the shop a mosquito netting covering pears, grapes, lemons, oranges, bananas, peaches, and plums. His stomach contracted.

The man clicked out the light and he gritted his teeth, muttering, Don't lock the icebox door . . . ! The man went through the door of the shop and locked it from the outside. Thank God! Now he would eat some more! He waited, trembling. The sun died and its rays lingered on in the sky, turning the streets to dusk. He opened the door and stepped inside the shop. In reverse letters across the front window was: NICK'S FRUITS AND MEATS. He laughed, picked up a soft ripe yellow pear and bit into it; juice squirted; his mouth ached as his saliva glands reacted to the acid of the fruit. He ate three pears, gobbled six bananas, and made away with several oranges, biting out their tops and sucking the juice.

HE found a faucet, turned it, laid the cleaver aside, pursed his lips under the stream until his stomach felt about to burst. He straightened and belched, feeling satisfied for the first time since he had been underground. He sat upon the floor, rolled and lit a cigarette, his blood-shot eyes squinting against the film of drifting smoke. Some part of him was trying to remember the world he had left, and another part of him did not want to remember it. Sprawling before him in his mind was his wife, Mrs. Wooten for whom he worked, the three policemen who had picked them up. . . . He possessed them now more completely than he had ever possessed them when he had lived above ground. How this had come about he could not say, but he had no desire to go back to them. He laughed, crushed the cigarette, and stood up.

He went to the front door and gazed out. Emotionally he hovered between the world above ground and the world underground. He longed to go out, but sober judgment urged him to remain here. Then impulsively he pried the lock loose with one swift twist of the crowbar; the door swung outward. Through the twilight he saw a white man and a white woman coming towards him. He held himself tense, waiting for them to pass;

but they came directly to the door and confronted him.

"I want to buy a pound of grapes," the woman said.

Terrified, he stepped back into the store. The white man stood to one side and the woman entered.

"Were you just closing?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he mumbled.

"I'm sorry," the woman said.

The street lamps came on, lighting the store somewhat. Ought he run? But that would raise an alarm. He moved slowly, dreamily, to a counter and lifted up a bunch of grapes and showed them to the woman.

"Fine," the woman said. "But isn't that more than a pound?"

He did not answer. The man was staring at him intently.

"Put them in a bag for me," the woman said, fumbling with her purse.

"Yes, ma'am."

He saw a pile of paper bags under a narrow ledge; he opened one and put the grapes in.

"Thanks," the woman said, taking the bag and placing a dime in his dark palm.

"Where's Nick?" the man asked. "At supper?"

"Sir? Yes, sir," he breathed.

They left the store and he stood trembling in the doorway. When they were out of sight, he burst out laughing and crying. A trolley-car rolled noisily past and he controlled himself quickly. He flung the dime to the pavement with a gesture of contempt and stepped into the warm night air. A few shy stars trembled above him. The look of things was beautiful, yet he felt a lurking threat. He went to an unattended newsstand and looked at a stack of papers. He saw a headline: HUNT NEGRO FOR MURDER.

He felt that someone had slipped up on him from behind and was stripping off his clothes; he looked about wildly, went quickly back into the store, picked up the meat cleaver where he had left it near the sink, then made his way through the icebox to the basement. He stood for a long time, breathing heavily. They know I didn't do anything, he muttered. But how could he prove it? He had signed a confession. Though innocent, he felt guilty, condemned. He struck a match and held it near the steel blade, fascinated and repelled by the dried blotches of blood. Then his fingers gripped the handle of the cleaver with all the strength of his body, he wanted to fling the cleaver from him, but he could not. The match flame wavered and fled; he struggled through the hole and put the cleaver in the sack with the radio. He was determined to keep it, for what purpose he did not know.

He was about to leave when he remembered the safe. Where was it? He wanted to give up, but felt that he ought to make one more try. Opposite the last hole he had dug, he tunneled again, plying the crowbar. Once he was so exhausted that he lay on the concrete floor and panted. Finally he made another hole. He wriggled through and his nostrils filled with the fresh smell of coal. He struck a match; yes, the usual steps led upward. He tiptoed to a door and eased it open. A fair-haired white girl

stood in front of a steel cabinet, her blue eyes wide upon him. She turned chalky and gave a high-pitched scream. He bounded down the steps and raced to his hole and clambered through, replacing the bricks with nervous haste. He paused, hearing loud voices.

"What's the matter, Alice?"

"A man. . . ."

"What man? Where . . . ?"

"He was looking at me through the door!"

"Aw, you're dreaming."

"I *did* see a man!"

The girl was crying now.

"There's nobody here."

Another man's voice sounded.

"What is it, Bob?"

"Alice says she saw a man in here, in that door. . . ."

"Let's take a look."

He waited, poised for flight. Footsteps descended the stairs.

"There's nobody down here."

"The window's locked."

"And there's no door."

"You ought to fire that dame."

"Oh, I don't know. Women are that way."

"She's too hysterical."

The men laughed. Footsteps sounded again on the stairs. A door slammed. He sighed, relieved that he had escaped. But he had not done what he had set out to do; his glimpse of the room had been too brief to determine if the safe was there. He had to know. Boldly he groped through the hole once more; he reached the steps and pulled off his shoes and tiptoed up and peered through the keyhole. His head accidentally touched the door and it swung silently in a fraction of an inch; he saw the girl bent over the cabinet, her back to him. Beyond her was the safe. He crept back down the steps, thinking exultingly: I found it!

Now he had to get the combination. Even if the window in the areaway was locked and bolted, he could gain entrance when the office closed. He scoured through the holes he had dug and stood again in the basement where he had left the radio and the cleaver. Again he crawled out of the window and lifted himself up the rainpipe and peered. The steel dial showed lonely and bright, reflecting the yellow glow of an unseen light. Resigned to a long wait, he sat and leaned against a wall. Frequently he rose and climbed the pipe to see the white hand spin the dial, but nothing happened. He bit his lips with impatience. It was not the money that was luring him, but the mere fact that he could get it with impunity.

Perhaps it would be better to watch continuously? Yes; he clung to the pipe and watched the dial until his eyes thickened with tears. Exhausted, he stood again in the areaway. He heard a door being shut and he clawed up the pipe and looked. He jerked tense as a vague figure passed in front of him. He stared unblinking, hugging the pipe with one hand and holding the screw-driver with the other, ready to etch the combination upon the wall. His ears caught: Dong . . . Dong . . . Dong . . . Dong . . . Dong . . . Dong . . . Seven o'clock, he whispered. Maybe they were closing

now? What kind of a store would be open as late as this? he wondered. Did anyone live in the rear? Was there a night watchman? Perhaps the safe was *already* locked for the night! Goddamn! While he had been eating in that shop, they had locked up everything. . . . Then, just as he was about to give up, the white hand touched the dial and turned it once to right and stopped. With quivering fingers, he etched 1-R-6 upon the brick wall with the tip of the screw-driver. The hand twirled the dial twice to left and stopped at two and he engraved 2-L-2 upon the wall. The dial was spun four times to right and stopped at six again; he wrote 4-R-6. The dial rotated three times to left and was centered straight up and down; again he wrote 3-L-0. The door swung open and again he saw the piles of green money and the rows of wrapped coins. I got it, he said grimly.

THEN he was stone still, astonished. There were two hands now. A right hand lifted a wad of green bills and deftly slipped it up the sleeve of a left arm. The hands trembled; again the right hand slipped a packet of bills up the left sleeve. He's stealing, he said to himself. He grew indignant, as if the money belonged to him. Though *he* had planned to steal the money, he despised and pitied the man. He felt that his stealing the money and the man's stealing were two entirely alien things. He wanted to steal the money merely for the sensation involved in getting it, and he had no intention whatever of spending a penny of it; but he knew that the man who was now stealing it was going to spend it, perhaps for pleasure. The huge steel door closed with a soft click.

Though angry, he was somewhat satisfied. The office would close soon. I'll clean the place out, he mused. He imagined the entire office staff cringing with fear; the police would question everyone for a crime they had not committed, just as they had questioned him. And they would have no idea of how the money had been stolen until they discovered the holes he had tunneled in the walls of the basements. He lowered himself and laughed mischievously, with the abandoned glee of an adolescent.

He flattened himself against the wall as the window above him closed with rasping sound. He looked; somebody was bolting the window securely with a metal screen. That won't help you, he snickered to himself. He clung to the rainpipe until the yellow light in the office went out. He went back into the basement, picked up the sack containing the radio and cleaver and crawled through the two holes he had dug and groped his way into the basement of the building that held the safe. He moved in slow motion, breathing softly. Be careful now, he told himself. There might be a night watchman. . . .

Perhaps the night watchman was waiting in there, ready to shoot. He dangled his cap on a forefinger and poked it past the jamb of the door. If anyone fired, they would hit his cap; but nothing happened. He entered the room. Moonlight flooded in from a side window. He confronted the safe, then checked himself. Better take a look around first. . . . He



Above the naked figure was a glass container, and he knew what it was.

stepped about and found a closed door. Was the night watchman in there? He opened it and saw a washbowl, a faucet, and a commode. To the left was still another door that opened into a huge dark room that seemed empty; on the far side of that room he made out the shadow of still another door. Nobody's here, he told himself.

He turned back to the safe and fingered the dial; it spun with ease. He laughed and twirled it just for fun. Get to work, he told himself. He turned the dial to the figures he saw on the blackboard of his memory; it was so easy that he felt that the safe had not been locked at all. The heavy door eased loose and he caught hold of the handle and pulled hard, but the door swung open with a slow momentum of its own. Breathless, he gaped at wads of green bills, rows of wrapped coins, curious glass jars full of white pellets, and many oblong green metal boxes. He glanced guiltily over his shoulder; it seemed impossible that someone should not call to him to stop.

They'll be surprised in the morning, he thought. He opened the top of the sack and lifted a wad of compactly tied bills; the money was crisp and new. He admired the smooth, clean-cut edges. The fellows in Washington sure know how to make this stuff, he mused. He rubbed the money with his fingers, as though expecting it to reveal hidden qualities. He lifted the wad to his nose and smelt the fresh odor of ink.

There was in him no sense of possessiveness; he was intrigued with the form and color of the money, with the mani-

fold reactions which he knew that men above ground held toward it. The sack was one-third full when it occurred to him to examine the denominations of the bills; without realizing it, he had put many wads of one-dollar bills into the sack. Aw, nuts, he said in disgust. Take the big ones. . . . He dumped the one-dollar bills onto the floor and swept all the hundred-dollar bills he could find into the sack, then he raked in rolls of coins with crooked fingers.

He walked to a desk upon which sat a typewriter, the same machine which the blonde girl had used. He was fascinated by it; never in his life had he used one of them. It was a queer instrument of business, something beyond the rim of his life. Whenever he had been in an office where a girl was typing, he had almost always spoken in whispers. Remembering vaguely what he had seen others do, he inserted a sheet of paper into the machine; it went in lopsided and he did not know how to straighten it. Spelling in a soft, diffident voice, he pecked out his name on the keys: *freddaniels*. He looked at it and laughed. He would learn to type correctly one of these days.

Yes, he would take the typewriter too. He lifted the machine and placed it atop the bulk of money in the sack. He did not feel that he was stealing, for the cleaver, the radio, the money, and the typewriter were all on the same level of value, all meant the same thing to him. They were the serious toys of the men who lived in the dead world of sunshine and rain he had left, the world that had condemned him, branded him guilty.



At the sight of him in the doorway, the girl let out a blood-curdling scream.

But what kind of a place is this? he wondered. What was in that dark room to his rear? He felt for his matches and found that he had only one left. He leaned the sack against the safe and groped forward into the room, encountering smooth, metallic objects that felt like machines. Baffled, he touched a wall and tried vainly to locate an electric switch. Well, he *had* to strike his last match. He knelt and struck it, cupping the flame near the floor with his palms. The place seemed to be a factory, with benches and tables. There were bulbs with green shades spaced about the tables; he turned on a light and twisted it low so that the glare was limited. He saw a half-filled packet of cigarettes and appropriated it. He wandered and found a few half-used folders of matches.

But what kind of a place was this? On a bench he saw a pad of paper captioned: **PEER'S — MANUFACTURING JEWELERS**. His lips formed an 'O,' then he snapped off the light and ran back to the safe and lifted one of the glass jars and stared at the tiny white pellets. Gingerly he picked up one and found that it was wrapped in tissue paper. He peeled the paper and saw a glittering stone that looked like glass, glinting white and blue sparks. Diamonds, he breathed.

Roughly he tore the paper from the pellets and soon his palm quivered with precious fire. Trembling, he took all four glass jars from the safe and put them into the sack. He grabbed one of the metal boxes, shook it, and heard a tinny rattle. He pried the lid off with the screwdriver. Rings! Hundreds of them . . . !

Were they worth anything? He scooped up a handful and jets of fire shot fitfully from the stones. These are diamonds too, he said. He pried open another box. Watches! A chorus of soft, metallic ticking filled his ears. For a moment he could not move, then he dumped all the boxes into the sack.

He shut the safe door, then stood looking around, anxious not to overlook anything. Oh! He had seen a door in the room where the machines were. What was in there? More valuables? He re-entered the room, crossed the floor and stood undecided before the door. He finally caught hold of the knob and pushed the door in; the room beyond was dark. He advanced cautiously inside and ran his fingers along the wall for the usual switch, then he was stark still. Something had moved in the room! What was it?

HE tensed again as he heard a faint sigh; he was now convinced that there was something alive near him. On tiptoe he felt along the wall, hoping he would not collide with anything. Luck was with him; he found the light switch.

No; don't turn the light on. . . . Then suddenly he realized that he did not know in what direction the door was. God-damn! He had to turn the light on or strike a match. He fingered the switch for a long time, then thought of an idea. He knelt upon the floor, reached his arm up to the switch and flicked the button, hoping that if anyone shot, the bullet would go above his head. The moment the light came on he narrowed his eyes to see quickly. He sucked in his breath

and his body gave a violent twitch and was still. In front of him, so close that it made him want to bound up and scream, was a human face.

He was afraid to move lest he touch the man. If the man had opened his eyes at that moment, there was no telling what he might have done. The man—long and raw-boned—was stretched out on his back upon a little cot, sleeping in his clothes, his head cushioned by a dirty pillow; his face, clouded by a dark stubble of beard, looked straight up to the ceiling. The man sighed and he grew tense to defend himself; the man mumbled and turned his face away from the light. I've got to turn off that light, he thought. Just as he was about to rise, he saw a gun and cartridge belt on the floor at the man's side. Yes, he would take the gun and cartridge belt, not to use them, but just to keep them, as one takes a memento from a country fair. He picked them up and was about to click off the light when his eyes fell upon a photograph perched upon a chair near the man's head; it was the picture of a woman, smiling, shown against a background of open fields; at the woman's side were two young children, a boy and a girl. He smiled indulgently; he could send a bullet into that man's brain and time would be over for him. . . .

He clicked off the light and crept silently back into the room where the safe stood; he fastened the cartridge belt about him and adjusted the holster at his right hip. He strutted about the room on tiptoe, lolling his head nonchalantly, then paused abruptly, pulled the gun and pointed it with grim face toward an imaginary foe. "Boom!" he whispered fiercely. Then he bent forward with silent laughter. That's just like they do it in the movies, he said.

He contemplated his loot for a long time, then got a towel from the wash-room and tied the sack securely. When he looked up he was momentarily frightened by his shadow looming on the wall before him. He lifted the sack, dragged it down the basement steps, lugged it across the basement, gasping for breath. After he had struggled through the hole, he clumsily replaced the bricks, then tussled with the sack until he got it to the cave. He stood in the dark, wet with sweat, brooding about the diamonds, the rings, the watches, the money; he remembered the singing in the church, the people yelling in the movie, the dead baby, the nude man stretched out upon the white table . . . He saw these items hovering before his eyes and felt that some dim meaning linked them together, that some magical relationship made them kin. He stared with vacant eyes, convinced that all of these images, with their tongueless reality, were striving to tell him something. . . .

Later, seeing with his fingers, he untied the sack and set each item neatly upon the dirt floor. Exploring, he took the bulb, the socket, and the wire out of the tool chest; he was elated to find a double socket at one end of the wire. He crammed the stuff into his pockets and hoisted himself upon the rusty pipes and squinted into the church; it was dim and empty. Somewhere in this wall were

live electric wires; but where? He lowered himself, groped and tapped the wall with the butt of the screw-driver, listening vainly for hollow sounds. I'll just take a chance and dig, he said.

For an hour he tried to dislodge a brick, and when he struck a match he found that he had dug a depth of only an inch! No use in digging here, he sighed. By the flickering light of a match, he looked upward, then lowered his eyes, only to glance up again, startled. Directly above his head, beyond the pipes, was a wealth of electric wiring. I'll be damned, he snickered.

HE got an old dull knife from the chest and, seeing again with his fingers, separated the two strands of wire and cut away the insulation. Twice he received a slight shock. He scraped the wiring clean and managed to join the two twin-ends, then screwed in the bulb. The sudden illumination blinded him and he shut his lids to kill the pain in his eyeballs. I've got that much done, he thought jubilantly.

He placed the bulb on the dirt floor and the light cast a blatant glare on the bleak clay walls. Next he plugged one end of the wire that dangled from the radio into the light socket and bent down and switched on the button; almost at once there was the harsh sound of static, but no words of music. Why won't it work? he wondered. Had he damaged the mechanism in any way? Maybe it needed grounding? Yes. . . . He rummaged in the tool chest and found another length of wire, fastened it to the ground of the radio, and then tied the opposite end to a pipe. Rising and growing distinct, a slow strain of music entranced him with its measured sound. He sat upon the chest, deliriously happy.

Later he searched again in the chest and found a half-gallon can of glue; he opened it and smelt a sharp odor. Then he recalled that he had not even looked at the money. He took a wad of green bills and weighed it in his palm, then broke the seal and held one of the bills up to the light and studied it closely. *The United States of America will pay to the bearer on demand one hundred dollars*, he read in slow speech; then: *This note is legal tender for all debts public and private*. . . . He broke into a musing laugh, feeling that he was reading of the doings of people who lived on some far-off planet. He turned the wad over and saw on the other side of the bill a beautiful building with soaring columns and wide circular steps leading up to an imposing entrance. He had no desire whatever to count the money; it was what it stood for—the various currents of life swirling above ground—that captivated him. Next he opened the rolls of coins and let them slide from their paper wrappings to the ground; the bright, new gleaming pennies and nickels and dimes piled high at his feet, a glowing mound of shimmering copper and silver. He sifted them through his fingers, listening to their tinkle as they struck the conical heap.

Oh, yes! He had forgotten. He would now write his name on the typewriter. He inserted a piece of paper and poised

his fingers to write. But, what was his name? He stared, trying to remember. He stood and glared about the dirt cave, his name on the tip of his lips. But it would not come to him. Why was he here? Yes, he had been running away from the police. But why? His mind was blank. He bit his lips and sat again, feeling a vague terror. But why worry? He laughed, then pecked slowly: *itwasalong-hotday*. He was determined to type the sentence without making any mistakes. How did one make capital letters? He experimented and luckily discovered how to lock the machine for capital letters and then shift it back to lower case. Next he discovered how to make spaces, then he wrote neatly and correctly: *It was a long hot day*. Just why he selected that sentence he did not know; it was merely the ritual of performing the thing that appealed to him. He took the sheet out of the machine and looked around with stiff neck and hard eyes and spoke to an imaginary person:

"Yes, I'll have the contracts ready tomorrow."

He laughed. That's just the way they talk, he said. He grew weary of the game and pushed the machine aside. His eyes fell upon the can of glue, and a mischievous idea boomed in him, filling him with nervous eagerness. He leaped up and opened the can of glue, then broke the seals on all the wads of money. I'm going to have some wallpaper, he said with a luxurious, physical laugh that made him bend at the knees. He took the towel with which he had tied the sack and balled it into a swab and dipped it into the can of glue and dabbed glue onto the wall; then he pasted one green bill by the side of another. He stepped back and cocked his head. He slapped his thighs and guffawed. He had triumphed over the world above ground! He was free! If only people could see this! He wanted to run from this cave and yell his discovery to the world.

He swabbed all the dirt walls of the cave and pasted them with green bills; when he had finished the walls blazed with a yellow-green fire. Yes, this room would be his hideout; between him and the world that had branded him guilty would stand this mocking symbol. He had not stolen the money; he had simply picked it up, just as a man would pick up firewood in a forest. And that was how the world above ground now seemed to him, a wild forest filled with death.

The walls of money finally palled on him and he looked about for new interests to feed his emotions. The cleaver! He drove a nail into the wall and hung the bloody cleaver upon it. Still another idea welled up. He pried open the metal boxes and lined them side by side on the dirt floor. He grinned at the gold and fire. From one box he lifted up a fistful of ticking gold watches and dangled them by their gleaming chains. He stared with an idle smile, then began to wind them; he did not attempt to set them at any given hour, for there was no time for him now. He took a fistful of nails and drove them into the papered walls and hung the watches upon them, letting them swing down by their glittering chains, trembling and ticking

busily against the backdrop of green with the lemon sheen of the electric light shining upon the metal watch casings, converting the golden discs into blobs of liquid yellow. Hardly had he hung up the last watch than the idea extended itself; he took more nails from the chest and drove them into the green paper and took the boxes of rings and went from nail to nail and hung up the golden bands. The blue and white sparks from the stones filled the cave with brittle laughter, as though enjoying his hilarious secret. People certainly can do some funny things, he said to himself.

He sat upon the tool chest, alternately laughing and shaking his head soberly. Hours later he became conscious of the gun sagging at his hip and he pulled it from the holster. He had seen men fire guns in movies, but somehow his life had never led him into contact with firearms. A desire to feel the sensation others felt in firing came over him. But someone might hear. . . . Well, what if they did? They would not know where the shot had come from. Not in their wildest notions would they think that it had come from under the streets! He tightened his finger on the trigger; there was a deafening report and it seemed that the entire underground had caved in upon his eardrums; and in the same instant there flashed an orange-blue spurt of flame that died quickly but lingered on as a vivid after-image. He smelt the acrid stench of burnt powder filling his lungs and he dropped the gun abruptly.

The intensity of his feelings died and he hung the gun and cartridge belt upon the wall. Next he lifted the jars of diamonds and turned them bottom upwards, dumping the white pellets upon the ground. One by one he picked them up and peeled the tissue paper from them and piled them in a neat heap. He wiped his sweaty hands on his trousers, lit a cigarette, and commenced playing another game. He imagined that he was a rich man who lived above ground in the obscene sunshine and he was strolling through a park of a summer morning, smiling, nodding to his neighbors, sucking an after-breakfast cigar. Many times he crossed the floor of the cave, avoiding the diamonds with his feet, yet subtly gauging his footsteps so that his shoes, wet with sewer slime, would strike the diamonds at some undetermined moment. After twenty minutes of sauntering his right foot smashed into the heap and diamonds lay scattered in all directions, glinting with a million tiny chuckles of icy laughter. Oh, shucks, he mumbled in mock regret, intrigued by the damage he had wrought. He continued walking, ignoring the brittle fire. He felt that he had a glorious victory locked in his heart.

HE stopped and flung the diamonds more evenly over the floor and they showered rich sparks, collaborating with him. He went over the floor and trampled the stones just deep enough for them to be faintly visible, as though they were set delicately in the prongs of a thousand rings. A ghostly light bathed the cave. He sat on the chest and frowned. Maybe anything's right, he mumbled. Yes, if the world as men had made it was right, then

anything else was right, any act a man took to satisfy himself, murder, theft, torture. . . .

He straightened with a start. What was happening to him? He was drawn to these crazy thoughts, yet they made him feel vaguely guilty. He would stretch out upon the ground, then get up; he would want to crawl again through the holes he had dug, but would restrain himself; he would think of going again up into the streets, but fear would hold him still. He stood in the middle of the cave, surrounded by green walls and a laughing floor, trembling. He was going to do something, but what? Yes, he was afraid of himself, afraid of doing some nameless thing.

To control himself, he turned on the radio. A melancholy piece of music rose. Brooding over the diamonds on the floor was like looking up into a sky full of restless stars; then the illusion turned into its opposite: He was high up in the air looking down at the twinkling lights of a sprawling city. The music ended and a man recited news events. In the same attitude in which he had contemplated the city, so now, as he heard the cultivated tone, he looked down upon land and sea as men fought, as cities were razed, as planes scattered death upon open towns, as long lines of trenches wavered and broke. He heard the names of generals and the names of mountains and the names of countries and the names and numbers of divisions that were in action on different battle fronts. He saw black smoke billowing from the stacks of warships as they neared each other over wastes of water and he heard their huge guns thunder as red-hot shells screamed across the surface of night seas. He saw hundreds of planes wheeling and droning in the sky and heard the clatter of machine-guns as they fought each other and he saw planes falling in plume of smoke and blaze of fire. He saw steel tanks rumbling across fields of ripe wheat to meet other tanks and there was a loud clang of steel as numberless tanks collided. He saw troops with fixed bayonets charging in waves against other troops who held fixed bayonets and men groaned as steel ripped into their bodies and they went down to die. . . . The voice of the radio faded and he was staring at the diamonds on the floor at his feet.

He shut off the radio, fighting an irrational compulsion to act. He walked aimlessly about the cave, touching the walls with his fingertips. Suddenly he stood still. *What was the matter with him?* Yes, he knew. . . . It was these walls; these crazy walls were filling him with a wild urge to climb out in the dark sunshine above ground. Quickly he doused the light to banish the shouting walls, then sat again upon the tool chest. Yes, he was trapped. His muscles were flexed taut and sweat ran down his face. He knew now that he could not stay here and he could not go out. He lit a cigarette with shaking fingers; the match flame revealed the green-papered walls with militant distinctness; the purple on the gun barrel glistened like a threat; the meat cleaver brooded with its eloquent splotches of blood; the mound of silver and copper smoldered angrily; the diamonds winked

at him from the floor; and the gold watches ticked and trembled, crowning time the king of consciousness, defining the limits of living. . . . The match blaze died and he bolted from where he stood and collided brutally with the nails upon the walls. The spell was broken. He shuddered, feeling that, in spite of his fear, sooner or later he would go up into that dead sunshine and somehow say something to somebody about all this.

He sat again upon the tool chest. Fatigue weighed upon his forehead and eyes. Minutes passed and he relaxed. He dozed, but his imagination was alert. He saw himself rising, wading again in the sweeping water of the sewer; he came to a manhole and climbed out and was amazed to discover that he had hoisted himself into a room filled with armed policemen who were watching him intently. He jumped awake in the dark; he had not moved. He sighed, closed his eyes and slept again; this time his imagination designed a scheme of protection for him. His dreaming made him feel that he was standing in a room watching over his own nude body lying stiff and cold upon a white table. At the far end of the room he saw a crowd of people huddled in a corner, afraid of his body.

He awakened with a start, leaped to his feet, and stood in the center of the black cave. It was a full minute before he moved again. He hovered between sleeping and waking, unprotected, a prey of wild fears.

FIVE minutes later he was still standing when the thought came to him that he had been asleep. Yes. . . . But he was not yet fully awake; he was still queerly blind and deaf. How long had he slept? Where was he? Then suddenly he recalled the green-papered walls of the cave and in the same instant he heard loud singing coming from the church beyond the wall. Yes, they woke me up, he muttered. He hoisted himself and lay atop the bed of pipes and brought his face to the narrow slit. Men and women stood here and there between pews. A song ended and a young black girl tossed back her head and closed her eyes and broke plaintively into another hymn:

*Glad, glad, glad, oh, so glad
I got Jesus in my soul . . .*

Those few words were all she sang, but what her words did not say, her emotions said as she repeated the lines. Soon the entire congregation was singing:

*Glad, glad, glad, oh, so glad
I got Jesus in my soul . . .*

They're wrong, he whispered in the lyric darkness. He felt that their search for a happiness they could never find made them feel that they had committed some dreadful offense which they could not remember or understand. He was now in possession of the feeling that had gripped him when he had first come into the underground. It came to him in a series of questions: why was this sense of guilt so seemingly innate, so easy to come by, to think, to feel, so verily physical? It seemed that when one felt this guilt one was retracing in one's feelings a faint pattern designed long before; it seemed that one was always trying to remember a gigantic shock that had left a haunting

impression upon one's body which one could not forget or shake off, but which had been forgotten by the conscious mind, creating in one's life a state of eternal anxiety.

He had to tear himself away from this; he got down from the pipes. His nerves were so taut that he seemed to feel his brain pushing through his skull. He felt that he had to do something but he could not figure out what it was. Yet he knew that if he stood here until he made up his mind, he would never move. He crawled through the hole he had made in the brick wall and the exertion afforded him respite from tension. When he entered the basement of the radio store, he stopped in fear, hearing loud voices.

"Come on, boy! Tell us what you did with the radio!"

"Mister, I didn't steal the radio! I swear. . . ."

He heard a dull thumping and he imagined a boy being struck violently.

"Please, mister. . . ."

"Did you take it to a pawn shop?"

"No, sir! I didn't steal the radio! I got a radio at home," the boy's voice pleaded hysterically. "Go to my home and look!"

There came to his ears the sound of another blow. It was so funny that he had to clap his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing out loud. They're beating some poor boy, he whispered to himself, shaking his head. He felt a sort of distant pity for the boy and wondered if he ought to bring back the radio and leave it in the basement. No. Perhaps it was a good thing that they were beating the boy; perhaps the beating would bring to the boy's attention, for the first time in his life, the secret of his existence, the guilt that he could never be rid of.

Smiling, he scampered over a coal pile and stood again in the basement of the building where he had stolen the money and jewelry. He lifted himself into the areaway, climbed the rainpipe and squinted through a two-inch opening of window. The guilty familiarity of what he saw made his muscles tighten. Framed before him in a bright tableau of daylight was the night watchman sitting upon the edge of a chair, stripped to the waist, his head sagging forward, his eyes red and puffy. The watchman's face and shoulders were stippled with red and black welts. Back of the watchman stood the safe, the steel door wide open showing the empty vault. Yes, they think he did it, he mused.

Footsteps sounded in the room and a man in a blue suit passed in front of him, then another, then still another. Policemen, he breathed. Yes, they were trying to make the watchman confess, just as they had once made him confess to a crime he had not done. His heart pounded as he saw one of the policemen shake a finger into the watchman's face.

"Why don't you admit it's an inside job, Thompson?" the police said.

"I've told you all I know," the watchman mumbled through swollen lips.

"But nobody was here but you!" the policeman shouted.

"I was sleeping," the watchman said. "It was wrong, but I was sleeping all that night. . . ."

"Stop telling us that lie!"

"It's the truth!" he said frantically. "When did you get the combination?" "I don't know how to open the safe," the watchman said.

He clung to the rainpipe, tense; he wanted to laugh, but he controlled himself. He felt a great sense of power; yes, he could go back to the cave, rip the money off the walls, pick up the diamonds and rings, and bring them here and write a note, telling them where to look for their foolish toys. No . . . What good would that do? It was not worth the effort. The watchman was guilty; although he was not guilty of the crime of which he had been accused, he was guilty, had always been guilty. The only thing that worried him was that the man who had been really stealing was not being accused. But he consoled himself: They'll catch him sometime during his life. . . .

He saw one of the policemen slap the watchman across the mouth.

"Come clean, you bum!"

"I've told you all I know," the watchman mumbled like a child.

One of the police went to the rear of the watchman's chair and jerked it from under him; the watchman pitched forward upon his face.

"Get up!" a policeman said.

Trembling, the watchman pulled himself up and sat limply again in the chair.

"Now, are you going to talk?"

"I've told you all I know," the watchman gasped.

"Where did you hide the stuff?"

"I didn't take it. . . ."

"Thompson, your brains are in your

feet," one of the policemen said. "We're going to string you up and get them back into your skull."

He watched the policemen clamp handcuffs on the watchman's wrists and ankles; then they lifted the watchman and swung him upside-down and hoisted his feet to the edge of a door. The watchman hung, head down, his eyes bulging. They're crazy, he whispered to himself as he clung to the ridges of the pipe.

"You going to talk?" a policeman shouted into the watchman's ear.

He heard the watchman groan.

"We'll let you hang there till you talk, see?"

He saw the watchman close his eyes.

"Let's take 'im down. He passed out," a policeman said.

He grinned as he watched them take the body down and dump it carelessly upon the floor. The policemen took off the handcuffs.

"Let 'im come to. Let's get a smoke," a policeman said.

The three policemen left the scope of his vision. A door slammed. He had an impulse to yell to the watchman that he could escape through the hole in the basement and live with him in the cave. But he wouldn't understand, he told himself. After a moment he saw the watchman rise and stand, swaying from weakness. He stumbled across the room to a desk, opened a drawer, and took out a gun. He's going to kill himself, he thought, intent, eager, detached, yearning to see the end of the man's actions. As the watchman stared vaguely about he

lifted the gun to his temple; he stood like that for some minutes, biting his lips until a line of blood etched its way down a corner of his chin. No, he oughtn't do that, he said to himself in a mood of pity.

"Don't!" he half whispered and half yelled.

THE watchman looked wildly about; he had heard him. But it did not help; there was a loud report and the watchman's head jerked violently and he fell like a log and lay prone, the gun clattering over the floor.

The three policemen came running into the room with drawn guns. One of the policemen knelt and rolled the watchman's body over and stared at a ragged, scarlet hole in the temple.

"Our hunch was right," the kneeling policeman said. "He was guilty, all right."

"Well, this ends the case," another policeman said.

"He knew he was licked," the third one said with grim satisfaction.

He eased down the rainpipe, crawled back through the holes he had made and went back into his cave. A fever burned in his bones. He had to act, yet he was afraid. His eyes stared in the darkness as though propped open by invisible hands, as though they had become lidless. His muscles were rigid and he stood for what seemed to him a thousand years.

When he moved again his actions were informed with precision, his muscular system reinforced from a reservoir of energy. He crawled through the hole of earth, dropped into the gray sewer current and sloshed ahead. When his right foot went forward at a street intersection, he fell backwards and shot down into water. In a spasm of terror his right hand grabbed the concrete ledge of a down-curve and he felt the streaking water tugging violently at his body. The current reached his neck and for a moment he was still. He knew that if he moved clumsily he would be sucked under. He held onto the ledge with both hands and slowly pulled himself up. He sighed, standing once more in the sweeping water, thankful that he had missed death.

He waded on through sludge, moving with care, until he came to a web of light sifting down from a manhole cover. He saw steel hooks running up the side of the sewer wall; he caught hold and lifted himself and put his shoulder to the cover and moved it an inch. A crash of sound came to him as he looked into a hot glare of sunshine through which blurred shapes moved. Fear scalded him and he dropped back into the pallid current and stood paralyzed in the shadows. A heavy car rumbled past overhead, jarring the pavement, warning him to stay in his world of dark light, knocking the cover back into place with an imperious clang.

He did not know how much fear he felt, for fear claimed him completely; yet it was not fear of the police or people, but a cold dread at the thought of the actions he knew he would perform if he went out into that cruel sunshine. His mind said no; his body said yes; and his mind could not understand his feelings. A low whine broke from him and he was

Pasting the walls with the green bills gave him a feeling of triumph.



in the act of uncoiling. He climbed upward and heard the faint honking of auto horns. Like a frantic cat clutching a rag, he clung to the steel prongs and heaved his shoulder against the cover and pushed it off half-way. For a split second his eyes were drowned in the terror of yellow light and he was in a deeper darkness than he had ever known in the underground.

Partly out of the hole, he blinked, regaining enough sight to make out meaningful forms. An odd thing was happening: No one was rushing forward to challenge him. He had imagined the moment of his emergence as a desperate tussle with men who wanted to cart him off to be killed; instead, life froze about him as the traffic stopped. He pushed the cover aside, stood, swaying in a world so fragile that he expected it to collapse and drop him into some deep void. But nobody seemed to pay him heed. The cars were now swerving to shun him and the gaping hole.

"Why in hell don't you put up a red light, dummy?" a raucous voice yelled.

He understood; they thought that he was a sewer workman. He walked toward the sidewalk, weaving unsteadily through the moving traffic.

A policeman stood at the curb, looking in the opposite direction. When he passed the policeman, he feared that he would be grabbed, but nothing happened. Where was he? Was this real? He wanted to look about to get his bearings, but felt that something awful would happen to him if he did. He wandered into a spacious doorway of a store that sold men's clothing and saw his reflection in a long mirror: his cheekbones protruded from a hairy black face; his greasy cap was perched askew upon his head and his eyes were red and glassy. His shirt and trousers were caked with mud and hung loosely. His hands were gummed with a black stickiness. He threw back his head and laughed so loudly that passers-by stopped and stared.

HE ambled on down the sidewalk, not having the merest notion of where he was going. Yet, sleeping within him, was the drive to go somewhere and say something to somebody. Half an hour later his ears caught the sound of spirited singing.

*The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb
I hear thy voice a-calling
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb
I feel thy grace a-falling*

A church! he exclaimed. He broke into a run and came to brick steps leading downward to a sub-basement. This is it! The church into which he had peered. Yes, he was going in and tell them. . . . What? He did not know; but, once face to face with them, he would think of what to say. Must be Sunday, he mused. He ran down the steps and jerked the door open; the church was crowded and a deluge of song swept over him.

He stared at the singing faces with a trembling smile.

"Say!" he shouted.

Many turned to look at him, but the song rolled on. His arm was jerked violently.

"I'm sorry Brother, but you can't make



"Your brains are in your feet," the policeman said, and slapped his face.

that noise in here," a man said quietly.

"But, Mister . . ."

"You can't act rowdy in God's house," the man said.

"He's filthy," another man said.

"But I want to tell 'em," he said loudly.

"He stinks," someone muttered.

The song had stopped, but at once another one began.

Oh, wondrous sight upon the cross

Vision sweet and divine

Oh, wondrous sight upon the cross

Full of such love sublime

He attempted to twist away, but other hands grabbed him and rushed him into the doorway.

"Let me alone!" he screamed, struggling.

"Get out!"

"He's drunk," somebody said.

"He acts crazy!"

He felt that he was failing and he grew frantic.

"But, Mister, let me tell. . . ."

"Get away from this door, or I'll call the police!"

He stared, his trembling smile fading in a sense of wonderment.

"The police," he repeated vacantly.

"Now, get!"

He was pushed toward the brick steps and the door banged shut. The waves of song came.

He was smiling again now. Yes, the police. . . . That was it! Why had he not thought of it before? The idea had been deep down in him, and only now did it assume supreme importance. He looked up and saw a street sign: COURT STREET—HARTSDALE AVENUE. He turned and

walked northward, his mind filled with the image of the police station. Yes, that was where they had beaten him, accused him, and had made him sign a confession of his guilt. He would go there and clear up everything, make a statement. What statement? He did not know. He was the statement, and since it was all so clear to him, surely he would be able to make it clear to others.

He came to the corner of Hartsdale Avenue and turned westward. Yeah, there's the station. He mounted the stone steps and went through the door, paused; he was in a hallway where several policemen were standing, talking and smoking. One turned to him.

"What do you want, boy?"

He looked at the policeman and laughed.

"What in hell are you laughing about?" the policeman asked.

He stopped laughing and stared. His whole being was full of what he wanted to say to them, but he could not say it.

"Are you looking for the Desk Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir," he said quickly; then: "Oh, no, sir."

"Well, make up your mind, now."

Four policemen grouped themselves about him.

"I'm looking for the men," he said.

"What men?"

Peculiarly, at that moment he could not remember the names of the policemen; he recalled their beating him, the confession he had signed, and how he had run away from them. He saw the cave next to the church, the money on

the walls, the guns, the rings, the cleaver, the watches, and the diamonds on the floor.

"They brought me here," he began. "When?"

His mind flew back over the blur of time lived in the underground blackness. He had no idea of how much time had elapsed, but the intensity of what had happened to him told him that it could not have transpired in a short space of time, yet his mind told him that the time must have been brief.

"It was a long time ago," he spoke like a child relating a dimly remembered dream. "It was a long time," he repeated, following the promptings of his emotions. "They beat me. . . . I was scared. . . . I ran away. . . ."

A policeman raised a finger to his temple and made a derisive circle.

"Nuts," the policeman said.

"Do you know what place this is, boy?"

"Yes, sir. The police station," he answered sturdily, almost proudly.

"Well, who do you want to see?"

"The men," he said again, feeling that surely they knew the men. "You know the men," he said in a hurt tone.

"What's your name?"

He opened his lips to answer and no words came. He had forgotten. But what did it matter if he had? It was not important.

"Where do you live?"

WHERE did he live? It had been so long ago since he had lived up here in this strange world that he felt it was foolish even to try to remember. Then for a moment the old mood that had dominated him in the underground surged back. He leaned forward and spoke eagerly.

"They said I killed the woman. . . ."

"What woman?" a policeman asked.

"And I signed a paper that said I was guilty," he went on, ignoring their questions. "Then I ran off. . . ."

"Did you run off from an institution?"

"No, sir," he said blinking and shaking his head. "I came from under the ground. I pushed off the manhole cover and climbed out. . . ."

"All right, now," a policeman said, placing an arm about his shoulder. "We'll send you to the psycho and you'll be taken care of."

"I got to find those men," he protested mildly.

"Were the men you ran away from dressed in white, boy?"

"No, sir," he said brightly. "They were men like you."

An elderly policeman caught hold of his arm.

"Try and think hard. Where did they pick you up?"

He knitted his brows in an effort to remember, but he was blank inside. The policemen stood before him demanding logical answers and he could no longer think with his mind; he thought with his feelings and no words came.

"I was guilty," he said. "Oh, no, sir. I wasn't then, I mean, mister. . . ."

"Aw, talk sense. Now, where did they pick you up?"

He felt challenged and his mind began

reconstructing events in reverse: his feelings ranged back over the long hours and he saw the cave, the sewer, the bloody room where it was said that a woman had been killed. . . .

"Oh, yes, sir," he said, smiling. "I was coming from Mrs. Wooten's. . . ."

"Who is she?"

"I work for her."

"Where does she live?"

"Next door to Mrs. Peabody, the woman who was killed."

The policemen were very quiet now, looking at him intently.

"What do you know about Mrs. Peabody's death, boy?"

"Nothing, sir. But they said I killed her. But it doesn't make any difference. I'm guilty. . . ."

"What are you talking about, boy?"

His smile faded and he was possessed with memories of the underground; he saw the cave next to the church and his lips moved to speak. But how could he say it? The distance between what he felt and what these men meant was vast. Something told him, as he stood there looking into their faces, that he would never be able to tell them, that they would never believe him even if he told them.

"All the people I saw was guilty," he began slowly.

"Aw, nuts," a policeman muttered.

"Say," another policeman said, "that Peabody woman was killed over on Wine-wood. That's Number Ten's beat."

"Where's Number Ten?" a policeman asked.

"Upstairs in the swing-room," someone answered.

"Take this boy up, Sam," a policeman ordered.

"Okay. Come along, boy."

An elderly policeman caught hold of his arm and led him up a flight of wooden stairs, down a long hall, and to a door.

"Squad Ten!" the policeman called through the door.

"What?" a gruff voice answered.

"Someone to see you!"

"About what?"

The old policeman pushed the door in and then shoved him into the room.

He stared, his lips open, his heart barely beating. Before him were the three policemen who had picked him up and had beaten him to extract the confession. They were seated about a small table, playing cards. The air was blue with smoke and sunshine poured through a high window, lighting up fantastic smoke-shapes. He saw one of the policemen look up; the policeman's face was tired and a cigarette drooped limply from one corner of his mouth and both of his fat, puffy eyes were squinting and his hands gripped his cards.

"Lawson!" the man exclaimed.

The moment the man's name sounded he remembered the names of all of them: Lawson, Murphy, and Johnson. How simple it was! He waited, smiling, wondering how they would react when they knew that he had come back.

"Looking for me?" the man who had been called Lawson, mumbled, sorting his cards. "For what?"

So far only Murphy, the red-haired one, had recognized him.

"Don't you-all remember me?" he blurted, running to the table.

All three of the policemen were looking at him now. Lawson, who seemed the leader, jumped to his feet.

"Where in hell you have been?"

"Do you know 'im, Lawson?" the old policeman asked.

"Huh?" Lawson frowned. "Oh, yes. I'll handle 'im." The old policeman left the room and Lawson crossed to the door and turned the key in the lock. "Come here, boy," he ordered in a cold tone.

He did not move; he looked from face to face. Yes, he would tell them about his cave.

"He looks batty to me," Johnson said, the one who had not spoken before.

"Why in hell did you come back here?" Lawson asked.

"I—I just didn't want to run away no more," he said. "I'm all right, now. . . ." He paused; the men's attitude puzzled him.

"You've been hiding, huh?" Lawson asked in a tone that denoted that he had not heard his previous words. "You told us you were sick, and when we left you in the room, you jumped out of the window and ran away. . . ."

Panic filled him. Yes, they were indifferent to what he would say! They were waiting for him to speak and they would laugh at him. He had to rescue himself from this bog; he had to force the reality of himself upon them.

"Mister, I took a sackful of money and pasted it on the walls. . . ." he began.

"I'll be damned," Lawson said.

"Listen," said Murphy, "let me tell you something for your own good. We don't want you, see? You're free, free as air. Now go home and forget about it. It was all a mistake. We caught the guy who did the Peabody job. He wasn't colored at all. He was an Eyetalian. . . ."

"Shut up!" Lawson yelled. "Have you no sense!"

"But I want to tell 'im," Murphy said.

"We can't let this crazy fool go," Lawson exploded. "He acts nuts, but this may be a stunt. . . ."

"I was down in a basement," he began in a childlike tone, as though repeating a lesson learned by heart; "and I went into a movie. . . ." His voice failed. He was getting ahead of his story. First, he ought to tell them about the singing in the church, but what words could he use? He looked at them appealingly. "I went into a shop and took a sackful of money and diamonds and watches and rings. . . . I didn't steal 'em; I'll give 'em all back. I just took 'em to play with. . . ." He paused, stunned by their disbelieving eyes.

Lawson lit a cigarette and looked at him coldly.

"What did you do with the money?" he asked in a quiet, waiting voice.

"I pasted the hundred-dollar bills on the walls. . . ."

"What walls?" Lawson asked.

"The walls of the dirt room," he said, smiling. "the room next to the church. I hung up the rings and the watches and I stamped the diamonds into the dirt. . . ." He saw that they were not understanding what he was saying. He grew frantic to

make them believe, his voice tumbled on eagerly. "I saw a dead baby and a dead man. . . ."

"Aw, you're nuts," Lawson snarled, shoving him into a chair.

"But, mister. . . ."

"Johnson, where's the paper he signed?"

"What paper?"

"The confession, fool!"

Johnson pulled out his billfold and extracted a crumpled piece of paper.

"Yes, sir, mister," he said, stretching forth his hand. "That's the paper I signed. . . ."

Lawson slapped him and he would have toppled had his chair not struck a wall behind him. Lawson scratched a match and held the paper over the flame; the confession burned down to Lawson's fingertips.

He stared, thunderstruck; the sun of the underground was fleeing and the terrible darkness of the day stood before him. They did not believe him.

"But, mister. . . ."

"It's going to be all right, boy," Lawson said with a quiet, soothing laugh. "I've burned your confession, see? You didn't sign anything." Lawson came close to him with the black ashes cupped in his palm. "You don't remember a thing about this, do you?"

"Don't you—all be scared of me," he pleaded, sensing their uneasiness. "I'll sign another paper, if you want me to. I'll show you the cave. . . ."

"Who sent you here?" Murphy demanded.

"Nobody sent me, mister," he said. "I just want to show you the room. . . ."

"Aw, he's plumb bats," Murphy said. "Let's ship 'im to the psycho."

"No," Lawson said. "He's playing a game and I wish to God I knew what it was."

THERE flashed through his mind a definite way to make them believe him; he rose from the chair with excitement.

"Mister, I saw the night watchman blow his brains out because you accused him of stealing," he told them. "But he didn't steal the money and diamonds. . . . I took 'em."

Tigerishly Lawson grabbed his collar and lifted him bodily.

"Who told you about that?"

"Don't get excited, Lawson," Johnson said. "He read about it in the papers."

Lawson flung him away.

"He couldn't have," Lawson said, pulling papers from his pocket. "I haven't turned in the reports yet."

"Then how did he find out?" Murphy asked.

"Let's get out of here," Lawson said with quick resolution. "Listen, boy, we're going to take you to a nice, quiet place, see?"

"Yes, sir," he said. "And I'll show you the underground."

"Goddamn," Lawson muttered, fastening his gun at his hip. He narrowed his eyes at Johnson and Murphy. "Listen," he spoke just above a whisper, "say nothing about this, you hear?"

"Okay," Johnson said.

"Sure," Murphy said.

Lawson unlocked the door and Johnson and Murphy led him down the stairs.

The hallway was crowded with policemen.

"What have you got there, Lawson?"

"What did he do, Lawson?"

"He's psycho, ain't he, Lawson?"

Lawson did not answer; Johnson and Murphy led him to the car parked at the curb, pushed him into the back seat. Lawson got behind the steering wheel and the car rolled forward.

"What's up, Lawson?" Murphy asked.

"Listen," Lawson began slowly, "we tell the papers that he spilled about the Peabody job, then he escapes. The Wop is caught and we tell the papers that we steered them wrong to trap the real guy, see? Now this dope shows up and acts nuts. If we let him go, he'll squeal that we framed him, see?"

"I'm all right, mister," he said, feeling Murphy's and Johnson's arm locked rigidly into his. "I'm guilty. . . . I'll show you everything in the underground. I laughed and laughed. . . ."

"Shut that fool up!" Lawson ordered.

Johnson tapped him across the head with a blackjack and he fell back against the seat cushion, dazed.

"Yes, sir," he mumbled. "I'm all right."

The car sped along Hartsdale Avenue, then swung onto Pine Street and rolled to State Street, then turned south. It slowed to a stop, turned in the middle of a block and headed north again.

"You're going around in circles, Lawson," Murphy said.

Lawson did not answer; he was hunched over the steering wheel. Finally he pulled the car to a stop at a curb.

"Say, boy, tell us the truth," Lawson asked quietly. "Where did you hide?"

"I didn't hide, mister."

The three policemen were staring at him now; he felt that for the first time they were willing to understand him.

"Then what happened?"

"Mister, when I looked through all of those holes and saw how people were living, I loved 'em. . . ."

"Cut out that crazy talk!" Lawson snapped. "Who sent you back here?"

"Nobody, mister."

"Maybe he's talking straight," Johnson ventured.

"All right," Lawson said. "Nobody hid you. Now, tell us where you hid."

"I went underground. . . ."

"What goddamn underground do you keep talking about?"

"I just went. . . . He paused and looked into the street, then pointed to a manhole cover. "I went down in there and stayed."

"In the sewer?"

"Yes, sir."

The policemen burst into a sudden laugh and ended quickly. Lawson swung the car around and drove to Woodside Avenue; he brought the car to a stop in front of a tall apartment building.

"What're we going to do, Lawson?" Murphy asked.

"I'm taking him up to my place," Lawson said. "We've got to wait until night. There's nothing we can do now."

They took him out of the car and led him into a vestibule.

"Take the steps," Lawson muttered.

They led him up four flights of stairs and into the living room of a small apart-

ment. Johnson and Murphy let go of his arms and he stood uncertainly in the middle of the room.

"Now, listen, boy," Lawson began, "forget those wild lies you've been telling us. Where did you hide?"

"I just went underground, like I told you."

The room rocked with laughter. Lawson went to a cabinet and got a bottle of whiskey; he placed glasses for Johnson and Murphy. The three of them drank.

He felt that he could not explain himself to them. He tried to muster all the sprawling images that floated in him; the images stood out sharply in his mind, but he could not make them have the meaning for others that they had for him. He felt so helpless that he began to cry.

"He's nuts, all right," Johnson said. "All nuts cry like that."

Murphy crossed the room and slapped him.

"Stop that raving!"

A sense of excitement flooded him; he ran to Murphy and grabbed his arm.

"Let me show you the cave," he said. "Come on, and you'll see!"

Before he knew it a sharp blow had clipped him on the chin; darkness covered his eyes. He dimly felt himself being lifted and laid out on the sofa. He heard low voice and struggled to rise, but hard hands held him down. His brain was clearing now. He pulled to a sitting posture and stared with glazed eyes. It had grown dark. How long had he been out? "Say, boy," Lawson said soothingly, "will you show us the underground?"

His eyes shone and his heart swelled with gratitude. Lawson believed him! He rose, glad; he grabbed Lawson's arm, making the policeman spill whiskey from the glass to his shirt.

"Take it easy, goddammit," Lawson said.

"Yes, sir."

"Okay. We'll take you down. But you'd better be telling us the truth, you hear?"

He clapped his hands in wild joy. "I'll show you everything!"

He had triumphed at last! He would now do what he had felt was compelling him all along. At last he would be free of his burden.

"Take 'im down," Lawson ordered.

They led him down into the vestibule; when he reached the sidewalk he saw that it was night and a fine rain was falling.

"It's just like when I went down," he told them.

"What?" Lawson asked.

"The rain," he said, sweeping his arm in a wide arc. "It was raining when I went down. The rain made the water rise and lift the cover off. . . ."

"Cut it out," Lawson snapped.

They did not believe him now, but they would. A mood of high selflessness throbbed in him. He could barely contain his rising spirits. They would see what he had seen; they would feel what he had felt. He would lead them through all the holes he had dug and. . . .

"Get into the car," Lawson ordered.

He climbed in and Johnson and Murphy sat at either side of him; Lawson slid behind the steering wheel and started the motor.

"It's right around the corner from

where the lady was killed," he told them.

The car rolled slowly and he closed his eyes, remembering the song he had heard in the church, the song that had wrought him to such a high pitch of terror and pity. He sang softly, lolling his head:

*Glad, glad, glad, oh, so glad
I got Jesus in my soul. . .*

"Mister," he said, stopping his song, "you ought to see how funny the rings look on the wall." He giggled. "I fired a pistol, too. Just once, to see how it felt. . ."

"What do you suppose he's suffering from?" Johnson asked.

"Delusions of grandeur, maybe," Murphy said.

"Maybe it's because he lives in a white man's world," Lawson said.

"Say, boy, what did you eat down there?" Murphy asked, prodding Johnson anticipatorily with his elbow.

"Pears, oranges, bananas, and pork chops," he said.

The car filled with laughter.

"You didn't eat any watermelon?" Lawson asked, smiling.

"No, sir," he answered calmly. "I didn't see any."

The three policemen roared harder and louder.

"Boy, you're sure some case," Murphy said, shaking his head in wonder.

The car pulled to a curb.

"All right, boy," Lawson said. "Tell us where to go."

He peered through the rain and saw where he had gone down. The streets were dark and empty.

"Right there, mister," he said, pointing.

"Come on; let's take a look," Lawson said.

"Well, suppose he did hide down there," Johnson said, "what is that supposed to prove?"

"I don't believe he hid down there," Murphy said.

"It won't hurt to look," Lawson said. "Leave things to me."

Lawson got out of the car and looked up and down the street.

HE was eager to show them the cave now. If he could show them what he had seen, then they would feel what he had felt and they in turn would show it to others and those others would feel as they had felt, and soon everybody would be governed by the same impulse of pity.

"Take 'im out," Lawson ordered.

Johnson and Murphy opened the door and pushed him out; he stood trembling in the rain, smiling. Again Lawson looked up and down the street; no one was in sight. The rain came down hard.

"All right," Lawson said. "Show us."

He walked to the center of the street, stopped and inserted a finger in one of the tiny holes of the cover and tugged, but he was too weak to budge it.

"Help 'im get that damn thing off," Lawson said.

Johnson stepped forward and lifted the cover; it clanged against the wet pavement. The hole gaped round and black.

"I went down in there," he announced with pride.

Lawson gazed at him for a long time without speaking, then he reached his hand to his holster and drew his gun.

"Mister, I got a gun just like that down there," he said, laughing.

"Show us how you went down," Lawson said quietly.

"I'll go down first, mister, and then you-all can come after me, hear?" he spoke like a little boy playing a game.

"Sure, sure," Lawson said soothingly. "Go ahead. We'll come."

He looked brightly at the policemen; he was bursting with happiness. He bent down and placed his hands on the rim of the hole and sat on the edge, his feet dangling into watery darkness. He heard the familiar drone of the gray current. He lowered his body and hung for a moment by his fingers, then he went downward on the steel prongs, hand over hand, until he reached the last rung. He dropped and his feet hit the water and he felt the stiff current trying to suck him away. He balanced himself quickly and looked back upward at the policemen.

"Come on, you-all!" he yelled, casting his voice above the rustling at his feet.

The vague forms that towered above him in the rain did not move. He laughed, feeling that they doubted him. But, once they saw the things he had done, they would never doubt again.

"Come on! The cave isn't far!" he yelled. "But be careful when your feet hit the water, because the current's pretty rough down there!"

Lawson still held the gun. Murphy and Johnson looked at Lawson quizzically.

"What are we going to do, Lawson?" Murphy asked.

"We are not going to follow that crazy

fellow down into that sewer, are we?" Johnson asked.

"Come on, you-all!" he begged.

He saw Lawson raise the gun and point it directly at him. Lawson's face twitched.

Then there was a thunderous report and a streak of fire ripped through his chest. He was hurled into the water, flat on his back. He looked in amazement at the blurred white faces looming above him. They shot me, he said to himself. The water flowed past him, blossoming in foam about his arms, his legs, and his head. His jaw sagged and his mouth gaped soundless. A vast pain gripped his head and gradually squeezed out consciousness. As from a great distance he heard hollow voices.

"Why'd you shoot him, Lawson?"

"I had to."

"Why?"

"You've got to shoot his kind. They'd wreck things."

As though in a deep dream, he heard a metallic clank; they had replaced the manhole cover, shutting out forever the sound of wind and rain. From overhead came the muffled roar of a powerful motor and the swish of a speeding car. He felt the strong tide pushing him slowly into the middle of the sewer, turning him about. For a split second there hovered before his eyes the glittering cave, the shouting walls and the laughing floor. . . Then his mouth was full of thick, bitter water. The current spun him around. He sighed and closed his eyes, a whirling object rushing alone in the darkness, veering, tossing, lost in the heart of the earth. ◆◆◆

Clinging to the steel prongs, he heaved his shoulder against the cover and pushed.





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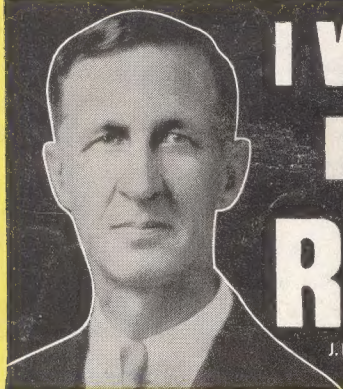
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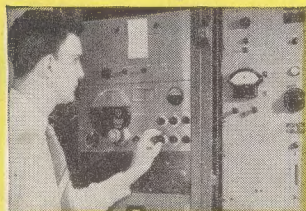




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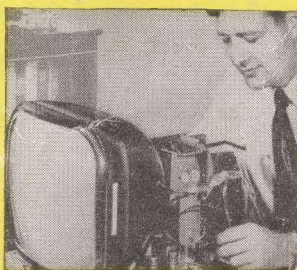
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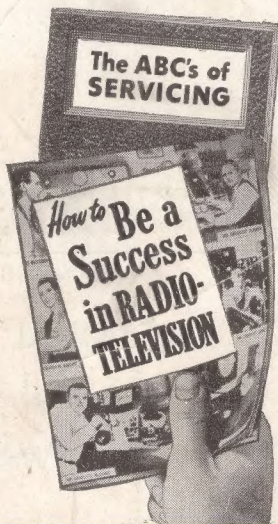
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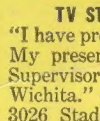
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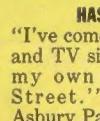
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